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RACIAL AND INDIVIDUAL TEMPERAMENTS.

BY PERCY W. AMES, F.S.A., SECRETARY R.S.L.

[Read March 9th, 1898.]

An interesting feature to be observed in the history of literature is the change from time to time of the generally accepted ideal of supreme merit. To the Romans prior to the age of Virgil and Cicero the Greeks were the sole classics, and were admired, as we admire them still, for the beauty of their language and for its artistic employment. Men in the Middle Ages, when not ignorant or indifferent, showed little discrimination in their appreciation. With the development of good taste and the sense of proportion accompanying the Renaissance, admiration was graduated, and then, as Sainte-Beuve says, "the real classic authors of the twofold antiquity stood out for the future on a luminous background, and formed two harmonious groups on their two eminences."* With the birth of modern literature, Italy, England, Spain, France, and Germany, in turn, developed their own classics with an inevitable modification in the conception of the qualities of genius. At one time the highest genius, as we should regard it, was passed by in favour of an

* 'Qu'est ce qu'un classique?'

ornate and restrained style, purity of diction, and nicety of meaning. Subordination of imagination and feeling to reason, and conformity to accepted models, were the qualities that commanded admiration. In our own day it appears to be the general opinion that the great writer is he who reveals the most profound knowledge of human nature. That the tendency of *taste* is in this direction is shown not only in the popularity of the so-called psychological novel, but in the new criticism applied to the authors of the past, who now rank according to their insight into the laws of the human mind; mere brilliancy in thought and expression being regarded as *infra classem*. Whether the problem plays and realistic novels that supply the need of the "bourgeoisie that carry the purse and control the literary market" will form the classics of the future, or be regarded as morbid phenomena of the nineteenth century, is a delicate question which we may leave to posterity to decide. For our immediate purpose it suffices to notice the reflection in literary criticism and in current literature of this deepened interest in the new psychology, and this forms the excuse, if not the justification, for inflicting upon you a few of the results of the study of human temperament. It is possible that the matters dealt with, or rather their treatment, may be new to some of my hearers, but time will not allow of every statement being established by a chain of reasoning, and doctrines like heredity, with all its difficulties and complexities and oblique transmissions, will be merely mentioned as something well known and generally understood and accepted. Whatever of value there

may be will be accepted by those who are in sympathy with it as needing no argument beyond their own feelings and experience; it will glide out of one life into another with the silent conviction of truth.

By the temperament of a man or woman is meant a certain quality of organisation which is manifested by well-defined peculiarities in the physical, intellectual, and moral natures, which it is assumed possess an interdependence and close correspondence throughout. The temperament of a community, a nation or a race, is denoted by the prevailing characteristic which controls and directs united action. It is important at the outset to distinguish between temperament and disposition. The disposition may be temporary, variable, different towards different persons and under different circumstances; comparatively easy to change. Temperament, on the other hand, is habitual, permanent, dependent on the organisation, exceedingly difficult to modify. Disposition is often moulded by temperament; the latter cannot be affected by disposition. Temperament is most intimately connected with organic formation; disposition is the outcome partly of temperament, and partly of acquired habits, environment, education, &c. When in religious conversion a change of character is noted, it is the disposition and not the temperament that has been affected. Paul possessed the same ardent temperament as Saul; the change was in the disposition from a cruel fanaticism to an equally intense sympathy and love.

It may be well here to give a little consideration

to the connection between mind and body, and to their mutual relations and interactions, in order to establish the contention that the temperament is as much the outcome of the physical as of the psychical elements of man's nature. The materialist regards the mind as a force developed by the action of the brain. The spiritualist believes the mind to be a separate entity which uses the brain as an instrument. For over two thousand years men have indulged in speculations as to the nature of the association of the mind and the body, and the pendulum of opinion has swung backwards and forwards between the extreme views of the materialist and the immaterialist, without either combatant convincing the other or arriving at any satisfactory and conclusive proof of their respective propositions. Scientific men of the present century have realised the fruitlessness of those speculations, and have decided to contract the inquiry within the limits of actual experience. We have no experience of mind apart from the body, and no fact is more conclusively established than the constant and intimate association of brain action with mental experiences. We can make use of this fact without regard to the question of causation in either direction. We know assuredly that every idea, every feeling and emotion, every modification of consciousness, and also those subconscious mental processes insisted upon by Leibnitz, are all invariably accompanied by change and movement in the physical organ. The conclusion of modern science is to regard this constant and precise parallelism between neurosis and psychosis as evidence that mental phenomena and their accom-

panying physical phenomena are really identical, and only diverse in our modes of apprehending them. The adoption of this theory does not debar speculation as to any other conditions of human existence, and it by no means lends support to the unphilosophical notion that mind is a function of matter; but it is a valuable working hypothesis for the study of the mind as we know it, and it is supported by the common experiences of daily life. We know that the states and conditions of the body are accompanied by corresponding affections of the mind. Hunger, fatigue, health, and physical disorders influence the feelings and the mental capacity. We also know that from the mental side, grief, disappointment, jealousy, terror, &c., are injurious to the bodily functions, while joy and hope and good news promote health and vigour. Moreover the feelings possess a natural language or expression. "The smile of joy," says Dr. Bain, "the puckered features in pain, the stare of astonishment, the quiverings of fear, the tones and glance of tenderness, the frown of anger, are united in seemingly inseparable association with the states of feeling that they indicate."* Darwin remarks that "our emotions are so closely connected with their expression, that they hardly exist if the body remains passive."† Dr. Maudsley observes, "The special muscular action is not merely the exponent of the passion, but truly an essential part of it. If we try, while the features are fixed in the expression of one passion, to call up in the mind a different one, we shall find it

* 'Mind and Body.' By Alex. Bain, LL.D. London, 1885.

† 'The Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals' (1873).

impossible to do so."* Not only do the skeletal muscles take part in this expression of the different passions, but the blood seems to flow in harmony also. The blush of shame commences in the cheeks and ears, that of anger first flushes the eyes, that of love the forehead. It is of the essence of fine art to represent every feeling with its appropriate manifestation. The Greeks applied the generalisations of their observation upon the human mind to the gods, and figured the coldness of women in Diana; their sensuality in Venus; their pride in Juno; their accomplishments in Minerva.

The study of man, physically and mentally, in health and disease, shows us how deeply the character may be affected by the material organs. I will select an illustration which bears directly upon temperament and character. Although modern surgery has demonstrated the insensibility of the nerve-cells of the brain to light, sound, electricity, mechanical pressure, &c., we know they possess a sensibility to feelings and ideas. Now the cells of the emotional region of the brain display a varying degree of functional activity which manifests itself as acuteness or dulness of moral and æsthetic sensibility; similarly the cells of the region which is pre-eminently the seat of the intellect, in different persons have higher and lower powers of receptivity and retention of ideas, and these differences are accompanied by corresponding differences in intellectual power. Sometimes, however, it happens that a trifling peculiarity in the terminations of the sensory nerves may produce acute sensitiveness in

* 'Body and Mind.' By Henry Maudsley, M.D.

one or two senses, and thus rule the entire character, intellectual and moral. It follows, therefore, that the contrast between two types, say the grossly sensual and the purely imaginative, may originate in the outworks of the sense-organs rather than in any special peculiarities of the true seat of the mind.

The noblest literature fully recognises this intimate connection of body and mind, and skilfully employs it in portraying the emotions of fear, jealousy, love, adoration, and profound thought. We read of "the ghastly smile of fell malignity." "Suspicion hides her head, Nor dares th' obliquely gleaming eyeballs raise" (Beattie).

Byron's most charming heroine, after chatting away to her newly found ocean treasure, suddenly discovered that he did not understand Romaic;

"And then she had recourse to nods and signs,
And smiles, and sparkles of the speaking eye,
And read (the only book she could) the lines
Of his fair face, and found, by sympathy,
The answer eloquent, where the soul shines
And darts in one quick glance a long reply;
And thus in every look she saw exprest
A world of words, and things at which she guess'd."

Again, in 'Childe Harold,'

"All heaven and earth are still, though not in sleep,
But *breathless* as we grow when feeling most,
And silent as we stand in thought too deep."

Spenser reveals the same keen observation in the lines,

"But gnawing Gealousy out of their sight,
Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bight."

Also Scott,

> "The lip of pride, the eye of flame,
> The full-drawn lip that upward curl'd,
> The eye that seemed to scorn the world."

In this connection I may quote a remark of Gellert which is undoubtedly true: "The most certain means of rendering the face beautiful is to beautify the mind and to purify it from vice." And Ruskin says, "There is not any virtue, the exercise of which even momentarily, will not impress a new fairness upon the features, neither on them only, but the whole body."

The study of temperament may be confined to observing the peculiarities of individuals or directed broadly towards the prevailing characteristics of nations. The latter branch of the study will engage our attention first. Among racial temperaments we may select for illustration those which so strikingly differentiate the Asiatic peoples from Europeans. Although among individuals in both continents examples of many varieties of temperament may be found, yet a prevailing character exists which is reflected in the natures respectively of Eastern and Western philosophies, religions, civilisations, modes of government, and habits of thought. Among Asiatics there is a boundless reverence for antiquity, a love of the remote, a straining after the infinite, and an indifference to the present. To subjugate the understanding and to exalt the imagination is the universal tendency. We find in the artistic expression of their religion as well as in their theological tradition characters which greatly differentiate them from anything

properly belonging to Europe. These differences I am disposed to attribute to the subjective temperament of the Oriental and the objective temperament of the European. The former is characterised by the habit of internal analysis, and the latter by that of external observation. The European, for the most part, seeks evidence of the truth of his religion in the outward manifestations of history; the Asiatic is satisfied by its inward realisation in consciousness. For instance, the application of literary and historical critical science to the documents which lie at the foundation of the religion of Europe, accompanied by the inevitable upheaval of long-established beliefs, which we have witnessed in our own time, could never have occurred in Asia, where the only criterion of truth, and the only evidence they appear to understand, are the utterances of official authority. It is this essential difference in temperament also which will render for ever futile the attempt to introduce theosophy, an offspring of Buddhism, into this country. All religions are largely subjective in their nature, and it is a curious confirmation of the theory here advanced that it is in the East where they all originate. For example, Pantheism, including the Chinese religion of measure; Brahminism, or the religion of Phantasy; Buddhism, or the religion of Karma; the religion of Light of ancient Persia; the religion of Sorrow of Syria; the religion of Mysticism of Egypt; the religion of Sublimity of the Hebrews, all took their rise in the East. Directly we enter Europe and seek indigenous religions we at once perceive their different character, as in the religion of beauty of the ancient

Greeks; the religion of the understanding of the Romans; and the hero-worship of the northern races. Again, it is an Oriental habit with regard to difficulties, troubles, and afflictions of all kinds to work within, and to attempt to neutralise the evil by resignation; by adopting the creed of fatalism, and seeking happiness in meditation and inward contemplation, and in the exercise of the imagination. The European, on the other hand, boldly deals with the difficulties themselves and removes them, or provides against them, or even transforms them into agencies of utility; and he seeks happiness in the positive gratification of his desires. A further distinction between the European and Asiatic temperaments is found in mythology. In Greek myths interests of art predominate; in Hindoo myths thought is supreme.

Proceeding now to examine differences in temperament among European nations, it may be remarked that the national character of the British race of to-day must be traced to two distinct sources, the Teutonic and the Celtic; it is the result mainly of these two elements, and can be best understood by the examination of their respective characters. Such a study reveals certain well-defined peculiarities of temperament, which differentiate the Germanic from the Celtic to an extent which has prevented the complete amalgamation of these elements even down to this late period of time. In an able lecture on the "Influence of National Character on English Literature," the Rev. James Byrne calls attention to some points of difference which I will briefly summarise. Germanic

thought is slower in movement than the Celtic, which is naturally quick and lively. An interesting consequence of this is that in works of art, literature, or science, more attention is paid to the elaboration of the parts by the Germanic or slower temperament, while a greater sense of general effect is possessed by the Celtic or livelier temperament. Again, when we apply the test already noticed of objective and subjective temperaments, we find that of the Teutonic nations the Germanic is subjective while the Anglo-Saxon is objective. "The German loves speculation, the Englishman practice; the former would evolve truth out of the depths of his own consciousness, the latter from external observation; the former is never content with facts till he can convert them into principles, nor the latter with principles till he can connect them with facts."

An interesting indication of the non-subjective temperament of the Anglo-Saxons is the absence of the sagas and tales which keep alive the heroic deeds as well as the early beliefs of their ancestors. Among non-Teutonic nations the French are objective, the Irish subjective. Complete concentration of attention, an accurate observation of externals, clearness in expression, rapidity and precision in action, are undeniably qualities of the French character. Its deficiencies, according to our English judgment, are exhibited in an apparent instability of purpose, and a want of strength and depth of feeling and principle. The Irishman, on the other hand, is more imaginative, and often fails to give undivided attention. Mr. Byrne, who made a careful study of the Irish character,

says that the Irishman's ideas are apt to be indefinite because liable to be mingled with another train of thought not directly connected with them. No doubt this would account for his carelessness, his inattention to appearance, his disregard of consequence, his characteristic "bulls." What is generally understood as modern thought—that is, the materialistic interpretation of the universe—is most attractive to minds of the objective temperament; accordingly we find that positive conceptions are readily accepted by the Frenchman, while the Irishman loves mysteries on which he can muse, and he has never relinquished his religious faith. Of all the fine arts Music possesses least that is external to ourselves, and requires entirely a subjective appreciation; accordingly it is the Irish, Scotch, and Germans who have a national music.

It is a highly instructive and entertaining exercise to trace the peculiar temperament and the influence it exerted in stimulating the rise, determining the character, and contributing to the decline of the various nations of antiquity. Who can doubt the importance of this factor when we observe the varied nature of the leading characteristics and dominant passions therein displayed? How in one the enthusiasm of religious conviction controls its destiny, in another the exclusive love of gain; here the imperious desire for conquest, there the love of ease, and art and beauty. Contrast the adventurous spirit, the restless activity, and enterprise of the Phœnicians with the narrow jealousy of the Egyptians, excluding themselves from association with all other states; the commercial acuteness and

lack of patriotism of the Carthaginians with the militarism and national pride of the Romans—or with the high perfection of the intellect and the imagination of the Greeks. The Jews as a race display very marked characteristics, in which the operation of the qualities of the so-called nervous and bilious temperaments is conspicuous. An able writer in the 'Pall Mall Gazette,' in a series of articles a few months ago, endeavoured to prove that Jewish characteristics are not due to heredity, but to environment, and to the circumstance that the Jew has everywhere strenuously held to his tradition. This, it seems to me, is a *petitio principii*, since the capacity for strenuously holding the tradition has to be accounted for, and this, I submit, is one of the qualities of national temperament due to inheritance. The Jew, like the Scotchman, combines a tendency to foreign settlement with the most passionate love of his native land.

I propose now to state the facts and deductions relating to a few special varieties of individual temperaments, viz. the Sanguine, the Phlegmatic or Lymphatic, the Bilious, and the Nervous. These terms are retained not because they possess any intrinsic merit, but because they are generally recognised and understood. Indeed, many plausible objections may be raised to their use, since they have other and different meanings which are likely to occasion some confusion. They are retained, however, for the same reason as that for which we retain the old names for the clusters or groups of stars—the Great Bear, the Little Dog, the Greater Lion, &c. Although to our modern ideas there is

something rather absurd in these names, they possess one advantage of extreme value — they are universally understood and are in general use, and therefore are still employed as the arbitrary designations of definite objects or facts, although the ideas which originated the nomenclature have been found to be fallacious.

In the pure type of the sanguine temperament the physical characteristics are generally defined somewhat as follows: complexion fair and ruddy, with light brown, auburn, or red hair, eyes blue or grey. The body is inclined to what our neighbours call *embonpoint*,—in plain English, plumpness. The animal functions, circulation and respiration, are generally full and active, and they are blessed by that excellent digestion which keeps them in happy ignorance of their viscera. The character is hopeful, energetic, and somewhat self-assertive. They will contradict you flatly but without ruffling your temper; they have plenty of force in body and mind. Notwithstanding their generally fine condition of health, physicians have noted a certain impressibility by disease, and declare that persons of this temperament appear to be more readily affected than others by changes of condition of life, by noxious agents, and by epidemics; and when attacked by disease it seems to take a great hold of them. This defective power of resistance to adverse physical causes has its moral counterpart in a want of stability of character, as seen in deficient persistence and steadiness of purpose. They are somewhat hasty and impetuous, but entirely free from sulkiness and incapable of continued resent-

ment; readily provoked, easily reconciled. The disposition is rather volatile, with a tendency to engage in a great variety of objects, whether of study, amusement, or business. These persons sometimes find that they have "too many irons in the fire." Very confident in speech, but not minutely accurate.

Those feminine qualities, so attractive to the sterner sex, trustfulness, innocent gaiety, devotion to objects of affection, cheerfulness, &c., are found in women of this temperament. They have an exceedingly fair complexion, with rounded and graceful form. When refinement in expression and sensibility in the mind are added by some admixture of the nervous temperament, the combination is productive of the happiest results. The sanguine unmixed with the nervous elements is characterised by an absence of restraint on emotional expression; deficient reflection; impulsive words and actions, often implying more than is really intended; a want of physical delicacy, seen, for instance, in eating with great gusto and enjoyment in public. The unmodified sanguine are also weak in logic, influenced more by feelings than by reason. Among real historical characters of the sanguine type may be mentioned Buffon and Mirabeau. Richard Cobden's sanguine enthusiasm was tempered by a prudence, tact, and patience due to what in temperament we should describe as an admixture of nervous elements.

The phlegmatic or lymphatic temperament was so named by the ancients from a supposed excess of fluid in the organism. It has been described as

a degenerate or low type of the sanguine. Persons of this temperament have the same fair complexion and delicate skin, but they give the impression of heaviness both of body and mind. Their transient passions and deficient intellectual power are attributable to a torpor or sluggishness of circulation, which incapacitates them for any sustained effort. They are persistent and plodding, but never enthusiastic.

Dr. Southey says of persons of the lymphatic temperament, "Their memories are good, their reasoning powers are considerable, and their judgment sound and logical. Common sense and straightforward conduct characterise them in their dealings with their fellow-creatures. Socially they are seldom the best company, but their sterling qualities make them the best friends."

The bilious temperament was originally so called from a supposed redundancy of bile in the system. It need scarcely be said that its strongly marked physical and mental characteristics have no necessary connection with the functions of the liver. This temperament is in many respects the converse of the sanguine. If all were divided into two classes, the fair and the dark, the sanguine would be the type of the one and the bilious of the other. It is a noteworthy fact that most cases of melancholia are degenerate forms of the bilious temperament. The physical peculiarities are a spare but strong bony frame, dark skin, rather pale complexion, and resolute expression of countenance amounting to harshness. The medical testimony attributes to this temperament a high degree of

resistance to noxious agencies. The mental and moral characters include great strength and inflexibility of purpose; a difficulty in forgiving; slowness in taking in fresh ideas; tenacity in clinging to opinions, principles, and prejudices; rather obstinate and somewhat limited in interests, and in range and variety of sympathies. It is a little disadvantageous to have this particular type so named, since the popular idea of a bilious temperament is associated either with suspicious jealousy or something equally disagreeable, and consequently there is some reluctance to accept the designation for ourselves, or to apply it to those whom we like and respect; but this feeling arises from an erroneous conception. While persons of this temperament may not be so accommodating as the sanguine, and sometimes nurse animosities through a lifetime, yet they form steadfast friendships, and are heroically faithful, and when endowed with a sense of humour they present an admirable character. They have furnished more martyrs than all other types together. With regard to martyrdom, that strange phenomenon which has always appeared when dogmatists have been allied to the secular power, it is interesting to note that those who burnt their theological rivals, as well as those who deliberately preferred death rather than humour the insane fanatics who had the ascendency, were mostly of the bilious type. Ignatius Loyola, Torquemada, and John Calvin were undoubtedly of a melancholic type in which the bilious predominates; and the probability is that Gardiner and Bonner differed from Latimer

and Ridley in opinion far more than in temperament. Women of the true bilious temperament display the same abundant osseous development, angularity of frame, resolute firmness and hardness of character of their brothers in constitution. The so-called strong-minded woman, the sort that frightened Cupid in 'Punch's' picture, and made him drop his bow and arrows and extend his chubby fingers in astonishment, belongs to this class.

There is another feminine type which may fitly be described here, although it presents differences from the one just noticed even more pronounced than those which distinguish the vivacious sanguine from the torpid lymphatic. For convenience of reference I will call it the mitigated bilious, but shall be grateful for suggestions for a more euphonious designation. Women of this variety possess dark hair, pale complexion, soft hazel eyes, and a delicately moulded form. Their attractiveness to the sterner sex arises from the rather negative qualities of a deficiency of combativeness and resistance, a soft melancholy, and a docility of temper. The medical opinion is that the melancholic tendency and gentle taciturnity are simply manifestations of deficient physical energy, but that we will attribute to the perversity of the medical mind. The more interesting individuals of this variety, while exhibiting none of the tenacity of the true bilious type, nor of that perpetual readiness to defend their opinions of the sanguine, yet live consistently in a sort of atmosphere of goodness, and reveal a confiding constancy to the objects of their affection. They are specially adapted to that old-fashioned and

much out-of-date husband, who thinks he should be master in his own house. It is to be feared they are diminishing in number, being stimulated and educated out of existence. Examples of the two types of women last described, and the striking differences which so widely separate them, are portrayed in Miss Murdstone and Agnes Wickfield; also in Lady Ashton and her daughter, the Bride of Lammermoor.

The nervous temperament is the designation of a special and interesting type of constitution, in whose physical and mental organisations the nervous and intellectual elements predominate. Professor Laycock says of the nervous temperament, "There is greater susceptibility to all impressions, finer susceptibility, greater rapidity of action, of ideas, and of speech; in the expression of the feelings and ideas greater vividness of the imagination." In the extreme type the bodily frame is slender and delicate, with small extremities, complexion pale or slightly tinted; eyes quick and full of expression. The members of this group are often in early life shy and sensitive; they feel acutely every manifestation of brutishness in human nature. The senses are keen and active, and these channels to the soul are open to all the beauty, and harmony, and glory of heaven and earth. Just as physically these men may be chiefly brain and nerves, and poor in muscle and bone, so morally there is sometimes a corresponding absence of harmonious balance, and they are liable from the acuteness of the emotions to be caught in the impetuous torrent of the animal passions, and then thought, prudence, consideration

for others, fair fame, self-respect, health and life, all unheeded and helpless as motives of restraint, are sacrificed, and like the lowered rain-clouds in the storm are torn to rags and fragments as the tempest increases in power, velocity, and madness, and bears away the victim to destruction. With a more evenly balanced mind, and a more robust moral and physical condition, we discover in this temperament the qualities of real greatness Accompanying lofty imagination and high distinction in intellectual capacity is seen a nobility of thought and sentiment. Wit, critical acumen, sparkling fancy, a penetrative insight into the mysteries of truth, and facility of acquisition and comprehension are among their rich endowments. Exclusively associated with this organisation are those rare and great individuals gifted with the highest genius; poets, seers, and sages, whose lips have been touched with sacred fire, having eyes that see behind the veil, and whose ears can hear the voices to which the rest of mankind are deaf. There is a very general tendency, not only to excuse immorality in genius, but to suppose it to find therein its most natural expression. The poet Moore asserted the principle that genius and domestic happiness are two antipathetic and mutually exclusive elements. The pure and dignified Wordsworth, however, declared that "no man can claim indulgence for his transgressions on the score of his sensibilities, but at the expense of his credit for intellectual powers. All men of first-rate genius have been equally distinguished for dignity, beauty, and propriety of moral conduct. The man of genius ought

to learn that the cause of his vices is, in fact, his deficiencies, and not as he fondly imagines his superfluities and superiorities." Montaigne was of a different opinion, and says with reference to the sonnets of his friend Étienne de la Boetie, that those which were composed for the mistress are worth more than those addressed to the lawful wife. "I am one of those," he says, "whose opinion is that Divine Poesy doth nowhere fadge so well, and so effectually applaudeth, as in a youthful, wanton, and unbridled subject." Sainte-Beuve deplores this, and says, "We have in France been only too mindful of this dictum of Montaigne, and have let ourselves go after this wanton ideal."

Women of the nervous temperament have the same delicacy of organisation, liveliness of the imagination, and fervour of the emotions as the men. Their intellectual powers supply them with a taste and capacity for study which results in the acquisition of accomplishments and a knowledge unusual in the fair sex, and the distinction thus conferred tends to develop the pedantry of the young student's habit of measuring all minds by the academic gauge; but these are faults which their natural fine sense rapidly corrects with enlarged experience. These two stages in their development are indicated in the lines of Cowper:

"Knowledge dwells in heads replete with thoughts of other men,
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own."

The contrasting types are sometimes skilfully associated, and with pleasing effect; as the nervous

and the sanguine, exhibited in the Lady Hermione and Margaret Ramsay in 'The Fortunes of Nigel;' Emma Haredale and Dolly Varden in 'Barnaby Rudge.' I fear to select illustrations from Shakespeare, that rich text-book of types, since the interest of such a selection leads one to make it disproportionately large. Of Shakespeare it has been written with perfect truth, "that he had so creative an imagination, and that he paints so well and with such conspicuous energy all his characters —from heroes and kings down to innkeepers and peasants,—that if human nature had been destroyed, and that if there remained no other monument of it than his works alone, other beings might know from his writings what men had been."

Of the special types of individual temperament included in the foregoing descriptions it must be remarked that they are to be met with more frequently in literature than in real life. The reason is that it is proper to the writer's craft to present men and women of such pronounced characteristics that the operation of the laws of their peculiar constitutions may be clearly traced, whereas in real life there exists no provision for maintaining purity of type, and therefore the great majority of individuals present a mixed temperament. A person may be chiefly of one special type, but with its marked characteristics modified by slight admixture with one or two others, or the various types may be so evenly intermingled that it is impossible to detect the peculiarities of one more than another. A man may subject his own temperament to a careful analysis, attributing his versatility and

capability of rapid recovery of spirits and energy after misfortune to the sanguine elements of his nature, recognising bilious influences in his inability to overcome feelings of resentment and in his power of long-sustained effort, and acknowledging some inheritance of nervous temperament in his capacity for apprehending the intricacies of abstruse and difficult problems.

While emphasising the importance of temperament I do not wish to ignore or to under-estimate the influence upon character of the factors of environment, education, religion, home training, prosperity and misfortune, conditions of happiness or misery, &c., but the distinction should be noted that while these are always variable, and sometimes transient and fleeting, temperament is a constant and abiding influence through all the vicissitudes of life.

When we seek the explanation of the existence of temperament it might be sufficient to refer its origin solely to *inheritance*. If we further inquire as to the modifiers of temperament we are led to the study of the environment and the idiosyncrasy of the individual. To each of these three factors—heredity, environment, and individuality—I propose to devote a few moments' consideration. Their natures and potentialities should be understood by all who are engaged in modifying or developing temperament—the schoolmaster, the clergyman, the statesman, the philanthropist, and indeed all parents and guardians of the young.

It is necessary to note that the term natural inheritance does not mean merely the transmission of parental but also of ancestral characteristics. All

innate, constitutional, and germinal qualities, and the results of their combinations and interactions in the parents, are transmissible to the offspring. It is obvious that we have here a force of great power and importance to deal with. "The infant just born is the heir of congenital conditions of good and evil," and whether those conditions are to be passed on better or worse is a very vital question. The second factor, environmental influence, is most powerful in contributing to the predominance of one or more elements in the mixed temperament. These two forces are almost as certain in their operation as any law in mechanics, but we have to recognise the presence of a third influence—individuality. We know that in the animal and plant worlds are to be observed the conservative force of heredity, the moulding or modifying force of environment, and also the evolutionary force, seen in a constant tendency to variation on the part of the animal or plant. By the term individuality I intend to imply this same tendency to variation, but to an infinitely higher degree when carried into the realm of morals and of mind. Here we perceive a superiority which places man in another category of created beings. As Lavater says, "he can at once both suffer and perform infinitely more than any other creature. He unites flexibility and fortitude, strength and dexterity, activity and rest. Of all creatures he can the soonest yield and the longest resist. None resemble him in the variety and harmony of his powers. His faculties, like his form, are peculiar to himself."*

* 'Essays on Physiognomy.'

While the variations of other creatures are slight, and for the most part mere adaptations to natural conditions or cases of atavism, the variations in the mind of man are infinite in number and kind. Each human being has his own special and peculiar endowments, which separate him from his fellows and give him an individuality and character. We have also to note the far higher capacity of volition which man possesses. Let us see how this factor of the will comes into operation. It has been truly but mildly said that the infantile mind is above all things characterised by the lack of control, and its subsequent development is marked by the gradual attainment of self-restraint. The essential part of education has been well described as "the uniform and progressive establishment of self-control upon higher and still higher levels." Although this supreme endowment, the full exercise of the higher powers of the will, is indubitably a human possession, yet as a matter of fact its conscious and intelligent cultivation is almost entirely neglected. It is a law of the human mind, as it is of the mechanical forces, to follow the line of least resistance, and consequently, as Buckle expresses it, "an immense majority of men always remain in a middle state, neither very foolish nor very able, neither very virtuous nor very vicious, but slumbering on in a peaceful and decent mediocrity, adopting without much difficulty the current opinions of the day, making no inquiry, exciting no scandal, causing no wonder, just holding themselves on a level with their generation, and noiselessly conforming to the standard of morals and of knowledge common to

the age and country in which they live."* In other words, they are the creatures of circumstances, the products of heredity and environment. When man cultivates the higher powers of his nature, when the moral and intellectual elements of his being are exalted to their loftiest extent, then it is that he bursts these bonds and triumphs victoriously over the powers internal and external that would subdue his spirit, control his character, and practically rob him of his rightful destiny. These great individuals—the salt of human society, the only true nobility—are, however, exceptional; the majority of men act in a manner that can safely be predicted when the facts of temperament and environment are fully known. It should be noted here that while tendencies due to temperament can be controlled and regulated, and the temperament itself be modified by long-continued effort, yet no one can emancipate himself from the general laws of the human mind any more than he can divest himself of any other natural condition of his existence.

It is interesting to observe the different opinions as to what constitutes real greatness. The wise man of old who declared that "he that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city," was evidently of opinion that an exalted power of self-control is the true indication; but that is not the view of the world generally, and the man who took the city would poll the higher number of votes. Who denies the epithet *great* to the first Napoleon or to Lord Nelson? and yet neither of these was at

* 'Civilization in England,' vol. i.

all remarkable for his power of controlling natural impulses. I venture to suggest that the qualities of the conventional great man arise solely from the fortuitous combination and special admixture in just proportions of certain temperaments; that it is this which results in that magnificent capacity and dominating *will* before which mankind bows in unhesitating submission. We need not wait, however, for the favorable admixture of temperaments for the true hero to appear; we may perceive heroic qualities in every successful conquest over the internal and external obstacles to virtue and goodness.

Having discussed the origin of temperament, I now propose to indicate how the student of the mind traces its operation. It is a matter of common observation that in the region of intellectual activity there is a necessary logical order according to which ideas succeed one another. The psychologist knows further that there is similarly a logic of sentiments and passions which imposes itself in the series of purely moral phenomena of the natural sensibility, and regulates their orderly course, and this sequence of sentiments varies within limits according to the temperament. "It is more or less profound knowledge of these spontaneous reactions of the human sensibility in presence of such a given circumstance," says Dr. Luys, "that enables great writers to know point by point, and express with precision, and put into the mouths of their personages, natural expressions of the passions which are to be developed in them."*

* 'The Brain and its Functions.'

The evidence of this knowledge and the full significance of its application are not always detected by the uneducated critic; and indeed it may here be remarked that the higher literary criticism owes its superiority to a corresponding knowledge of the laws of the different temperaments. We may note by way of illustration the difference between the popular view of Lady Macbeth and that held by the student of psychology. To the former she is a virago, hard and coarse, the ruin of her nobler husband. To the latter she has by far the higher nature; that is a nature of much higher capabilities than that of Macbeth. She is seen to be naturally quick, sensitive, and delicate; endowed with a high power of will. To the superficial observer her mind is quite devoid of the softer feminine qualities, but the student perceives their presence in her strong struggle against their influence. She did not resort, like weak and small natures are apt to do, to an attempted justification of wrong-doing, nor did she affect to deceive herself. In some respects she is like Milton's Satan. Macbeth, on the other hand, is of an objective practical nature; at his best in times of action, contemptibly weak in the presence of mental and moral problems. Led by the imagination, a prey to superstition, unaccustomed to exercise his reason upon anything save military matters, deficient in apprehension of the higher virtues, he was quite incapable of understanding such a nature as that of his wife. The final madness of Lady Macbeth is the natural consequence of her inward conflicts; her nervous organisation broke down under the

violent and continued strain between her will and her instincts.

The untrained critic then, as a rule, may be said to form his judgments upon externals. Flow of language, felicity of expression, play of fancy, richness of imagination, sparkle of wit, wealth of metaphor, beauty of conception, together form an array of brilliant attractions which completely captivates his mind, and his judgments are in accordance with the presence or absence of these qualities; but that which gives a work of literature its supreme value, that which reveals its writer to possess true genius, is altogether independent of these adornments, and may be exhibited in many diverse ways. It consists in profound knowledge of human nature. Power of expression is not to be disparaged of course, but it is not essential to, and should be carefully distinguished from, the real mark of genius. Shakespeare, Goethe, and Scott have exhibited this potential insight in the literary form of dramas, poems, and tales; Bacon and Emerson in the form of philosophical essays, and Carlyle has given it an historical and biographical form. Many writers no doubt exhibit an accurate knowledge of the workings of the human mind, but they differ from the great masters in being limited to one or two types of character and temperament, or to the ordinary levels of thought and feeling, whereas the highest form of genius shows an appreciation, a knowledge, and a power co-extensive in range and variety with human life itself. Cervantes, Fielding, and Scott are alike in displaying, in addition to a wealth of imagination, an immense

range of insight into human nature, and sympathy with character of every type. Goldsmith, Defoe, and Richardson display consummate art in producing images of pathos and humour, but in a limited field. The different types of temperament, then, are the elements which the novelist has to deal with, either in their pure unmixed simplicity or in definite combinations. He has to exhibit his characters as acting under any given circumstances in accordance with the special laws of their nature. It is a sign of weakness and incompetence to portray a character in the first instance as of a specific type, and then to represent him acting later after the manner of a totally different one. For example, in a late notorious instance in a popular novel of the day, a character is introduced as having a strong nature with much of the so-called bilious temperament, and the reader is led to expect that the qualities of that type will be exhibited, viz. rigid adherence to principle, inflexibility of mind, depth and solidity of character; but as the tale develops this particular personage turns out a pretender—he is made to exhibit an impulsive vacillation of temper, a deplorable inconsistency of conduct, a shallow nature with too shifting a bottom for principle to find any anchorage, swayed helplessly by passion,—consequently the reader is repelled and his confidence in the novelist is shaken.

I have embodied in the present paper a number of facts which have an important bearing on the character of communities and of individuals, and I have endeavoured to exhibit them in their right

relations. We may now ask, what is the conclusion of the whole matter? What are the practical advantages of the subject? Is there anything that appeals to others than the novelist? I think the study may be commended to our favorable attention since it enables us to fulfil the philosophical injunction, Know thyself! The triple nature of man—animal, intellectual, and moral—makes him the most worthy object of his own study and observation.

This study throws a beam of light into that little-explored subjective world of human nature. The truths of temperament afford materials for self-examination, the necessary precursor of self-improvement. It enables us to understand life and its affairs more clearly when we understand the nature and laws of temperament. We perceive its evidence in the diverse effects produced in the mind by the same experiences, such as good or ill fortune, a story of heroism or tyranny, a work of art, religion, and indeed all agencies. How different are these effects on the lymphatic and the nervous, the sanguine and the melancholic, the reflective and the observant, the weak and the strong, the shallow and the deep, the grave and the light-hearted. "Although," says Dr. Crozier, "religion may be believed by two men with equal sincerity and honesty, with the one, perhaps, through some peculiarity of constitution, it gets no further than the intellect and the imagination, where it hangs and revolves in dreamy perpetual delight, ever returning on itself but never affecting the life; while with the other it frets the soul like an imprisoned spirit until

it has worked its way out into conduct and action."* The study is important in the highest degree to those who have to deal directly with the moral and mental sides of man's nature, such as the clergyman and the teacher. The value to a teacher of a knowledge of temperament is obvious; that is when individual teaching is possible, since methods may then be modified and adapted to individual requirements. It is, indeed, of infinite importance for the teacher to understand the nature of the minds he has to deal with; to understand, not what they ought to be, but what they are, the actual material of child mind. This neglected study of temperament seems to supply the key, the solution of the difficulty of the teacher's work. St. Augustine said with reference to teaching, "A golden key which does not fit the lock is worthless, a wooden key which does is everything."

The study is equally important for the physician, since he might then be induced to employ methodically and systematically psycho-therapeutics, instead of poisonous drugs in a large number of ailments. The physical organisation of some temperaments renders the victim excessively sensitive to the action of *materia medica*, while others have a remarkable power of resistance. We occasionally hear of sudden recovery from the spontaneous action of some powerful moral cause. Dr. Hack Tuke suggests that the same force should be employed designedly instead of leaving it to mere chance. "The force is there acting irregularly and capriciously. The question is whether it cannot be applied and guided

* 'Civilisation and Progress.'

with skill and wisdom by the physician. Again and again we exclaim, when some new nostrum, powerless in itself, effects a cure, 'It's only the imagination!' We attribute to this remarkable mental influence a power which ordinary medicines have failed to exert, and yet are content, with a shrug of the shoulders, to dismiss the circumstance from our minds without further thought."* By the study of the subject the physician would discover what temperaments are suitable for the treatment indicated. It is quite true, as Ruskin said, "imagination is the grandest mechanical power that the human intelligence possesses, and one which will appear more and more marvellous the longer we consider it."† It would be like the acquisition of a new sense if the curative power of the imagination were properly developed. We know that nothing passes in the mind which does not produce some change in the body; and particularly that no desire, no act of willing, is exerted by the mind without some corresponding motion at the same time taking place in the body. Dr. Tuke quotes with approval the following scandalous lines by Churchill:

> "The surest road to health, say what they will,
> Is never to suppose we shall be ill;
> Most of those evils we poor mortals know,
> From *doctors* and *imagination* flow."

The late Sir B. W. Richardson declared that "there are some constitutional differences determined by temperament which are of first importance."

* 'Influence of the Mind upon the Body.'
† 'Modern Painters.'

Sir F. Galton, F.R.S., pleads for the study in the interests of anthropological science. He says "nearly every individual is notable for some peculiarity of mind or disposition, and in some few persons the sanguine, melancholic, nervous, or lymphatic temperament is well marked. All such peculiarities should be noted, as they are strongly hereditary, and may throw much light on the faculties of the family. Moreover the study of them is peculiarly attractive."

This study is rendered difficult by the circumstance that the usual manifestations of the temperaments are so often modified by the conditions of life. "In business pursuits," says Alexander Stewart, "the sanguine man finds that he must curb his impetuosity and pursue business much as the cool-headed bilious man does. The lymphatic man has to bestir himself, and telegrams and messengers waiting reply on business of importance compel the man of nervous temperament to put aside his doubts and act promptly."* Also Froude says to the same purpose in his essays, "Every one of the many professions has a personal character of its own, which, with rare exceptions, it inflicts on those who follow it. There is the shopkeeper type, the manufacturing type, the medical type, the lawyer type, the soldiers', the sailors'. The nature of man is,

"Like the dyer's hand,
Subdued to what it works in,"

and we can distinguish with ease on the slightest intercourse to what class a grown person belongs;

* 'Our Temperaments.'

it is seen in his look, in his words, in his tone of thought; his voice, gesture, and everything he does." In addition to this passive modification of temperament by surrounding influences, it may be affected by conscious intention, in which the first step is the development of the inhibitory powers. It may safely be asserted that the intelligent cultivation of the will, and the deliberate training of self-control, steadily continued of course after the close of school life, would be the most effective means of checking the steadily increasing tendency towards insanity in all degrees which is so deplorably manifest in our own day. The human mind is the region of civil war between the upward tending and downward tending forces of man's higher and lower natures. Under these circumstances, if he is to save himself from wreck and disaster he must make his will supreme.

We ought to extend our sympathy to, and make abundant allowances for, all persons imprisoned as it were within the framework of temperament and struggling to be free; and especially with children and young people. How often is the child misunderstood and made to suffer by well-meaning but ignorant adults! The temperament of some children is so placid that they easily accommodate themselves to the ever-changing circumstances of life, taking everything as they find it; they grow up without giving a jar to the nerves of their friends or receiving one themselves. There are others of a more nervous temperament, in whom logic and idealism rapidly develop to a far higher degree than is generally realised, and they experience severe

shocks as they are roughly and repeatedly wakened from their dream world of purity and bliss to the ugly realities of life. We are apt to forget in our benumbed sensibility how life looks to the quick and eager little soul with the inquiring eyes, and do not guess that in the intervals of questioning a wonderful summing up is being conducted, and a verdict given. The spirituality of Christianity is understood by such a child in a moment, and breathed as native air; and then follows that surprise with its keen reproach when the contrast with real life is perceived. These natures need very careful training so that their brightness is not dulled, nor their sensibility too deeply wounded, nor their intelligence outraged by evasive explanations. This delicate task seems to be peculiarly the high function of a wise and loving mother.

PLACE NAMES IN AND AROUND ROME, LATIUM, ETRURIA, BRITAIN, ETC., WITH EARTHWORKS AND OTHER WORKS OF ART ILLUSTRATING SUCH NAMES.

BY DR. PHENÉ, LL.D., F.S.A., F.R.G.S., F.R.I.B.A.

[Read January 12th, 1898.]

In a delightful ramble on the Apennines I had wandered too long, and finding myself short of time I looked for some signs of approach to the mountain village I was bound to, which with its grey tower-like houses, their brilliant colours being made grey from lying between me and the sun, cut sharply against the sky.

The place lay to the south, and the paved road I was walking on was leading eastward.

I was pleased, therefore, to see a narrow paved way on my right, which led me to think it was a peasant's path and a shorter journey.

Charmed with the flowers and the wildness of the scene, I walked on it, till I was surprised at seeing my shadow on the path before me. I had started facing the sun, which I often consult as

watch and compass, for it is dangerous to take any article of ornament or of value on these mountain wanderings. I saw I had lost time and was going in the wrong direction. I was too far on my way to go back to the broader paved road I had left. There was the choice of going as the crow flies, and perhaps meeting with swamps and precipices, or following the narrow footpath which might lead me to another place of rest. As I followed it, I found myself facing the sun again.

There was nothing to show why the road had turned, but as I went on my way I remembered that on a former occasion, years before, the same thing had happened to me in a ramble in Hertfordshire. I could make nothing of it, nor could I arrive at a conclusion as to the cause till some years later the same thing took place in the far west of Ireland. This last gave me the clue. In Glen Columkil, in Donegal, the paths, in a long circuit, turn quite round and then back again; but the reason was clear. In each of the *almost complete* circles stood an upright stone, no doubt originally an object of worship. These stones had been carved with Christian emblems, the cross being the chief; but I felt sure, on examining them, that such work was later than the placing of the stones, as the carving had clearly been done while the stones were erect, and not prior to their erection. I had found such a stone in Brittany, carved in the form of a serpent.

The part of Donegal referred to is distinguished by the most graphic legends of serpents or serpent worshippers, and the sinuosities of the paths

represented a serpent's track between and around the upright stones.

In some rural parts of Italy, *stelae* or roadway stones are still found, no doubt acting as guides to travellers over mountains, warning from danger where death had occurred; but probably also such *stelae* were objects of worship. Some will be referred to later on. The Greek *Hermae* were commonly so placed, and were worshipped. Tumuli in the Isle of Wight, Wales, America, &c., distinctly mark dangers and define roads.

To give a list of place names only without the apparent reason for such names would not convey much, and the study of the localities where such names are found will often explain the meaning of the names, or the reason for their selection.*

* See my paper on "The Way Signs of Different Nations, even the Jewish," in the 'British Archæological Journal,' Congress, 18th August, 1888. Also my letter in the 'Builder' of December 2nd, 1882, as follows:

"*The American Mound Builders.*

"Sir,

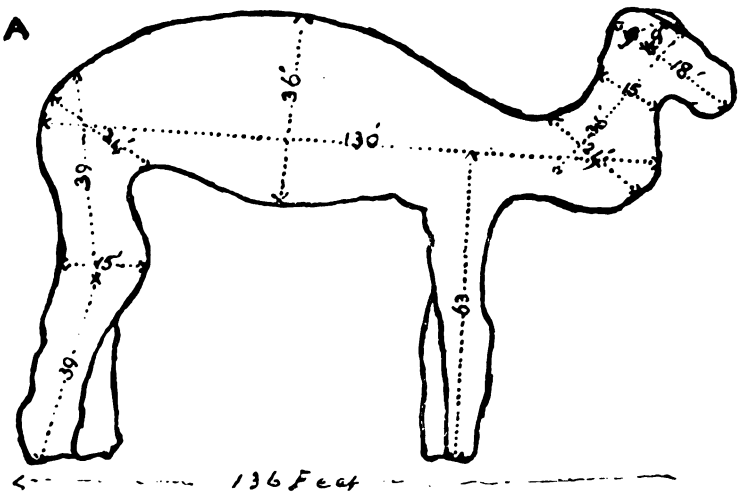
"I have for some months been making a careful investigation of the works of the American mound builders along the whole course of their occupation. I was able to trace all those that have been published, notwithstanding that some have been much reduced by the plough. Many, however, and those the most interesting, I found nearly intact, from their being in remote districts and woods where they have never been under culture. Where towns and cities have been built, of course, not a few have been removed, as at St. Louis, Cincinnati, Marietta, &c., but these cities have still extensive works in their vicinities, which act as data to what have been lost. I have found many very curious mounds which are not described in the Smithsonian or other works, and they appear to me of great interest as affording some clue to the intent and objects that the constructors had in view.

"From the [present] lowness of the Mississippi and Wisconsin

I may have, therefore, to take you over some rather dry roads to arrive at certain points, for

rivers, which have for some years past made the roads communicating with the adjacent localities impassable at this season, I have been able to complete the survey begun several years since by the late Mr. Strong, Civil Engineer to the U.S. Government, who was unfortunately drowned during his survey, which has, I am n-formed, never been completed so far as archæological remains are concerned. From a large number of remarkable forms I have examined I send you an extract from my note-book, giving in one case a well-defined mound of a form unlike any other I have met with, published or unpublished; and in another, one of a continuous range of mounds of uniform appearance and clearly expressed purpose.

"A.—The first, which approaches the form of a camel more than of any other animal (though the length of the body is a variation from the perfect proportion otherwise uniformly executed by the constructors), singularly enough lies on the same terrace of the

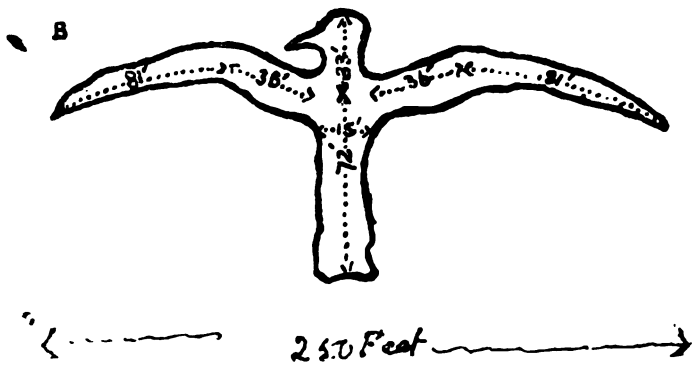


Mississippi levels as the well-known 'Elephant Mound,' which I also examined. One is to the north, the other to the south of the Wisconsin River. The heads of both are in the same direction, *i.e.*

which reason I gave the account of similar features in Italy, England, and Ireland, as the interest lies

with the course of the stream, southwards; and the ravine by which the upper levels of the country are approached from this spot is, and has from the first occupation by Europeans been, called 'Camel Cooley,' cooley being a local term for a ravine or gorge.

"B.—The range of mounds (of one of which I enclose an outline) lies on a but little-known track of the mound builders between Lake Superior and the Wisconsin River. It consists of twelve



enormous bird mounds, locally called eagles; they have a uniform position and definite purpose, as a deviation into the course [which they indicate is to be avoided] would have involved death in such seasons of floods as have prevailed in the last few years, and which must have been more prevalent in former times. They are well defined, even to the birds' beaks, which all lie in the same direction.

"At the northern end of this range of mounds there is a remarkable notification [by barrier mounds, for avoidance of the course being taken by the birds]; the twelve forms leading thence towards the Wisconsin River, are unmistakable in meaning, and give a clue to many other forms of mounds, and even to some characters in the Pelenque pictorial alphabet. The details might occupy more space than you could give to this communication.

in such similar features, and the symbolism and meaning illustrating these remarkable indications in those various countries, particularly in Italy and England.

To show the connection between place names

"On the question of the 'Elephant Mound' I may observe, in passing, that elephant figures occur in the Yucatan pictorial writings, and elephant forms, of perfect shape, are found in the museums, carved on the calumets or mound-builders' pipes, which I have seen; while there have been, almost monthly, during my visits to various States, discoveries of elephants' tusks and bones in a high state of preservation, though exposed in swamps to surface water and other destroying effects, tending to show that the elephant existed here during the mound-builders' occupation of this territory. The height of the mounds averages from 2 ft. to 3 ft. at the highest parts, and rises rather abruptly from the surface.

"In the Government Geological Surveys of the United States the camel and elephant remains are found with the horse, of which I have also found several mounds; and in Bryant and Guy's 'History of the United States' these remains, the elephant in particular, are described as found with evidences of human occupation.

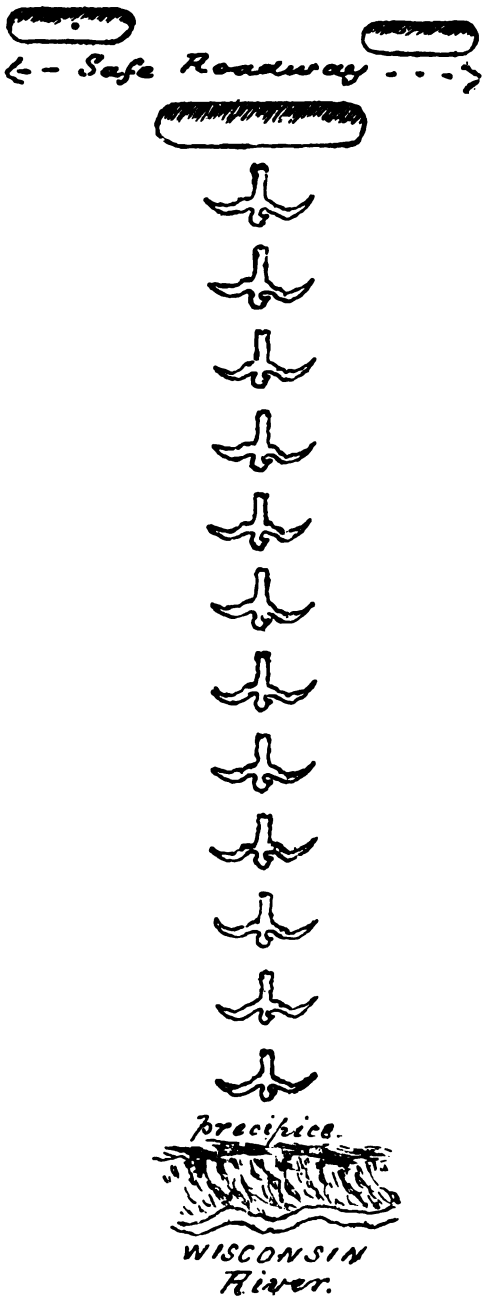
"This seems to show that, though all were extinct on the coming of Europeans, these animals or their descendants might have existed with the mound builders, as several varieties of each of the animals are described. The lama, belonging to the camel species, still exists in the south.

"J. S. PHENÉ.

"*Houghton, Michigan, Lake Superior, U.S.A.*"

N.B.—While giving some of these never before published illustrations, the letters of the respective dates of my travels are essential at a period when removal and destruction are rife to an extent that in no previous age has existed.

The caution against danger conveyed by the following illustration is clear, viz. *none but birds can pass this way.* There are quite as clear indications still existing in the tumuli of the Isle of Wight and in Wales and England, as graphic in their teaching and symbolism.


Safe Roadway
precipice.
WISCONSIN
River.

and the localities they are in, the following example strikingly explains one of the strangest statements in history, so strange that historians have set it down as a mythological fable, though it is capable of the simplest explanation.

The well-known story that Romulus and Remus, being exposed while infants on the mountains to die, were found and fostered by a WOLF seems absurd, but the locality explains it.

On the summits of the mountain ranges to the south-east of Rome have been located from the earliest times a race called Hirpini. A grand celebration of sacrifices to Pluto on Mount Soracte, which is to the north-east of Rome, took place in remote times, and while the slaughtered victims were burning on the altar they were stolen by *wolves;* though wolves dread fire more than death. The priests of Pluto submitted the matter to their Oracle, and, instead of any consolation, they were directed to live like wolves. The explanation is, that the word Hirpini means wolves. The Hirpini hearing of the sacrifice, went along the very ancient road called the Via Cassia to Soracte in order to steal the sacrificial victims, which after being offered up were as a rule given for the people to feast on. The direction of the Oracle to live like wolves was simply one to retaliate in kind, and as the wolfish Hirpini had despoiled them, they were entitled to reprisals. So effectually was this conformed to that the Soracte people adopted the name of their southern neighbours the Hirpini, which they not only retain to this day, but with the name the customs of the Hirpini; and are, like them, the

most untamable brigands in Italy. I have been amongst them both. It is probable that they stole the children, or perhaps looked on them as a miraculous gift (there being no evidence of parentage with them) from the gods. Wolves figure largely in history as men. Herodotus describes a tribe in Scythia the people of which became wolves during a part of each year. All the wild tribes of Scythia were hunters, and adopted strange deceits to obtain their animals of the chase; and at the hunting season they probably attired themselves in the skins of wolves, as some near them did in those of goats, and were in consequence described as having the feet of goats. So many of the Scythian tribes came westward with the Greeks, as shown from Scytho-Tauric names of settlements alternating with Greek names along the coast of the Mediterranean and that as far west as Massilia and the Rhone; and as classical writers refer specially to Greek settlers on the east coast of Italy, it is probable that these wolf-hunters were the stock from which the Hirpini originated, and were so called in Italy, as they had been in Scythia. At any rate there can be no doubt that the wolf that nurtured Romulus and Remus was one of the Hirpins or Hirpini, and that the account is not mythological but historical. The word, though used by the Italians, seems of Græco-Scythic origin. The priests of Hercules wore skins, and the Salii also with mythic animals painted on them.

These people in spite of their ferocity can be approached safely. My custom has been to dress

in old worn-out clothes, with no watch or ornament, and only money enough for the poorest diet, to carry a vasculum, and to busy myself in collecting herbs and roots. When questioned I have shown my vasculum and its contents for medicine. Always asked in Italy, Greece, and Asia Minor to relieve sickness, a few nursery medicines will go far; cases of much pain relieved by morphia or laudanum gave me a free pass in any direction, with the best diet in the district and an invitation to return.

Although modern maps cease to identify these people geographically, they still exist and retain their name of wolves; and though nominally Christian, they perform their pagan rites and ceremonies.

We must now resume the roads and earthen constructions, and examine the place names near them as well in this country as in Italy.

Scattered over the face of our beautiful land are remains of ancient ways, now quite fragmentary from lapse of centuries, and agricultural and other advances.

Many of these I have examined for a number of years past, till I have gradually become familiar with them in their barely traceable condition. In some few instances traditions, and even local and county histories, help the inquirer where the eye requires guidance.

A good example exists at Bicester, near Oxford, where in an arable field a raised but level line of earth, at and over ten feet in width, crosses the field; and here local information tells you

was a "Roman way," though it is clearly *pre*-Roman.

The roads in question are, in no way that I can find, to be identified with the grand and well-known roads which traverse the country to and from its extreme points, though it is highly probable that they may have been at various places connected with them; and the more so where, as in the case of that at Bicester, they lead to military camps, to Oppida, or other places of early occupation. But as it is notable that Roman camps are hardly ever, if ever, found except where older camps or Oppida exist or have existed, so it is highly probable that these byways, which like the grand trunk roads have for so long a period been generally classed as "Roman," may have been formed like these main roads long before the coming of the Romans, long perhaps before Rome was.

That the Romans took possession of, paved, or rather re-paved, improved, repaired, straightened, and otherwise altered the roads they found in Britain may be inferred from their practising these precise acts in countries they subjugated in Italy itself. As the Hirpini were disposed of by historians by resolving them into *actual wolves*, to make the story impossible and save the trouble of research; so the ancient roads and works in Britain were continued as Romanised in name to bar laborious investigation.

In the same way it has been a relief to the antiquary of the past to generalise camps, &c., simply as Roman or British from certain characteristic features. Thus the rectilineal earthwork was

classed as Roman, as suited to the phalanx or four-faced square of foot. The round, oval, or irregular embankment was classed as British, by which was meant Keltic, as being less systematic, and therefore native; and this term was generally applied to such formations on heights and crests of hills, almost impregnable on one or more sides from natural declivities. And here and there, where more uniform but circular or approaching the circular earthworks appeared, *and not necessarily on such naturally guarded elevations*, the works were pronounced to be Danish; a term of very broad meaning, and apparently applied not only to Scandinavians generally, but also to other people who were clearly of different national distinctions, but who trafficked with Scandinavians in this country.*

Having noticed also, for many years past, various earthworks, including camps, and roads, throughout the country, from Cape Wrath to the Land's End and the South Foreland, which differ from all the preceding, I was at first disposed to attribute them to the Picts; but the Picts being only apparently intermixed with the Gaels, this became too indefinite.

I therefore pursued the question to the district of Rome itself, around which, north, south, and east, from the southern point of Apulia to the Rhaetian Alps, I found similar fragments to those in Britain. These ways, like those in this island, have been paved in the Roman fashion in most instances, and so have been assumed to be of

* See my paper read to the British Association at Leeds, in the Reports, &c.

Roman construction. But as many of them are wanting in the chief feature which characterises the true Roman roads in Italy, viz. that of directness, their origin is to be looked for by earlier constructors.

These ways, which are often very circuitous and *winding*, abound more particularly in Tuscany, the ancient Etruria, and in Latium, and on the Alban Hills. Traces of them are also found through Gaul, the Alps, the Tyrol, and elsewhere.

In Britain there is a characteristic one in this ancient map of Exeter now exhibited.

NOMENCLATURE.

These ways, in addition to their physical construction, are distinguished by remarkable nomenclature, which in some cases, notwithstanding the lapse of centuries, is still the same, and traceable at intervals,—separated, it is true, by new and alien nationalities, along the extreme routes, in language neither Gaelic, German, nor Roman, though necessarily tending to each of these in the districts and areas where they are the dominant languages.

A further remarkable attendant on these ways and this nomenclature is that of some curious mythological features, quite distinct from Greek or Roman, which with other points tend to form cumulative evidence of the people, or at least of the locality of people who were in communication in very early times, and, as it appears, even much prior to Phoenician intercourse, with these islands.

These mythological features comprise equally in this country and in Italy dragonistic traditions.*

Unlike the ways of Roman origin, which were for the most part military and utilitarian, and therefore direct and straight, the ancient ways in Italy, to which I refer, often ascend considerable heights, and as every mountain had its high place or sacred summit, held in great estimation by the native and pre-Roman nationalities, these roads and ways were, as a matter of course, sacred ways of ascent for worship.

I have met with them on the ascent to Tusculum, near Alba Longa, locally pronounced Alba Lūnga, Capena,† Soracte, Oreste, Fiesole, and Valambrossa, Monte Cavo, Rocca di Papa, and near Pisa, and many other places. Sometimes they are formed by deep cuttings in the rock, sometimes by paved ways, drained on one or both sides. They are clearly the original roads of the ancient occupiers; of the nationalities which Rome, situate in their midst, gradually overcame, and amalgamated into her own empire.

The most ancient Greek roads to some extent approach them in construction and in ascent, as found by me on Olympos, Delos, Patmos, Tenos, Samothrace, &c., and evidently for the same purpose of worship on mountains. Some of these ways also seem to have existed prior to Greek road-making.

* See my paper read to the British Association at Leeds, in the Report, &c.

† A ruined, long, narrow, winding city on the edge of an extinct crater,—in short, a Lūnga.

Fragments of similar roads, and in some cases intact ways, exist in Asia Minor, as at Pergamos, Sardis, Yasouluke, at Ephesus and the Phrygian Ida, as well as in the adjacent islands of Lemnos, Samos, Patmos, but particularly Imbros and Samothrace. In Britain, portions, still retaining their original construction, are plainly visible at Grim's Pound on Dartmoor, on Yr Eifle Mountains, near Pwllheli in Carnarvonshire, and on some of the ancient *sarns* or ways in North Wales. These latter often bear a Greek nomenclature, as Sarn Helen, near Saphle, Llangollen. Old maps show them in Devonshire. They exist also in Norfolk, Cambridge, and even in Berkshire.

In addition to the foregoing, certain constructions similar to each other in design and execution are found in the vicinity of these ancient roads, from North Britain to the most southern Italian islands, and evidences of similarity of art and also of manufacture still adhere to them, forming an amount of cumulative evidence probably without parallel for extent and distinctness of identity on any point of such remote date.

To examine the subject thoroughly the limits of a single paper are insufficient. They may be glanced at, but the authorities are numerous, and if cited should be fairly balanced.

The controversies on the point of philology alone are voluminous; so much so that instead of entering into them, I shall endeavour only to touch upon examples in which the contenders seem to agree, or to suggest some myself which have not been introduced by previous authors.

In my paper read at Oxford in July, 1890, before the Vice-Chancellor and a Council, I quoted a few out of a large number of place names in England which bear on the subject, to which I now propose to add a few more; only such among them, however, as bear directly on the point under consideration, that is, such as show a relationship with Britain, and thence across the Continent to the Mediterranean.

Some of these points may be tabulated, in an introductory manner, as topographical, philological, geographical, and ethnical; the last perhaps covering race superstitions or worship.

To take the first, and selecting a few of the points quoted by me at Oxford, I drew attention to the Whiteleaf Cross at Princes Risborough, and I think it was shown that Ris was an old Norske word, meaning a place of reception. On re-examining the locality I find not only two places with this name, Ris, but two White Crosses, both places and crosses being near each other.

The second is at Bledlow, near Monks Risborough. A strong indication that these places of rest and reception were for two classes of guests, and were even so used down to mediaeval times.

The cleaning of this cross has been discontinued, as has been the case with the great chalk figures near Plymouth and Cambridge, and they are consequently not much known.

In like manner the byways I have described, and even the great highways, are being gradually lost sight of, though I have been fortunate enough, since I read on this subject at Oxford, to discover one long lost, and known in the last century as

"The Devil's Highway," which, on my discovering it, I described in the 'Oxford University Herald.'

As *independent testimony* on the subject of these ways may be preferred, I select local descriptions of two of the greatest centres in England from intersections of the main roads.

The first of these extracts is from that careful antiquary, Samuel Timmins, Esq., F.S.A. ('*History of Warwickshire*'), BRITISH *and* ROMAN ROADS.

"The roads which bear Roman names and run past Roman camps may have been originally old British ways, as that through *Arden,* long before even Julius Cæsar's days.

"The names of Roman stations may, and sometimes do, include the names of earlier British villages or camps; while the names of places are often so ancient as to puzzle philologists to find their origin and meaning.

"The only relics of Roman occupation to be found in Warwickshire are the names of the great roads and stations. The Ryknield Street and the Watling Street have long runs through or near the county.

"The Ryknield or Icknield Street enters the county on the south of Bidford-on-Avon, and runs nearly due north through Birmingham and meets the Watling Street from the south-east at Etocetum (or wall) near Lichfield, thus passing through part of South-east Warwickshire, East Worcestershire, the outlying peninsular part of Warwickshire in which Birmingham stands, and thence through part of Staffordshire.

"The whole line of the road is less solidly constructed than that of Watling Street, and this fact, with the name of the 'Iceni,' an old British tribe of the neighbourhood, is reasonable evidence that Icknield or Ryknield Street was really an old British road from the Severn to the Mersey

and the Tyne, where extended and developed during the Roman occupation."

A distinction is then explained between this road on the east and west coasts. The eastern counties line is said to be "more truly the Icknield Street, which extended from the Norfolk coast by Cambridge, Old Sarum, and Exeter to the extremity of Cornwall."

"The western line, running north and south as above named, is, however, more generally known as 'Icknield Street' (from St. David's by Gloucester to the mouth of the Tyne, to vary the description), but the authorities generally agree that it should be known as Ryknield Street."

"The other great line of road—originally *British*, but practically *Roman*, since it was paved and improved by the conquerors—extended from Richborough through Canterbury, London, Stony Stratford, &c., to Chester, and thence into Wales, forming the great north-western road. It enters Warwickshire near Rugby, and thence to Atherstone forms the boundary line between Warwickshire and Leicestershire. Although the line of road has remained unaltered, very few articles of Roman occupation have been found."

"At Tripontium, the first station, Roman relics were found." "High Cross, about halfway between Rugby and Atherstone, was a place of great importance, as the point at which another ancient road enters the Watling Street from the south-west."

"Mancetter" is then quoted as marking the site of the Roman "Manduessedum," one of the highest points in the county, and "said to include the ancient British word 'maen;' as a lofty mound, still called Oldbury, is near."

"On the summit of Oldbury there are traces of a quadrangular camp, which some have supposed to be the 'summer camp' (campus aestiva) to the Roman station near." "As many flint celts and other stone weapons have been found, there can be no doubt that an old British stronghold had been extended and fortified by the Romans during their occupation.

"A few miles beyond Atherton, another of the great old roads through Warwickshire is known by its older name, 'The Fosse Way,' but is generally called 'The Roman Fosse Way,' as it was also used by those conquerors in the later times of their occupation of Mid-England. The two other roads only skirted the county, and avoided with true tactical skill the dense forest of Arden, in which the enemy had a secure retreat," no doubt reached by byways, as already mentioned.

"The Fosse Way is now seen to be an inferior roadway as compared with the Watling and the Ryknield Streets, but there is little doubt it was largely used by the Romans." "It enters the county on the south-west at Stretton-under-Fosse, and runs north-east to High Cross, which was thus an important junction, and where in 1712 a cross was erected to record that this was [had been] the centre of Roman Britain, 'whence their celebrated ways, crossing each other, extend to the utmost boundaries of Britain.' The inscription adds, 'Here the Vennones kept their quarter' "—a name that runs from Britain to South Italy. The line of the Fosse Way runs nearly parallel with the main road of modern times from Stratford-on-Avon to Nuneaton, which is itself a very ancient road, running through Coventry and Warwick and Kenilworth.

"*'It rises and falls with the surface of the country generally, but has some* DEEP CUTTINGS *and many picturesque views*—really an 'old-world' road."

Some special points of interest in this description should be noted. These ancient roads still form

county boundaries, still run, as is very generally the case, side by side with our modern roads, and even railroads, testifying to the engineering knowledge of their constructors; still have on them the records of the ancient people, and the *deep cuttings* and broad surveys of the old roads of Italy.

On the eastern side of England I give extracts from the valuable work by Mr. Robert Clutterbuck, F.S.A., who uses in reference to several towns such terms as the following:

"Royston" is "placed where the *British streets* cross each other." "Braughing, on the side of the Ermin Street, *one of the great British ways.*"

"Hallingbury, near the great track-way which united Verolam, the capital of the Cassii, with Lexden, the chief town of the Trinobantes."

"Berkhamstead" is notable "from the number of ancient works like those at Verolam, which I have seen on every side of it."

"Ravensburgh, which, notwithstanding its present name and that of a piece of ground called Danes' Furlong near it, is unlike works raised by the last people," and is "near one of the great *British track-ways.*"

Here observe the variety of works near these so-named British roads.

He states that the works near Royston mentioned by Gough *cannot be found.* I have found and examined them with great interest. He then proceeds, "*These British roads are so totally distinct from the Roman* causeways which succeeded them that it is surprising so many persons should confound these works." He then describes them as differing

from the Roman ways by "running through woods or *winding up the sides of hills*," as being "hardly ever *drawn* in straight lines," "were never raised, and had a peculiar feature" "of being divided during their course into *several branches running parallel with*" "*the original road*," and he might have added winding into secondary parallels, like those first described on the Apennines and in Donegal.

He then enumerates these British roads as "the two Watling Streets, the Ermin Street, the Icknield Street, the Ikemin Street, the Ryknield Street, the Foss, and the Salt Ways."

These quotations are merely to show that these ways have long been considered *British* and *pre-Roman*. For this he gives reasons, *e. g.* "The Fosse has long been supposed to have had a Roman origin," but "it has its origin in a British town, Lindum (Lincoln), and connects it with the principal British towns in the island."

Mr. Whittaker, in his 'History of Manchester,' gives the *names* of the roads as proving they are *not Roman*, and he also gives some very remarkable synonyms, which space will prevent quoting, though I am still working on these points.

The word Fosse has been assumed to be Latin, but the construction of this road, from which its name follows, shows a channel on each side; this would take off the surface water and keep the road dry; and the old Norske word for a flow of water is foss: foss in rural Italy means a torrent or small stream, as *Fossato*. To keep at present, then, to the roads alone, observe their features: "*winding*,"

"*ascending*," sometimes "*deeply cut*," adjoining the great towns, intersecting, water-drained (of which I can give several examples), with extensive views, and vast roadside indications, and tumuli and indicative earthworks along their courses, and laid with stones in some cases, as that cited by Mr. Bernard, C.E., at Oxford as being on Dartmoor, and as seen at Grim's Pound.

As to these roads being *pre*-Roman, Caesar states that when he came to Britain they were "*well known*."*

And let us now turn to ancient Italy. Of Fiesole, Mr. Dennis says, "The lower entrance to the lane, by which the visitor descends from the piazza, marks the site of an ancient gate, and in the road below it . . . are the remains of the old pavement, not of polygonal blocks, as used by the Romans, but of large rectangular flags, furrowed transversely on account of the steepness of the road." "Its dissimilarity to the Roman pavement, &c., induce me to consider it of Etruscan antiquity."

"The neighbourhood of Sovana abounds in ancient roads cut through the tufo. The most remarkable of these are to the west, behind the Madonna del Sebastiani, where two ways are cut through the rock up to the level of the plain."

Also note a word near Bicester, Oxon., "Gravenhall Hill:"

"At Graviscæ I descried a double line of substructions stretching away in connection with the arch, in a direct line towards the height of the town. I traced it across

* See my papers on "Pre-Roman London" and "The Pre-Roman Gold and Enamelled Work of Wales," 'Brit. Arch. Journ.,' 1896–7.

the plain." "It was obviously the ancient road or causeway from the stream to the town. Scarce a block of the pavement remained, but the skeleton—the double line of kerbstones—was most palpable," "the object being doubtless to drain the low grounds on the bank,"—a stone Fossway, in short, agreeing with the road at Bicester. At Bieda, "from this point there seem to have been anciently two roads to the town—one leading directly *up to the summit of the wedge-shaped table-land,* the other still in use, *running beneath the precipice to the right and sunk deep in the tufo rock.* The cliffs between which it passes are hollowed out for the reception of the dead," and "the water channel is formed in the rock on one side of the road to keep it dry and clean."

"At Corchiano, after crossing the river, you ascend to the level of the plain by a road *sunk in the tufo,* on the wall of which is carved an Etruscan inscription, in letters fifteen inches in height, with an intaglio of at least three inches."

"Here is *proof positive of the Etruscan antiquity of the road. There has been a* WATERCOURSE *down one side,*" and "*a sewer for draining it.*"

At Veii "many niches are cut in the walls of rock which flank an ancient road *sunk through a mass of tufo to the depth of from twelve to twenty feet.* Such roads are common in the neighbourhood of Etruscan cities; several other instances occur around Veii." "In this case part of the polygonal pavement is remaining with its kerbstones, and the ruts worn by the ancient cars are visible. On the top of the rock on one side are remains of walls which prove this to be the site of one of the city gates." These niches for the dead are equivalent to our tumuli in effect.

The earliest works in Rome are of Etrurian construction,—this is admitted by all as to the enormous masonry; but there is also an example of an Etrurian road. It is little known, not being used for carriages. It leads from the Via Cupa. It is the oldest road near Rome, is *cut through* the rock to a depth of *twenty feet*, and from being unused remains with its original Etrurian features unaltered. It was the way to ancient Tibur (the modern Tivoli) prior to the *agger* of Servius Tullius.

Etruscans formerly occupied the Caelian Hill, but on the Albani being forcibly placed there by Hostilius the former were driven into the marshy hollows formed by the Esquiline and other hills, and these two nationalities were no doubt, like the Israelites at the construction of the Pyramids, made to construct the great earthworks and walls under forced labour.

Mr. Dennis states also,—

"Following the line of ancient walls, I came to a *cross-road* cut through tufo banks, and leading into the city. It is clearly an ancient way; fifty years ago its pavement was entire, but, owing to the pilferings of the peasantry, scarcely a block is now left." The paved ways on the Apennines still exist, because they are too far from towns to be robbed for building purposes.

"The roads to Civita Castellana are two, one by the deep and wide ravine to the south, or the 'high road' which 'continues along the ridge.' This reminds us of the lower Icknield Road and the parallel Ridgeway above it in Berkshire. Also of the roads of ascent in Latium with the winding roads on the plains below, through which the Via Appia and the Via Latina cut, as in the map page 60.

"The ancient road from Rome seems to have left the Via Cassia about the fifth milestone, and to have pursued a *serpentine course* to Veii."

These extracts embrace every distinguishing feature of "British roads" quoted above, as distinct from Roman. I could multiply them from my own surveys, but prefer to give independent testimony. They are not British nor Roman, but Graeco-Italian in both cases.

It will have been noticed how destruction by man rather than by time is removing all the great objects of interest there, as we know it is here; and how necessary it is to note each object of importance at the moment. I have fortunately secured views of many such by drawings made by me on the various sites of antique remains.

One point still requires attention—the great roadside indications. Vast *stelae* or *cippi*, seven and more feet in height, marked certain ways and places. Mr. Dennis says of Ovietto, a place I have also very minutely examined, "On this ridge or by its side stood a stela or cippus of stone; they are shaped in general like a pine cone or a cupola: some of them bore inscriptions," in which case "the epitaph over the doorway was always wanting" (Mr. T. Wright shows a cone on a Roman-British altar). "They are numerous and of various forms, not a few phallic."

At Ovietto, as well as at Veii, the roads are markedly *serpentine* and *circuitous*, and in many other places.

These objects bring us to roadside indications and earthworks.

I may assume, as no other suggestion has been made from any quarter as to the great way marks on the ancient roads in Britain, and as my researches were well received at the time I gave the results, more than forty years ago, that the suggestions I then made before several learned societies are accepted.

A great deal of public enthusiasm was displayed at the time, and I was invited to turn the first sod for restoration of the great figure on the Downs at Wilmington in Sussex, before a large assemblage of antiquaries. Dr. Beddoe, F.R.S., M.D., president of the section of the British Association in which I read on this subject, made the following observations:

"They had listened with much interest to Dr. Phené's elaborate paper." "It opened a very wide question . . . on the one form or other of the great problem of ethnology." "He could not refrain from speaking in terms of high praise of that portion relating to Cæsar's wicker image. It was extremely probable that Dr. Phené's view of the gigantic figure at Wilmington was correct."

But in addition to these figures cut in the surface of the chalk, other forms still exist along these lines of route, sometimes formed of earth, sometimes of chalk. Those of the latter kind could be seen at enormous distances when not grown over, the places selected for their construction being points visible for many miles along these old roads, and very frequently at their intersections. A perfectly Etruscan stela stood formerly at Llantri-

sant, Anglesea, as described in my paper at Manchester.*

High Cross, already mentioned, was an example, where a great stela or cross was erected in later times, a restoration probably of some former indication.

More than forty years ago Mr. Albert Way and I were making examinations of remarkable structures, Mr. Way in the north of England, and I in South Uist and the outer Hebrides. We were at the time both corresponding with an archæologist in Cornwall, well known for his publications on Cornish churches, Cornish crosses, &c.—Mr. J. T. Blight. This gentleman was pursuing the same investigations on remains in Cornwall, and in result they were all found to be identical in design and construction; they are of unquestionable Pelasgic work.

I produce some of Mr. Blight's letters and drawings of these structures, which I have since for a number of years re-examined, and each time with additional corroborative results, of which I have photographs.

But more than this, I have followed these structures through the Alps into Tuscany, and down to the extreme point of South-eastern Italy into Sardinia and the Balearic Islands.

Side by side with them are similar remaining earthworks hitherto unnoticed, and a very distinct class of *fictile* objects are in each case characteristic of the localities and the people who made them.

* 'Brit. Arch. Journ.,' Congress, 1894.

Still further, *metallic* objects of art have been frequently also discovered in such vicinities of *similar* manufacture. Time will only permit the description of one class of these objects. Mr. Blight states:

"These curious structures are surrounded by numerous '*gurgos*,' the fences of which are broken down, forming enclosures of *fantastic shapes*."

"A little way down the hill-side are *terraces formed by the ground being levelled; the turf over these is beautifully smooth*."

In the localities of some of the largest of the singular forms I have discovered in the south of England are enormous arrangements of successive and receding *terraces*, three parts of the way round prominent isolated hills; the remaining part of the circumference of such hills being confused and indistinct; arising either from ascent by steps, or by intersections of the ways completing at these parts spiral junctions; to say nothing of defacements by recent levellings; together with whole districts so worked on the hill-sides, in every case commanding views of enormous distances. We can follow these not only into Roman-conquered Italy, but into Rome itself, the works being of the most ancient date. The two examples in the south of England having seven terraces each, shown on the plate, page 66, agree minutely with the terraces on the Ara Mutiae in Etruria. In the vicinity of those in England are some enormous earthworks, still bearing the name of a people located in Italy close to Etruria, who are well known in history.

Hence these scarpings may be identified as their work.

At Veii a road leads to the Monte Musino, a conical hill of volcanic origin near Baccano. This hill is ascended by exactly the same broad terraces I have described as being in England; here the spiral junction is complete, and on the summit being gained, the *circular* foundations of a temple to the Etruscan Venus can be traced; it is known as the "Ara Mutiae." It is exactly similar in its broad spiral terraces to those in England.* My

Summit of a hill in Dorsetshire agreeing with that of the Ara Mutiae.

impression on my visits to these terraced hills in Italy, and on my subsequent examinations of the great terraced hills in England, led me to the conclusion that Silbury Hill is an unfinished elevation of this kind, unless it be a representation of the Lingam, Avebury forming the converse. In either of these cases the Kennet avenues might be

* These terraces have no resemblance to or affinity with the geological features known as parallel roads. They cannot have been for culture, as the scarpings are frequently on the north and east only—the quarters dedicated to the dreaded deities of cold and darkness.

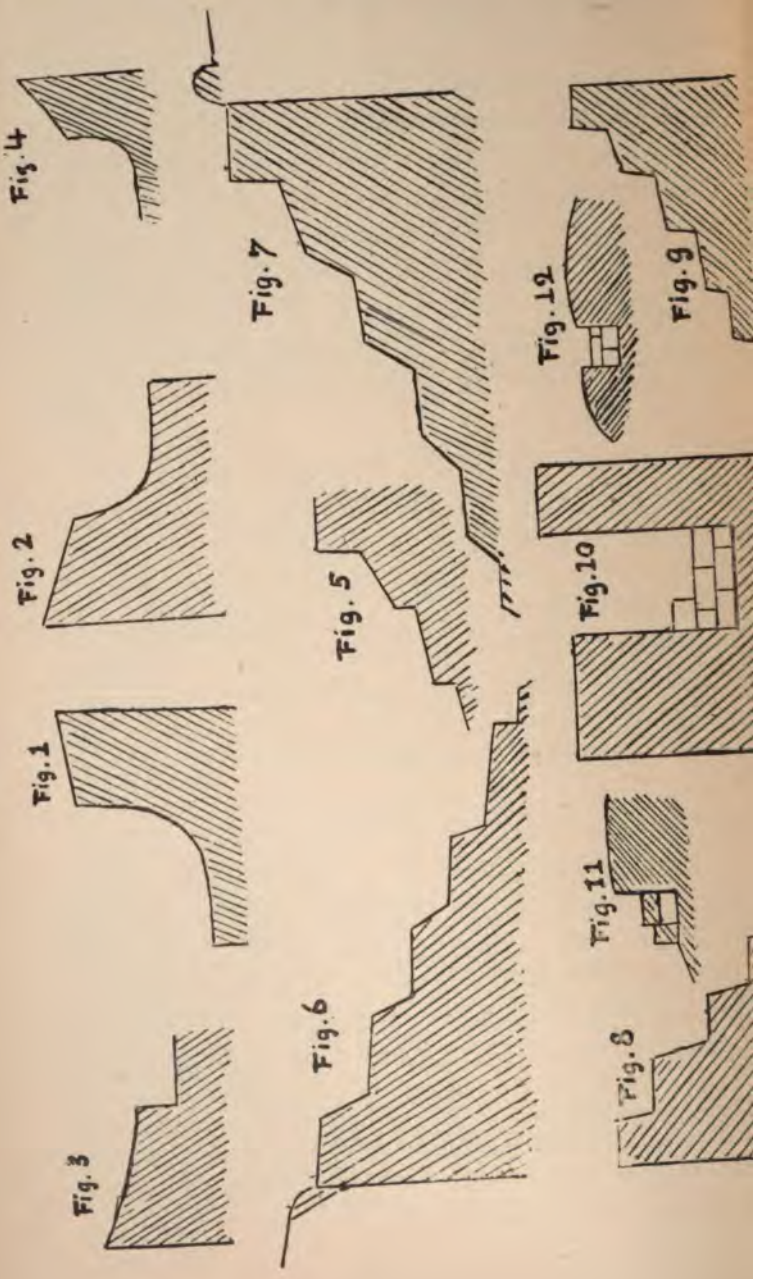


Fig. 1
Fig. 2
Fig. 3
Fig. 4
Fig. 5
Fig. 6
Fig. 7
Fig. 8
Fig. 9
Fig. 10
Fig. 11
Fig. 12

From the Author's Surveys in Italy and Great Britain from 1856 to the present time. Roman and British scarped and terraced hills compared.

FIGS. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.—Sections of scarpings and terraces on the Capitoline Hill, Rome. From the author's surveys from 1872 to 1877.

FIG. 6.—Section of a scarped and terraced hill, Buckinghamshire. From the author's surveys.

FIG. 7.—Section of a scarped and terraced hill, Oxfordshire.

FIG. 8.—Section of scarped and terraced hill, Hertfordshire.

FIG. 9.—Section of scarped and terraced hill, Isle of Wight.

FIG. 10.—Scarping in the rock of the Capitoline Hill for foundation of the wall of Agger of the Kings. From the author's surveys in Rome.

FIG. 11.—Base of wall on terraced hill, Cornwall.

FIG. 12.—Base of stone breastwork, Letcome Castle, Berks.

The upper part of the Ara Mutiae (Monte Musino), Etruria. From a sketch by the author. Chestnut and oak trees. A sacred summit. The chestnut is shown by Sir G. Birdwood to have been a sacred tree imported ; the oak was always sacred.

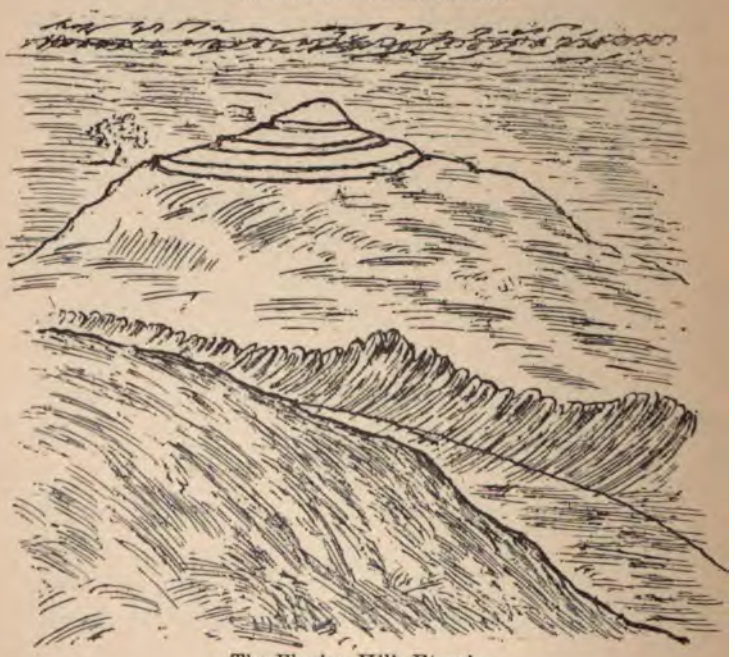
reasonably assumed to represent a serpent, all the emblems being as much Etrurian as Indian, and mostly in proximity. *Mutiae* means cut or cuttings, from Italian *mutilo*. It is the ancient name of the hill, and carries the date back to remote times. "*Ara*," high = the cut or scarped high place.

Similar terraces on three sides of the Palatine Hill in Rome still exist, as well as the zigzag ascent; and the indistinctness on one side only of these broad terraced hills in England arises, I think, from the wearing away of the zigzag, the hills being of earth or of chalk. The scarpings and terraces on the *Ara Mutiae* and the Herefordshire Beacon are identical in number and design.

The great earthworks in Rome itself were Etruscan, formed by Servius Tullius 2500 years ago. I arrive at this conclusion not only from the abundance of Etruscan constructions of the first class of engineering, which has preserved them in use through twenty-five centuries to this day, when they are unimpaired, and not even in need of adaptation to modern scientific demands, the Cloaca Maxima, the Mamertine prisons, &c., but because the Pelasgi who occupied Etruria, whether as the first or second invading race, were the only people of persistent industry sufficient to carry out such immense works, and the constructions by which people also followed the great Etruscan works by Tarquinius Priscus. The dominant Albini and Etruscans would retain the Pelasgi as servitors.

The Roman account differs from the Etruscan, and states Servius Tullius to have been of Alban descent, and married to Tarquin's daughter; he

Summit of the Aræ Mutiae.



The Flavian Hill, Etruria.

The Herefordshire Beacon.

would therefore have combined the religion of the Albans and Etruscans, which, however, must have had many features in common, amongst which the worship of the serpent is prominent in both; evidences of this still exist in constructions and paintings, and even in sculpture, the figure at Sovana being clearly half woman, half serpent, its enormous serpentine folds NOT being those of a *fish*, as often described.

If this be so, the formation of the great earthworks of Servius Tullius might be expected to delineate places of worship for sacrifice to the gods in the event of the great *agger* being in request to protect against a hostile army those within its lines of defence. This is precisely what was prominent even at a first glance on my earlier visits to Italy from 1856, when no excavations had been made. The two raised circular hills facing each other and leaving an opening to or from the east, being clearly ascents for worship. The *agger* was in great part destroyed in making the railway and various excavations.

This earthwork was surmounted by a wall, and as all the masonry of that date—that of the early kings—was Pelasgic, this wall must have been so made. The portions of walls still found in Etruria are those of *encientes*, but there is one Pelasgic wall still existing, which was argued by Niebuhr to be evidence that the Etruscan *race* extended beyond the Alps, though it is probable that the constructors of the walls at Sainte Odile were only a trading colony, who erected these walls to intimidate the tribes west of the Vosges Mountains, to

avoid intrusion on their river traffic by the Rhine, in the great commerce which Etruria maintained, as shown by Etruscan works of art found on the Rhone,—Lyons, in the Tyrol, in Styria, in Wallachia, in Piedmont, and many places *not* belonging to Etruria.

The question of towers would occupy an evening, and that question arises in connection with the wall of Servius Tullius. In a word, the Etruscan temples were, as a rule, round, like that on Mount Musino; their towers were (with some exceptions of octagon form and mural square towers) round, and this round class of towers extended to Africa (as attested by many writers), of which no doubt the Pelasgi were the employed builders; or they built them to protect their own commerce. And it was in Numidia that the immense earthen "dragons" mentioned by Iphicrates, Maximus Tyrius, and by others were placed, probably by Pelasgians. Examples exist, as in the fort at Tangier and the ascent to the monastery at Patmos, &c.

Strabo and Niebuhr both maintain that the intermediate island of Sardinia was occupied by Pelasgians, and from my personal inspection of the constructions there and in the Balearic Islands it seems to me impossible to conclude otherwise.

Of the great linguistic controversy I shall say nothing. There are a few words on which all seem to agree that I shall refer to, simply for continuity by commerce from Britain to the Mediterranean.

The following letter, which appeared in the 'Times' in August, 1891, is important:

"STONEHENGE AND THE TAULAS OF MINORCA.

"*To the Editor of the 'Times.'*

"SIR,—As the critics of Captain S. P. Oliver, whose communications you have inserted on the very interesting subject of Stonehenge and the Baleares, do not appear to write from a personal knowledge of the monuments, you will perhaps kindly permit one who has visited all the Balearic Islands, and has closely inspected every monument upon them, to throw some light on the subject.

"For the purpose of making a technical and systematic survey I visited every place of importance on all these islands (with the exception of one), including even the small and seldom visited island of Dragonera, in company with my esteemed friend the late Mr. Mure, then Her Britannic Majesty's Consul at Palma; and the one island in which his official duties prevented his joining me in my researches, which were slowly and carefully made (Minorca, in which the chief monuments exist), I visited under the auspices of the Alcálde, Don Gaspar J. Saura, at Ciuda-Della, from whom I received a courteous and hospitable reception at his official residence, the *Câsa de Ayuntamiénto*, and who gave me an intelligent officer as a cicerone (one of the officials of the Government engineering staff).

"As drawings and photographs of nearly all the Talayots and Taulas were taken by me, and exhibited as illustrations of my papers on the geology of the Balearic Islands, &c., read before the British Association in 1880, and also last August, for comparison with works in Britain, but in particular on 'Stonehenge and Researches in the Mediterranean,' read before the Congress of the British Archaeological Association at Devizes in August, 1880, and as that paper itself appears in the 'Wiltshire Magazine' of an approximate date, I will not occupy your valuable space with arguments which, to persons who have neither seen the monuments nor representations of them, might seem inconclusive; but as the latter were exhibited at Devizes and at Stonehenge, under as severe a test as

possible, and yet met with general approval from the members, Mr. Cunnington, the antiquary, Sir J. Picton, and Lord Nelson, the chairman, amongst others, I will only point out some difficulties in the criticisms, arising, no doubt, from the islands being personally unknown to the writers.

"As to the supposition of roofs; first, there are no trees on the island, where the majority of these monuments are, for timber beehive roofs. Nor, from the thin soil on the limestone surface, is it probable that there ever were trees beyond brushwood. Secondly, as to stone roofs; the examples of these are so rare, and so exclusively special in the ancient works in Minorca, with only one example in Majorca, that they cannot in any way be classed with the monuments under discussion, though of the same age. As to 'beehive' stone-roofing from the recumbent stones of the Taulas as capitals, there is no sufficient evidence of any surrounding supporting walls in any case. This is remarkable, because the stone-fence walls to the fields and properties are of quite sufficient height and thickness for such an argument, if they were near enough for the spaces between to be arched over. The stone circles and enclosing walls of sacred precincts are neither high nor strong enough for such a purpose, nor are they near enough nor uniform in distance from the suggested central table capital.

"The Talayots themselves may have been so roofed over. Indeed, I found an example in Minorca and one in Majorca, strongly indicating that the Talayots are merely the bases of Nurhags, like those of Sardinia, and that the enormous areas of fence-walls bounding the fields in Minorca have been formed by the reduction of such towers, leaving the truncated bases now termed Talayots. I was the more convinced of this from having La Marmora's valuable works with me as guide-books, and also an elaborate work just then published by a Balearic gentleman, which being lent me at Port Mahon, I deter-

mined to examine the Nurhags for myself; and though they differ from the Talayots, the difference appears to have been only that between buildings with solidly constructed basements and others where the hollow towers were based upon the natural rock.

"As my investigations have been very carefully made, it is hardly just that all the researches should be ascribed to foreigners. Several points in Captain Oliver's statements, apart from the roofing, agree with those published by me.

"I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

"J. S. PHENÉ.

"*Geological Society, Burlington House.*"

The most remarkable object in Minorca is a central temple, near and around which several *taulas* have been so placed as to be well seen from the temple, on which if sacrifices were offered they could have been minutely observed from this building. Independently of illustrations, which were not in the 'Wiltshire Magazine,' Captain Pashfield Oliver's reply in the 'Times' contained the sentence following:—"It is evident that eleven years ago Dr. Phené published his finding an analogy of the Stonehenge mortise and tenon system in the Baleares, and therefore I owe him an ample apology for my ignorance of his publication."

The immense age of this unique structure, which is open to the south, and arranged in a semicircular form, with a stone βῆμα or raised step to be used as a seat all round the inside of the semicircle, appears to have been the original form of, or acted as a design for, the early Greek theatres. Not only the form but the opening to the south meets the expression of Aeschylos, who, in his 'Agamemnon,' l. 519, writes:

"ἰὼ μέλαθρα βασιλέων, φίλαι στέγαι,
σεμνοί τε θᾶκοι, δαίμονές τ' ἀντήλιοι."

O ye loved homes, ye palaces of kings,
Ye chaplet-wreathèd thrones, ye sun-faced Gods.

The Greeks put figures of their gods to face the *east,* to catch the first rays of the sun. But the literal meaning is *opposite the sun,* which applies to this temple in particular as facing the south. The Greek theatres faced north and south as in this case, and to carry out the Greek idea the figures were placed with their sides to the spectators and actors—an abnormal condition. Here the living gods, the arbiters of life and death of the persons about to be sacrificed, sat *opposite the sun,* which is the literal meaning. The images of the gods were so placed in the Greek theatres that the rays of the rising sun would shine on their features. Zoroaster ordered that when the deity was worshipped the person praying should face some luminous object. This accounts for the gold masks on the faces of the dead at Mykenæ. The deceased were thus deified and adoring the Supreme Deity at the same time.

The journeys for these investigations were not spasmodic visits to the East, the islands of the Mediterranean, Greece, Italy, and other classical places, but were systematised into routes following the works of Cæsar, Pausanias, Strabo, Pliny, Tacitus, Herodotus, Homer, and other authors, including St. Paul and modern writers, as Byron, Dean Stanley, &c., and devoting on several occasions a distinct tour to each author. The great object I have had in following this subject was, by actual visitation, to compare certain works in Cornwall, the Hebrides, and North Britain with those of Etruria, and the reputed homes of the builders of Etruria, the Pelasgi, according to the statements by Herodotus and others.

With this in view I very carefully examined during many years all these works, of which I found the greatest variety in the island of Samothrace,

with examples in Imbros and Lemnos. Those in the former equal the remains in the Argolic district of Tiryns and Mycenae, but there are many beautiful varieties in the style (*e. g.*) of the base of the Temple Apollo at Delphi, &c., in Phocis.*

My observations were frequently published in the 'Times,' and my illustrations from drawings all made on the spot, at intervals of travel, places of the greatest interest being visited by me sometimes not less than four or five consecutive times to re-examine, and if necessary to correct my observations. This was seldom needed, but on such occasions I added new matter to my previous information which was published in the 'Builder,' 'Jackson's Oxford Journal,' and a full illustrated correspondence to the 'British Architect.'

"*From the 'Builder,' August* 18*th,* 1877.

"CYCLOPEAN FORTRESS ON THE ISLAND OF SAMOTHRACE.

"I have just completed the route taken by M. Choiseul-Gouffier, as described by him in the 'Voyage pittoresque.'

"There being no established means of communication to many of the islands, the only way was to have a yacht at my disposal, and I engaged a Greek one. My great object was to visit the islands he had passed by, which are little known to modern travellers, especially the northern islands on the coast of Thrace. I made ascents of the mountains, and in particular the difficult one of Samothrace, and reached the summit in splendid weather for the view. The grand point of interest in the island has not, I think, been described in published travels. It consists of a magnificent cyclopean fortress. The gateway

* See my paper on my "Excavations in Argolis, Phocis, &c.," read March, 1895. 'Brit. Arch. Journ.'

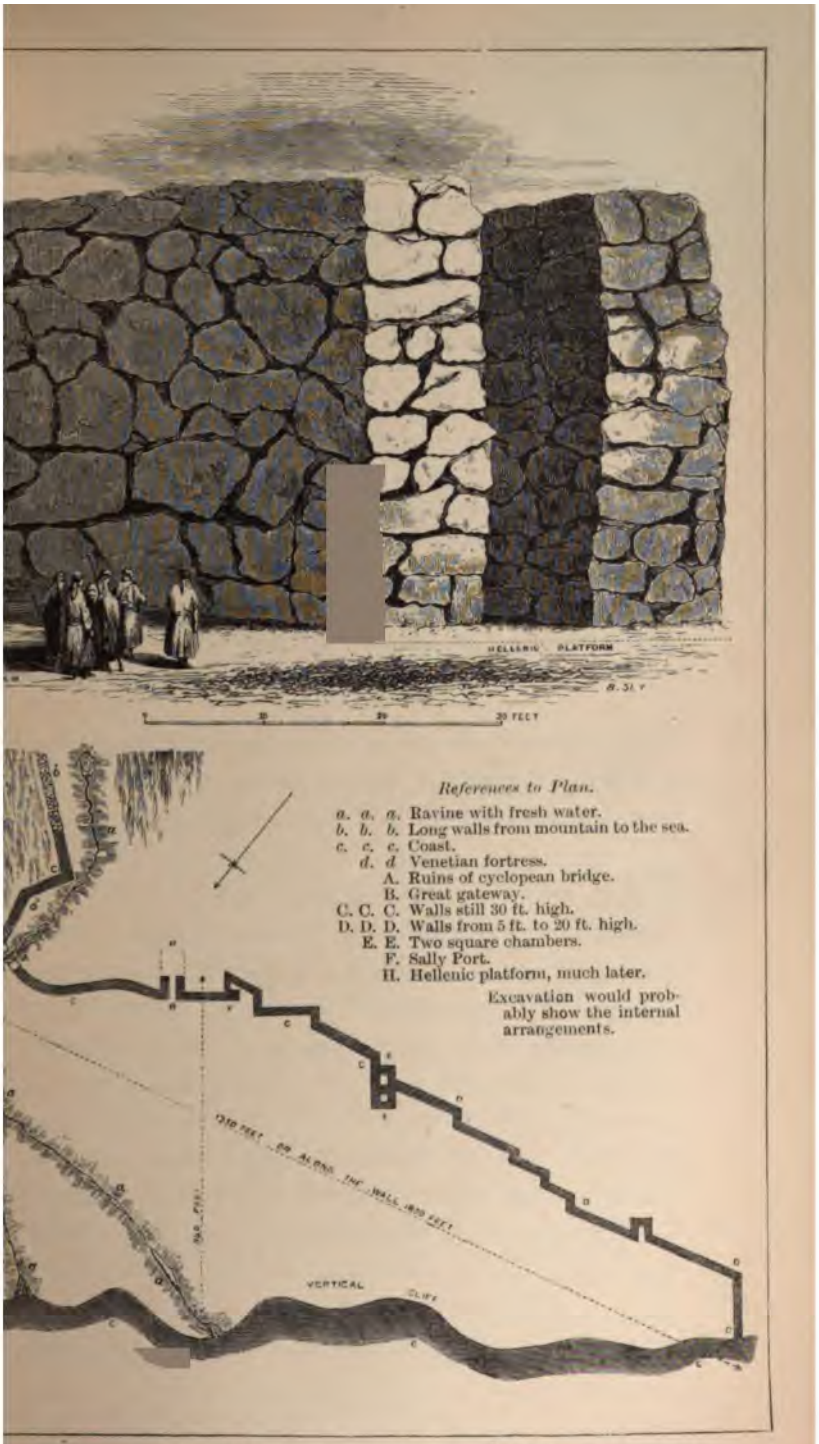
and adjacent walls average 30 feet in height; the damaged walls are still from 5 feet to 20 feet high; the long walls are probably the earliest examples of such constructions—they extend from the sea nearly half a mile up the mountain. Of these, large portions are prostrate. The style is quite as rude and primitive as that of Tiryns, and clearly older than Mycenae. The stones average the size of those of Tiryns. I measured several 7 feet long. The area enclosed is large. There has been a cyclopean bridge like that of Mycenae. The walls are not less than 10 feet thick in any part. I send a plan and a drawing of the gateway—it is 45 feet long inside and 10 feet wide. In front of it is a much more recent Hellenic platform. Samothrace is referred to by Homer and Diodorus Siculus. Plato, Pliny, and Strabo mention the inundation of these islands by the irruption of the Euxine. Samothrace was the seat of the mysteries of the Cabeiri, in which Philip of Macedon and his wife were initiated. I forbear description because of the value of your space.

"The plan, of course, is not to scale. If it were a fine hair-line would show the thickness of the walls, and would convey little.

"JOHN S. PHENÉ.

"*Athens.*"

*** "Until quite recently this most curious island, Samothrace, was, as Dr. Phené supposes, unexplored. Murray's 'Dictionary of Greek and Roman Geography' speaks of it as such. In 1873, however, and more particularly in 1875, the Austrian Government sent an expedition for scientific purposes to the island, and many remarkable remains were discovered, including the most ancient mystery temple in archaic Doric style, remains of later Greek temples, proved by an inscription to have been erected 286—246 B.C., and sculptured figures. Some of these remains were taken to Vienna. We are not aware that the walls of the old town of Samothrace, now illus-



KAN FORTRESS ON THE ISLAND OF SAMOTHRACE, ON THE COAST OF THRACE.
From a Survey of the Islands in the Aegaean Sea by the Author.
A Copy from which *was published in The Builder*, August 18th, 1877.

trated for us by Dr. Phené, have been figured before. They are amongst the oldest and most remarkable of Cyclopean works. Having a dangerous coast without anchorage the island is seldom visited, even by fishermen. Pelasgians are said by Herodotus (ii, 51) to have first inhabited the island, and to have introduced the mysteries. — ED."

N.B.—The Austrians were baffled by the wind in attempting the ascent to the seat of Neptune described by Homer. The natives asserted that no person but myself and one native had ever succeeded in doing so in modern times. The limits of this paper prevent, as in the above letter, the deeply interesting and even romantic circumstances attending my visit to Samothrace and its ancient temples being described here.

My former surveys were in places never before visited for that purpose. The topography of the islands of the Aegaean Sea though well known formerly is not touched on by modern travellers, the remains of the prehistoric city of Samothrace escaping notice even by the Austrian engineers. No one but myself had recorded the mortice and tenon (indicative of that at Stonehenge) in Minorca, nor the great temple in the centre of the island.

At page 40, I refer to the drowning of the engineer to the U.S. Government, Mr. Strong. My survey from Lake Superior to the Gulf of Mexico, from which the illustrations on pages 40, 41, and 43 are selected, was recently supplemented by Professor T. H. Lewis and Mr. A. J. Hill, but abandoned by the death of the latter, leaving me the only traveller who has completed a north-west survey.

With reference to the spirally terraced hills, my attention was first drawn to the verdant slopes on the upland at Cyrenae. The description given by Mr. Blight (page 64) of those in Cornwall might be taken to refer to them. The slopes cut into terraces increase the effect of natural variation of levels, the old chariot wheel marks still exist, and from proximity to Egypt the cuttings for roads may be Egyptian for a summer resort from Egypt.

The Greeks dedicated an altar, by a fountain on the highest terrace, to Apollo. Here seems the explanation of these scarpings, the antiquity of those in Rome shows that they also were ascents to the altars of the gods.

The matters connect themselves closely with British roads from the similarity of such roads on the Continent, and the accompanying works and artistic productions near them, together with many other points which the limits of this paper prevent my introducing.

Considering the great ascendency of the priestly power of Etruria and the surrounding kingdoms, there can be little doubt that all the localities for worship were highly symbolic, and centres of deep superstition. The revulsion was in every case great. Thus Constantine placed the labarum over the dragon or serpent on his coins, and, being a British resident where he first *claimed* the rule of the people, it is strong evidence, together with the many Roman altars found bearing the serpent,* of

* Mr. Thomas Wright shows an altar with serpent. Richard I of England on joining the Crusades took the old British banner, the dragon, but on returning home he bore St. George *slaying* the

the worship of the serpent in Britain as well as in Rome, which derived its deepest mythological tincture from Etruria. So also Sixtus the Fifth, born and nurtured in an Etruscan garden containing a still extant Etruscan temple to Juno, set vigorously to work to obliterate every vestige of the old symbolical heathenism.

The agger of Servius Tullius was purely creative in design, as was the wall it supported; the wall of Sainte Odile on the Vosges Mountains in Alsace was as purely selective. Yet in each case the curves and undulations are identical in contour.

The old Alban cities were built unlike those of other parts of Italy, which as a rule were and are founded on elevated plateaux, the Alban sites being long sinuous ridges rising at one end into an elevated crest, very similar to the two aggers of Servius Tullius, for the opening between the two crests makes the two portions quite distinct.

Alba Longa, or more properly Alba Lūnga, is perhaps the finest example of the sites of the Alban cities. It is the mountain ridge surrounding the Lake Albano, probably once a vast crater. It encloses the lake from the north-east to considerably further than the south-west; though modern writers do not describe it as west of the convent of Palazzola it really embraces two thirds of the lake.

Its form is startlingly that of a huge python, which appears to have been the Trojan ensign in common with the Parthians and other Asiatic

dragon. That Constantine was represented as St. George is shown in my paper on "King Arthur and St. George" in the 'Transactions.'

people, and confirms the settlement of the Trojans here.

A modern writer of great research, Mr. Bunbury of Trinity College, Cambridge, draws attention as I have so often done, and amongst other cases in the 'British Archaeological Journal,' in my paper on "Further Discoveries of Mounds in Animal Forms," to the *artificial scarping* or *hewing* on the upper, and on the western or lake side of this long and sinuous ridge; this tends very considerably to augment the similitude to the serpent. These scarpings on the Aventine in Rome are from sixty to seventy feet in height; and the Quirinal was scarped away to a depth of *one hundred* feet, as recorded on Trajan's Column.

Livy, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, and Varro, all attribute the name Alba Lūnga to its site on this long narrow ridge. Livy says:

> "Quae ab situ porrectae in dorso urbis
> Longa Alba appellata."

Porrectae in dorso,—lying along, (*i. e.*) stretched out, or over the length of the ridge, clearly therefore not confined to the Arx or citadel at the north end, nor to the secondary hill of sacrifice on which Palazzola has been built, but stretched out along the ridge from these places of assembly.

Virgil's description is well known. The place of the white sow, with its litter of thirty equally white sucklings, was to be the site of the future city of Aeneas or Ascanius.

The python and the griffin or dragon were sacred

to Apollo, but *not* the *pig*. The pig was sacred to Juno, the chief female deity of Etruria.

Virgil is so curiously emphatic in his *triple* statement of the white sow and her thirty white little ones,* that this amounts to something more than a mere narrative; it was clearly intended to convey something with *special force*, and the culminating sacrifice of the sow and pigs to Juno† was intended to make it even more emphatic.

That his meaning was quite understood in his own day there can be no doubt; but that his emphasis was to enforce or suppress something is clear. The Trojans were under the special leadership of Apollo, whose serpent or dragon messengers destroyed Laocoon, the priest of Posidon. The serpents from Tenedos took refuge behind the aegis of Minerva.

Virgil calls them alike *angues*, serpents, and *dracones*, dragons.

The worship of Minerva was taken from Italy by Dardanus, says Varro, and taught in Samothrace, Phrygia, and the Troad by Dardanus and his descendants, as no doubt was that of the other deities of Etruria, Poseidon, and Apollo and Zeus. This is the Italian, not the Greek account.

The three great deities of Etruria were Zeus, Juno, and Minerva. The position of Apollo is very undefined.‡ Virgil, feeling this, for a special reason

* 'Aen.,' iii, ll. 390–93; viii, ll. 43–6, 81–3.

† Ibid., viii, ll. 84–5.

‡ It is probable, considering the greatness of the imperial power and the special object to be achieved, that literary works on Apollo were destroyed by Augustus, as was done with the Scottish muniments by Edward I.

addresses him as the great god of Soracte, *a mountain sufficiently far off;* but noticeably not on the hills of Latium or Rome, but of Etruria.

Apollo was in Etruria simply the benignant Zeus. Even the evil deity Tu Chul Cha had his benignity, or at least less terrible aspect, probably after official propitiation.

The effect of confronting the representations of these deities in the tombs may be imagined rather than described.

Zeus properly so called was known as a shrouded deity hurling the thunderbolts of wrath.

The prime feature of Etrurian worship was propitiation of the terrible and avenging gods; the benign were passed over as not needing to be appeased. This condition of things led to the introduction of a new worship, a worship which unhinged the world, and made, perhaps more than any other pagan enormity, the introduction of a new and pure worship necessary.

This last act of worship was the deification of the living Emperor. There was a far greater meaning than the question of *tribute* in the demand, "Whose is this IMAGE?" with its admonition, "Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's," and with its still more powerful termination.

There was no room then for Apollo; to get him out of Latium, Virgil banishes him to Soracte, from Latium to make way for his successor, the "dragon-born" Augustus himself. The cloud-hidden deity Zeus is not molested, and the sacrifice of the white sow and its litter is made to the highest female deity of the district—Juno. And here seems the

point at which Virgil aimed in his repeated iteration of the white sow instead of the Lūnga or winding serpent of Apollo.

This reiteration recalls Shakespeare's expression,

"Methinks the lady doth protest *too* much."

It so disgusted his commentator Heyne, that he declares it must be *spurious*, because, he says, it is quite *unnecessary*. But the Italian writers evidently understood the point, as they give the cue to its meaning.

One of the sacred serpents of Apollo, which also figured in the destruction of Laocoon, bore a name directly equivalent to the pig or sow, "*sus*." It is curious that Varro gives as old Attic Greek the common rural and rustic word which has never changed in Italy, and was clearly a word of Latium and of Etruria, and is common in Latin as well as "*sus*,"—that of Πορκός, Italian *porcello*, Latin *porcus*. The name of the snake was Porcé, according to Servius Honoratus.

But the word was not confined to the snake. The Latin word *porca*, and the Italian word which is identical, showing that it is an ancient word of the locality, means also a ridge between two hollows.

This is the complete description of Alba Lūnga. The stone of the ridge, peperino, has various colours, sometimes rose colour, sometimes, from age and lichen weathering, white.

Even the usual Greek πορκός and the Latin *porculum* mean circular bindings and fastenings, which at once suggest the annular serpent with its tail in its mouth.

And the Greek λαγγάζω, to loiter, λαγγων, or λυγγων, pronounced langōn or longōn, a loiterer, is exactly equivalent to the Italian *lūngare*, to deviate in speech or direction. Not long simply, but deviating or sinuous, showing the *very* early introduction of Greek words into Italy. Hence also the Scotch "lang," and joined to "cambus," *Cambus-lang*, the long winding, our "linger" from A.S. *lengam;* Ice. *lengja;* Norweg. *lenga*, *longa;* Swed. *länga;* Ger. *verlängern*, perhaps *verme* and *langern*, or long serpent, incorporating the Italian verme, all tending to show the introduction of the worship of the serpent into Scandinavia and Britain from Italy with Graeco-Italian words.*

Ver, in its force in acquiring, losing, hindering, deterring, diminishing, vanishing, &c., is in itself figurative of the lūnga form or serpent.

Dionysius says the name was given on account of τοῦ σχήματος, generally rendered in English the shape or outline; but in this instance it has a further meaning, *i. e. shape as in a dance*, and any one who knows the serpentine dances, still retained in the Troad, must know that they represent the undulations of a serpent—a meaning which I think Dionysius intended to convey. The Salii performed such dances in Italy, dancing about the altars. Such dancing on the Lūnga would necessarily be serpentine.

Dionysius states that the white sow led Aeneas to Lavinium, three miles from the sea, where he at once founded a city; but though Sir William Gell

* See my papers on "Old London and the Audovicæ," in the 'Brit. Arch. Journ.' of 1896–7 and 1898.

adopts this, he selects a place at that time on the coast, and the Civita or old Lavinium would then have been three miles from the sea. Virgil, who weighed all this, represents Aeneas as specially cautioned to avoid the coast, and gives thirty years before founding the city.

Along this ridge I have myself counted thirty distinct little headlands, about equal in number on each side. These being almost alternate, form the curvatures of the serpent. Pliny gives thirty different nationalities or Alban tribes who joined those of the local Lūnga Albans in their sacrifices on the Alban Mount, probably having each an altar on the several sinuosities of the serpent form or lūnga, thus intensifying its sacredness.

When the two words *porca*, one for Apollo's serpent, and one also for a ridge, are combined, it is cumulative evidence in favour of that view; and had Virgil used the words "*sus*" and "*porca*" as indifferently as he used the words "*angues*," "*serpens*" and "*dracones*," it would not have appeared that he had any special object to enforce.

The change to the animal sacred to Juno was evidently made to leave the field clear for the AUGUST deity of the district, and the ceremonies of the *Augustalia*, *i. e.* the almost continuous games and festivities after he, Augustus, became high priest of the empire.

This ridge has two main summits, on each of which grand sacrifices were offered. On the chief one, at the north-eastern extremity, the whole of the surrounding nationalities came to offer their sacrifices; and the national councils of the Latins

were held below it at the Aquae Ferentinae, a "sacred" source.

Alba Lūnga was destroyed by Hostilius about 650 B.C., who placed the conquered people on the Caelian Hill, as nearest to their own district.

The Latins generally retained this position towards the east of the Aventine capitol, as in the same reign they became the guard of the approach by the Esquiline, during the war with Veii. It is only reasonable, therefore, to infer that they were the workmen who in the third year of the succeeding reign of Servius actually constructed the several aggers, including the vast one on the east.

At the time of Augustus, therefore, the city of Alba Lūnga had ceased to exist; the temples alone remained, but the worship of the *Caesars* supplanted that of the original deity Apollo. So marked was this, that Augustus erected in Rome the first and only temple to Apollo, clearly a propitiatory one, that in Latium being then closed.

An apparently temporary fane had been erected 430 B.C. to avert a plague, and 350 B.C. a second temple, probably a restoration of the first, but outside the Porta Capena, the nearest gate to Latium, and no doubt to appease the Latin gods "who had shown anger."

This temple by Augustus was in honour of the deity whose statue at Actium was a beacon to mariners, which Augustus invoked before the battle of Actium, and to the favour of whom he attributed his success and instituted the Actian games.

In banishing Apollo to Soracte, Virgil elevated him to supreme honour, and unwittingly revealed

the fact that Apollo was a grand deity of Britain, and that the same Druidical customs (*e. g.* ordeal by fire) were practised in Italy and Britain. To this day no woodsman cuts the sacred oaks of the Trojans on Monte Museno.

> "Summe Deûm, sancti custos Soractis Apollo,
> Quem primi colimus, cui pineus ardor acervo
> Pascitur, et medium freti pietate per ignem
> Cultores multâ premimus vestigia prunâ."
>
> 'Æn.,' xi, 785–8.

Beautifully rendered by Dryden in the following lines:

> "'O patron of Soracte's high abodes,
> Phoebus, the ruling power among the gods;
> Whom first we serve, whole woods of unctuous pine
> Burn on thy heap, and to thy glory shine:
> By thee protected, with our naked soles
> Through flames unsinged we pass, and tread the kindling coals."

But Virgil conveys a stronger meaning, and a more critical translator gives it thus:

> "'Through the midst of the flames, we thy votaries, relying on our piety, walk over a *length* of burning coals."

"'Vestigium" is a *track*, and these ancient tracks were always serpentine.

Just the Druidical ordeal by fire, apparently originating in stepping over the crevasses in the long serpentine streams of lava from the Alban mount, and later on conveyed to Britain by Druidic priests.*

* Actium was the western point of Apollo's worship in Greece as Delphi was the east, and Delos the south.

That Apollo was worshipped as a dragon or serpent in Latium is clear from the following:

When Actia or Atia, mother of Augustus, wished her son to be worshipped as a god, she attributed his birth to the paternity of a dragon, as the mother of Alexander did his to that of a serpent.

Soracte is also a long sinuous ridge with vertical as well as lateral sinuosities. Each rise is now capped by a sacred edifice, no doubt in lieu of pagan altars, as at Alba Lūnga. It has also two great sacred summits, Oreste and Soracte. It was formerly sacred to Pluto, no doubt from its serpentine form. The change to the serpent or dragon of Apollo was really only in name, as the place was from immemorial times sacred to the Plutonic Python. The present "Patron," St. Silvester (San Silvestro), is always represented with a dragon at his feet. His chapel is on the highest peak, the head of the long sinuous serpentine ridge being under him. At Alba Lūnga, Soracte, Thebes, Nemea, and our Camber-well, or serpent well, and Camborne, with numerous other places in Britain, the serpent and sacred fountain were always described as together.

Canon Isaac Taylor, in his 'Etruscan Researches,' derives the name Soracte from the Ugric languages, quoting Castrén, Klaproth, and others for the final "te," meaning "mountain;" and from the Tschuwash language *schorak*, "white," as *schoraktu*, "white mountain." So that the long serpentine ridge being understood, it amounts to the long white mountain or the Alba Lūnga again. The name Soracte was probably introduced by the

Tauranian Hirpini. In the Tauranian words "*il*" or "*eyl*," notably in Ilium, Elis, &c., settlers from the Troad seem clearly defined, corroborating the story of the Trojan descent into Latium. Compare Ilford, Ilkeston, Ilkley, Eylau, &c.

Words of Tauranian, Ugric, Altaic, and other origins followed the Tauranian Greeks and the Trojans to Massilia, and the Massilian settlements in Gaul and Britain (*e. g.*), the Turkic "*ordu*," a tent (the early tents were of skins), became *Ko-Korda*, blue tents, *a-Korda* white tents, incorporating the Kor, cor, corium of the Ligurian hunters (leather dealers), the Coritani who advanced through the Ligur * to Britain.

The Julii were of Latin race, and the worship of the dragon Apollo was thus transferred to Augustus. Virgil calls him Divi genus, born of a god.

This sinuous ridge with its thirty projecting curves, poetically transformed by Virgil into the dugs of the white sow or its thirty offspring, pursues a somewhat direct course to the second sacred summit, now surmounted by the convent of Palazzola. (See map, p. 99.)

The Italian antiquaries identified this as one of the sacred summits, and I think with reason. The two ridges contain the thirty projections.

From that point it curves rapidly from the east westward, and thence again northwards, making almost a segment of a circle, the crown of the arc of which is at the south-west, but still having its lateral smaller curvatures. Now it is remarkable

* Stephanus of Byzantium.

that the agger of Servius Tullius, who was a native of Latium, and who would therefore have offered sacrifices on one or even both of the summits of this serpentine form, is minutely similar in formation, outline, curvature, and the distinguishing features of ascents where the sacrificial sites on Alba Lūnga still forcibly attract the eye. There is even no difference in the separation of the two parts, which consists in the porta or opening to the east already mentioned, which divides the more direct portion which runs from the north-east southwards, from the more serpentine portion running thence from the convent of Palazzola westward and northward, and which is popularly described as being curved like a cow's horn. There are, moreover, indications of the several projections simulating those in the curvatures of the natural ridge, though the lapse of time and the removal of the surmounting wall would prevent any reliability on this point.

This grand feature, however, seems apparent, that notwithstanding its use as an intended military defence, its form was that of the great serpentine hill of worship of his nation, the formation of which was also partially due to cutting and scarping into a venerated outline by art. By an application of the artificial work to the natural elevations adjoining its site the whole is made exact in representation. Thus where the peculiar zigzag road on the north side of the Largo di Albano approaches the lofty head of the great natural serpent form, the exactly corresponding curvatures of the grand fosse (which may be artificial also) between the south side of the

THE SERPENT STONE STRUCTURE ON THE SUMMIT OF PHIGALIA. SACRED TO APOLLO.

One of a series of sketches by the author, taken in Western Peloponnesus, Messenia, Arcadia, Elis, and Achaia. To the east is the Temple of Bassae. To the south is the distant view of Mount Ithomé, where the most remarkable of all the

Pincian Hill and the north side of the Quirinal complete the counterpart outline on that side.

Where the south-west end of the earthwork terminates similar corresponding curvatures formed by the south side of the Viminal and the north side of the Esquiline continue this counterpart appearance on the south towards the west, and when these terminate a *via* (now a street of houses), but still called from its original form, and probably its original purpose, uniting these with the undulations of the great curve between the Viminal and the Quirinal, the "Via de Serpenti," completes the serpent, simulating that of Alba Lūnga in all its details. The whole of this serpent form, even with the seven enclosed sacred hills, is found in a construction of Pelasgian masonry on the summit of the Arx of Phigalia in Arcadia near the temple of Bassae, sacred to Apollo for having arrested a pestilence ascribed to a serpent. This serpent surrounds, in lieu of a lake, two artificial reservoirs. Phigalia was sacred to Diana and Bacchus, two early deities of Etruria. (See plate.)

That such *natural features* arrested the attention of the early people of Italy, deeply imbued with the superstitions and rites of the book of Tages, is exemplified by the determination of Sixtus the Fifth to remove such features of the pagan worship of nature. Formerly each of the seven hills of Rome had been surmounted by its special pagan altar. When the Capitol was united to the Palatine the two summits were dedicated to the Dioscuri—the twins. I should be willing to suppose

the union with the Aventine sufficient for the "Trinita" but for the action of Sixtus the Fifth.

The three summits of the *Trinita de'Monti* were suggestive of the tri-phalli, one of the sacred pagan emblems of Etruria.

The church had long surmounted the hill, being built by Charles the Eighth of France in 1495, nearly a century before, but the natural features which had been the objects of pagan worship had been scrupulously retained to exhibit, like Constantine's labarum, supremacy over the degraded religion. In addition to his (Sixtus's) own experiences of then still existing paganism in the garden, where, under his father, he had to feed swine at the Grotto a Mare, near Fermo—in which, as already stated, was a temple to the Etruscan Juno—the village of Mont Alto was the place where his ancestors had settled from Dalmatia when taken by the Ottomans, and this was near the village of Porcula, the significance of which would combine the serpent and the pig, both of which would be still held sacred to the local deities Juno and Apollo, which Mont Alto implies.

Disgusted then with these pagan surroundings, the expression of Sixtus the Fifth is full of meaning. When remonstrated with for destroying the former emblems of paganism he replied, as recorded by Cardinal Santa Severina, "I will clear away the UGLY *antiquities*, . . . but I will preserve the others;" and he forthwith, about 1585, proceeded, amongst other demolitions, to level the summit of the height on which the church of *Trinita de'Monte* stands. The clearance of the wall on the agger of Servius

Tullius, which, like that at Sainte Odile, simulated the serpent in the natural windings of the ridge and its ascending crest, was probably also effected by him.

In his early life amidst the ruined temples of Etruria there is little doubt that he found the local paganism still privately practised, for even now in Brittany pagan customs are not obliterated, while the very birthplace of the Greek and Roman deities was Etruria, and as the *guardiano* or your *cicerone* conducts you into the tombs a stealthy look and a pious commendation to the patron saint tells very powerfully of the same feeling to this day.

One word more on the name of the place, Alba Lūnga.

Alba may have arisen from Mount Albano being often snow-capped.

In the ancient language of Italy a very different meaning was conveyed by Lūnga from that of the Latin *longus*, or the English *long*. Lūnga is still the native word. It is an Oriental word, Lūng being Chinese for a serpentine way, as that approaching the Ming tombs near Pekin. It means the same in the old native languages of Italy, not merely long, but serpentine, as still retained in the verb *lūngare*, to deviate, to digress.

The following names recall a few of the localities in which in my wanderings I have found the word Lūnga, in addition to Alba Lūnga, Lūngara, and Lūngaretta on the Janiculum; Lūngano, at Pisa (often illuminated):*—Prato Lūngo, near Prado;

* Pisa seems closely connected with the serpent in addition to the Lūngano at Pisa in Italy. Pisa was one of the approaches to

Colle Lūngo, near Nomento; Colle Lūngo, to the north-east of Orvietto; Prata Lūngano, near Tibur Tivoli, Lūnghezzo, near Preneste, Palestrina; Prata Lūngo, near the Via Tiburtina; Lūnghezza, a serpentine ridge, and Lūnghezzina, a smaller one, both on the river Anio: these rocks have also been cut into form, and sepulchres made in them.

In many instances the old Etruscan habit of reversal gives Lūngnano, which from its modern Latin name Longianum was clearly Lūngano, as also Lūngnano for Lūngarno on the Via Sabicane, Lūgnola for Lūngola, near Orticole, a very winding mountain; Valle Lūnga, near the Lake Fuchino, Lūgnano for Lūngano, near Borghetto, and in Sicily, where the Etruscans had a settlement, Valle Lūnga.

Further south from Etruria the Italian names are distinct. The Via de Serpenti in Rome, Dragon, a serpentine ridge, Mont Dragon, on the coast, both of which names occur again, near the ancient Pisa, the old Etruscan port near Marseilles.

Lūnga is a purely local Etruscan word, and Etruria was in especial a serpent-worshipping country.

Constantine's labarum over the dragon meant a great deal more than it might at first sight seem to do. Dragon and serpent worship were perpetuated by their asserted paternity of emperors and kings, and he thus ABNEGATED PERSONAL WORSHIP, till then rendered to the living emperors, and, as a Christian emperor, condemned it.

the serpent-dedicated Phigalia, and at Pisa, near Marseilles, is Mount Dragon, and the still continued dracontic ceremonies of Tarascon, fully published by me in 1879. All the serpent fanes were depositories of national wealth.

The worship of the serpent and dragon is proved to have existed prior to these fables, the fables being founded on the fact. Such worship was, however, inevitable after they were received, and while divine honours were rendered to their asserted descendants.

As to the masonry, which is the surest evidence of antiquity—for even the Pelasgian differs in period—the emplecton, *i. e.* walls simply faced on one or both sides according to position, is of later date than the masonry bonded throughout, and of similar blocks throughout.

The latter is in the oldest works in Etruria, the Balearic Islands, Sardinia, Argolis, Samothrace, Lycia, Imbros, &c. But the most interesting fact is this, that we have in the British Islands examples of Pelasgic masonry of both the emplecton and the primitive work of uniform blocks throughout.

Not these alone, but we appear to have roads, earthworks, waymarks and nomenclature agreeing with the earliest Italian works and names, prior to the very existence of Rome as a state, and agreeing also in several instances with the earliest Greek and Asiatic sources of the settlers forming the nations around the site of Rome.

It is to Sir William Gell that science owes the discovery of the site of Alba Lūnga, and he refers also to the remarkable zigzag road at the Arx, which in Rome, it has been shown, has its counterpart in the sinuosity of the Pincian Hill and the old *Via de Serpenti.*

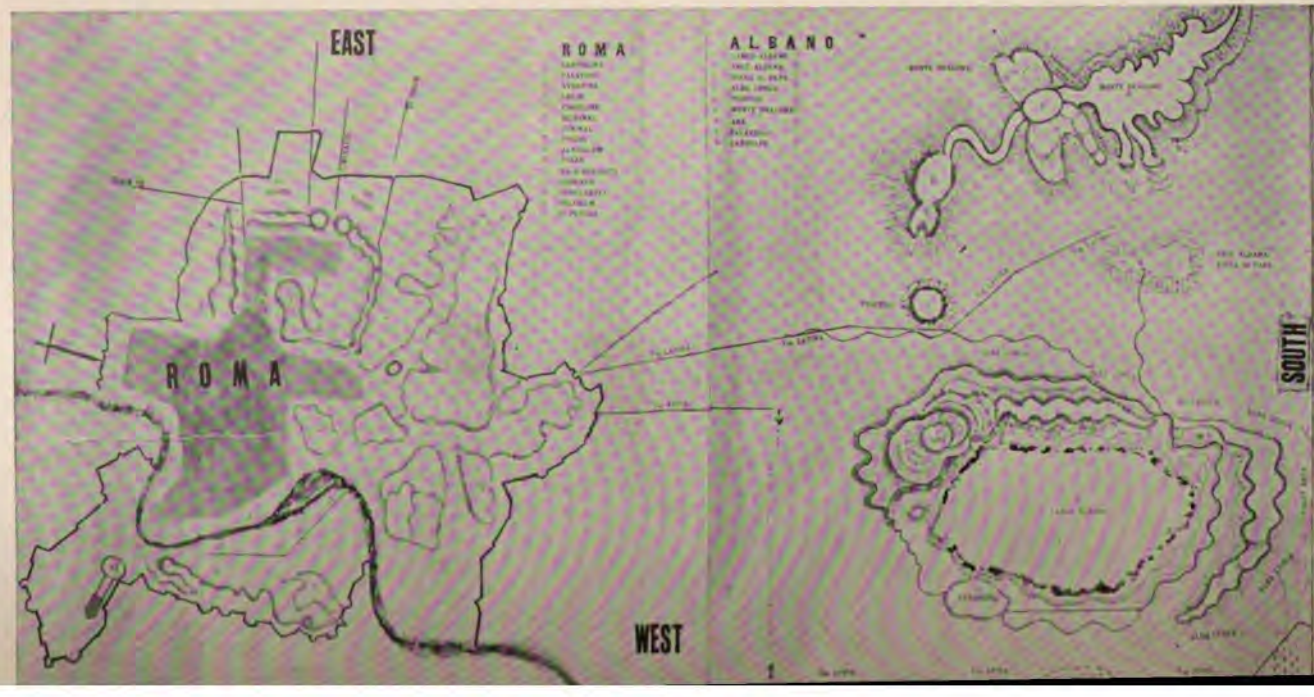
But how was it that Sir William Gell could find what the Italian and other Continental antiquaries

could not? Simply because the features of the place are just those of our so-called *British forts*, and the road in question like the so-called old British ways.

Situate on a lofty height, oviform in contour, irregular in outline, unprotected by a bank or defence where the parts were precipitous; with a lofty summit within an enclosure, the arx or citadel, the guarded place both from its sacredness and its less difficult natural approach, an elevation seen in so many of our works in Britain, the English eye accustomed to the antiquities of our island demanded, in face of the Italian opponents, that Alba Lūnga lay on this remarkable ridge.

If objection is taken to the depression around Palazzola as making a separate ridge west of that place, it should be borne in mind that this gives still further semblance to the serpent form. The sevenfold snake which issued from the tomb of Anchises came from and re-entered the ground. It becomes a vertical undulation. The river Mole, and the other rivers which disappear underground, are no less the river Mole and others respectively on their reappearance. And the depression, which as such elevates the mount of sacrifice, would by the nature-worshippers be strongly esteemed as giving force to the animal semblance.

On the point of this being the secondary elevation of sacrifice, two members of the Council of the British Archaeological Association were with me in the Pyrenees, where a fine example of a serpent mound has a church on its head, succeeding the former arx or temple, and a cross on just such a similar elevation, midway on the body of the animal


EAST
ROMA
ALBANO
ROMA
WEST
SOUTH

form; at this cross special rites still go on. These photographs of mounds in Ireland, Scotland, &c., show the same.

The *isolation* of the arx or citadel is purely Etrurian, as at Perugia, and the Pseudo-Aventine and other examples. We have this constantly in Britain, the most distinct example being the castle of Treryn in Cornwall, which guards and doubly *isolates* the promontory of the Logan Stone.

But the Italian antiquaries were right also. They had taken the ridge from the sacrificial height of Palazzola, but this was only the secondary place of sanctity. (See map.)

The HEAD of the great serpentine form was undoubtedly that selected by Sir William Gell.

The Italian antiquaries had evidently acted on local tradition, and local tradition among these people is most persistent. It is the later Italian writings, when the imperial age being gone, Augustus and Virgil could be criticised, that produces the *Porcé* serpent from Tenedos, and reveals *Porca* as the ridge.

Both were right, but Sir William Gell was guided not alone by the *quasi*-British features of the spot, but by the word *longa*, which in the English sense does not mean serpentine, and he selected the *straighter* portion. The Italians were guided by the word *lūnga*, which is throughout Central and Southern Italy applied to serpentine ways, zigzag ascents, winding valleys, &c., and they selected the most *winding* portion of the ridge.

Even if the city of Alba Lūnga did not extend to the full length of both portions of the ridge, it has

been shown on high classical authority that the city did not give its name to the ridge, but the ridge—the *lūnga*—to the city, and the name would be inapplicable unless the ridge had been winding or serpentine.

The Alban people are, like many other people of Italy, still what their fathers were.

The art of manufacture of the gold metal-work of Etruria has been preserved, while their cities, religion, and constitutions, and even the cities, religion, and constitutions of their Roman conquerors, have gone; and this art is still practised in a secluded valley, and the Etruscan women still decorate themselves with its products. The bronze water vessels which I saw at Rocca di Papa I saw nowhere else in Italy; they appear locally made.

The Alban people, who were not coerced into Rome, occupy to this day a similar site—a similar narrow sinuous ridge, also partly surrounding a lake—and they are there still, living in light wooden dwellings or wattled huts like those described by Caesar and Strabo as being in Britain. To the east of the lake, as at Alba Lūnga, and known as the people of Gabii, *i. e.* the people of the baskets, no doubt from these dwellings, from which word we get our "gabions" from the Italian *gabbione*.

The city is said to have had a Greek origin, but the name appears Latin.

Those of the Alban people who increased and required greater space than their quarters in Rome allowed, spread their slight dwellings along the windings of the Janiculum, the crest of which, with its two similar ascents which bear evidence

scarping, are almost identical in form with those of the great agger, and so they revived a recollection of their old traditions by naming the serpentine course between the Tiber and the sinuous hill, Lūngara and Lūngaretta, each being now, like the Via de Serpenti, a street of houses.

The house of Romulus, "Casa Romuli," was a wooden hut, which Dionysius of Halicarnassus states still existed on the arx or capitol on the Palatine Hill in his time. As little more than half a century elapsed after his publishing his 'History' before Caractacus made his memorable address in the presence of Claudius, it is not improbable that the sight of that British-looking hut in the midst of the Roman triumph suggested his comparison, and it is quite possible that the same cause made his observation so powerful that his freedom was at once ordered. This and the wattled huts of the Gabii probably represent the houses of the Albans, whose temples and altars only would have been of stone, of which alone fragments exist there.

I have frequently in my papers before various societies pointed out the curious feature of triple mountain peaks as accompaniments to serpent emblems, as that at Loch Nell, near Cruachan, Argyleshire. Here it is a prominent feature also, and as an Etruscan emblem I have already mentioned it in connection with Trinita de'Monti. I am led to the conclusion that it originated in the serpent-worship of ancient Etruria.

About due east of the Arx of Alba Lūnga, *i. e.* of the head of the great serpent form, is Tusculum—evidently an old high place of worship; and again,

due east of Tusculum, is the highest point, the Ar[illegible], or head of Mont Dragonè.

Here are the three mounts or peaks. But th[illegible]e latter is in itself an object of great interest. Lik[illegible]e the serpent form at Loch Nell, and also of Alb[illegible]a Lūnga, it has been extensively scarped to increas[illegible]e its natural likeness to a dragon. This even t[illegible] producing legs, as showing it distinct from th[illegible]e serpent.

In short, it is a representation of the Etruria[illegible] typhon, who was also represented with the body[illegible], head, and arms of a man. It was the terrible deit[illegible]y of Etruria and Latium; and as Tusculum was con[illegible]-nected with the Greeks through Ulysses, it is no[illegible]t improbable that this figure was so elaborated fro[illegible]n a natural similitude to perpetuate to the Trojans o[illegible]f Alba Lūnga the remorseless sack of Ilium, th[illegible]e more so as the Latin poets alone vilify Ulysses.

It has no dwellings at or near it, but a solitar[illegible]y inn or osteria shows it to be still a resort of th[illegible]e natives on *fête* days, in remembrance of form[illegible]r rites or traditions, as is the case with all the[illegible]se places. It is much overgrown since I first saw i[illegible]t.

Sir William Gell gives another name to th[illegible]is mount, which he must have obtained locally,—Fenaria.

There seems no such word in Italian or Lat[illegible]in (but *fenero*, to take advantage of in usury), but it is clearly Scandinavian, and from Fenris, the dem[illegible]on wolf. It seems a chimera with a scorpion depe[illegible]d-ing from its neck, and formerly may have had t[illegible] hind legs, as it now has two fore-legs.

We have also Dragonè, by Trojer, where the Trojans first landed in the Tiber.

It seems an invariable Trojan emblem.

In conclusion, the horror of Constantine at the worship of the living man and the asserted union with and parentage of the dragon was such that he evidently looked on Rome as doomed, leading him to found a new Imperial City, which with the same decision which led him to persist in his vision of the Cross, induced him to maintain that in defining the boundaries of Byzantium he simply followed a spiritual guide invisible to any but himself, and thus fortified succeeding emperors to maintain the new faith and abolish the Latin paganism.

A question of some interest arises from the dragon being worshipped in China and Pelasgic Italy, and under the same name Lūng or Lūnga, and being also connected with imperial power. The Pelasgi were the earliest recorded inhabitants of Greece, and were in communication with the Scythians, who were geographically about equidistant from Latium and China, and intercommunication was not improbable.

The Romans in their warfare in Asia would find much to confirm them in the worship of the Dragon as the representation on Trajan's Column of the Draconarius illustrates that emblem as the ensign of other Asiatics besides the Parthians, and Ctesias's description of a temple in Babylon shows it was also worshipped there; while the terraced hills in Latium, Etruria, Rome, and Britain seem equivalent to the terraced temples of Babylon which was deficient in natural elevations. The

Pythonic cobra was dominant between Babylon and China, in India.

It may be well to point out also that the various "hills" in Rome, being really only promontories of large elevations, did not permit the circular ascents as on Monte Museno, the Alban Mount, Soracte, Pisa, &c.; but the scarpings and terraced ascents, as on the Capitoline, near the palace of the Caesars, show the ancient customary cutting even of hard hills of rock to produce the same effect for processions, military displays, &c., and with the zigzag ascents would produce the same spectacular effects. Such a procession was ascending by a winding road on my first ascent of Monte Cavo.

THE LAKE POETS IN SOMERSETSHIRE.

BY ERNEST HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

[Read November 7th, 1898.]

I AM about, if I can, to interest you in the early history of two poets, who were friends and neighbours in Somersetshire just one hundred years ago. It is possible that there are men and women still alive who might, if they had been born in those parts, be able to tell us, not how those young poets looked, or what they said, but that they had seen them. As a matter of fact, however, the number of those who can recall them in their old age grows less and less; and their early youth is as remote from us as Milton's youth, or Shakespeare's, or Virgil's, or David's. We have to turn to their poems and their letters, to old diaries, to letters written to them and about them by friends or foes, to learn what manner of men they were. Even when we have hunted up all the facts and compared document with document, we have to trust to the powers of the imagination to bring back the past, and to turn the names of dead men into actual human personalities, who were very like and yet very different from ourselves.

I have no doubt that much of what I have to say is familiar to you (Canon Ainger, Mr. Greswell, the Rector of Dodington, who has done so much towards

preserving Coleridge's cottage at Nether Stowey, Mrs. Sandford, in 'Tom Poole and his Friends,' and my friend the lamented James Dykes Campbell, in his 'Narrative of the Life of Samuel Taylor Coleridge,' have all dealt with the subject); and it is only here and there that I can suggest a thought or supply a fact which may be new to you. You will, I am sure, forgive me if I do not apologise for the dryness of the subject, or express any hope that I shall not weary you. You remember the story of Dr. Legge, the Dean of Windsor, and the elder Canning. It was the Dean's turn to preach in the Chapel Royal, and, to his dismay, Canning, an infrequent worshipper, was present. As they were walking back to the Palace to luncheon the Dean, thinking to appease the Minister, approached him thus :—"I hope, Mr. Canning, that I was not long?" "No, Mr. Dean, you were not long." "And I trust," rejoined the Dean—"I trust that I was not tedious?" "Yes, you *were* tedious!" was the unanswerable reply. Now, ladies and gentlemen, I give you fair warning that I must be long; and as to the other charge, I will not say anything that may be used against me as evidence.

And first a word as to the time, the years 1797—1799. The stress and strain of the French Revolution had passed away, but the tremblings of that mighty upheaval still caused men's hearts to fail within them. Some had hoped—Wordsworth and Coleridge among them—that with the downfall of monarchy in France and the overthrow of the nobility a new era of peace, of liberty, of justice, would begin. But, alas! republican France, under

the Directory, was even more warlike than royal France under the sons of Capet. Buonaparte's victories had stimulated the national vain-glory, and humanitarian day-dreams had melted into thin air. It was fast becoming a question not whether England would or would not interfere with the domestic quarrels of France, but whether she would be able to hold her own against the conqueror. As for schemes of reform, of better representation of the people in Parliament, freedom of the press, freedom of public meeting, education, social improvement,—what was the good of talking about such emptiness? Nay! were they not treasonable, or paltering with the evil thing which had wrought mad havoc with a sister nation? *Porro unum necessarium*—the one thing needful—was to fight the French, cost what it might in the way of taxation of the well-to-do, of misery and starvation of the poorer folk. It was a day of evil things—a hard time, but a great time,—a time, however, when young poets inspired with a sacred passion for "divinest liberty," loving their country, but hating war and oppression and injustice, had best look out for themselves. The powers that be, the country gentry, the justices of the peace, the clergyman of the parish, look askance at these young men. I think that, if they saw their way to it, they would put them for an hour or two in the parish stocks.

And now I will try and present you with a picture of the two poets, and their belongings, who came to Nether Stowey in Somersetshire in 1797, and who, before they left the West of England in the following year, had wrought a marvellous work for the

literature of English-speaking peoples for all time. The first to come—on the last day of 1796, or the first of January, 1797—was Samuel Taylor Coleridge, with his wife and ten-week-old baby—David Hartley, as he was then called—a small cartload of furniture, and a maid-servant.

He was a tall, loosely built young man of remarkable aspect. His long black curls, parted in the middle, fell on either side of a pale heavy face. His lips were thick and full, and as he could not breathe through his nose he kept his mouth—the upper lip slightly raised—half open. And how was he dressed? Well, on state occasions—as, for instance, when he was preaching in Unitarian chapels—he wore a blue coat and brass buttons, with open waistcoat and large shirt frill, after the fashion of the Directory; knee-breeches and black worsted stockings, not well gartered, but far otherwise. Powder his hair he certainly did not, for that was high treason in a friend of the people with republican leanings. "At first I thought him very plain," wrote one with quick eyes, "that is for about three minutes; he is pale, thin, has a wide mouth, thick lips, and not very good teeth; longish, loose-growing, half-curling rough black hair. But if you hear him speak for five minutes you think no more of them. His eye is large and full, and not very dark, but grey; such an eye as would receive from a heavy soul the dullest expression; but it speaks every emotion of his animated mind; it has more of the poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling than I ever witnessed. He has fine dark eyebrows, and an overhanging forehead."

"He is a diamond set in lead," had been Southey's reply when his slovenly dress and figure had provoked remark. At first he was heavy and inanimate, but wait till you heard him speak—you ceased to criticise; you were spell-bound. "I could not tell what he was like," said one in after years, "I could not see him for the light in his eyes."

Upon his earlier career I need not dwell. The Odyssey of his adventures as dragoon, pantisocrat, journalist, and Unitarian preacher is, to paraphrase one of his favourite tags, the millionth *réchauffé* of a cabbage. He was now at the commencement of his twenty-fifth year. He had given up lecturing, he had given up poetry, he had given up journalism, he had—no, he had *not* given up preaching, for that was impossible, but he had no intention of joining the ministry; and, so, by way of a final solution of what he used to call the "bread and cheese question," he proposed to turn horticulturist, to take an acre and a half of ground, live on the produce, and as a *parergon* write for the reviews. But what brought him to Stowey? Why did he pitch his tent in that remote spot, some forty miles from the Bristol library and Bristol friends? Some time back in 1795, when he was holding forth about the iniquities of Mr. Pitt and the Government, a young man, Thomas Poole by name, had dropped into the lecture-room by chance and found himself compelled to listen. He was the elder son of a tanner in a large way of business at Nether Stowey, a man of respectable connections and good means. He, too, in a sober and prudent way, was possessed of liberal sentiments, and, as it some-

times happens to grave business-like men to take fancies to persons of a different cast from themselves, he conceived a strong liking, perhaps one may say a romantic affection, for the vehement and impassioned young lecturer, and befriended him in various ways. It was to be near Tom Poole, to be within reach of his advice, and as it were under the protection of his worth and sense, that Coleridge left Bristol for Nether Stowey. "Friendship," he says in after days, "is a sheltering tree."

Nether Stowey is a small market town or market village at the foot of the Quantock Hills, distant some eight miles from Bridgwater, now a station on the Great Western Railway, then and now a prosperous and important place. The three streets which form the town take the shape of the letter Y, the tail of the Y being the road from Bridgwater, the right arm (on the left of which stood Coleridge's cottage) leading to Holford and pleasant Kilve "by the green sea," and the left arm running up past Tom Poole's mansion, as Coleridge loved to call it, to Upper Stowey, and so into the heart of the Quantocks. At the place where the three roads meet stood an old market cross. The cottage, on which an inscription was placed in 1893, "Here Samuel Taylor Coleridge made his home 1797—1800," is almost the last house in the town before the road winds uphill towards Holford. It is raised from the road by a rough causeway covered with cobble, or, in Somerset phrase, pobble stones. The well-worn plinth, over which have passed so many famous guests, is of blue lias stone, brought there no doubt from Kilve on the sea-shore. It is a

house reduced to its simplest expression, such a house as children draw on their slates. There is a door in the middle and two small parlours with stone floors, one on either side; at the back was a kitchen with an open hearth, for grate or kitchen range there was none. Overhead were three bedrooms, one for Coleridge and his wife; a second for Charles Lloyd, the young Quaker poet who boarded with them; and a third over the kitchen for little Hartley and the nursemaid Nanny. To say the truth, there was nothing romantic or picturesque about the cottage itself; it was a poor little place, dear at the price, £7 per annum, at which it was rented. The charm and the attraction lay in the garden at the back, with its orchard which ran alongside of the garden. For here it was that Coleridge, who had never dug a square yard of ground in his life, and knew about as much of gardening as he did of horsemanship, proposed to "solicit for daily food his scanty soil," and, while he rested from his labours, to refresh his eye with the pleasant sight of the green ramparts of Stowey Castle in the near distance, and "smooth Quantock's airy ridge," with the rounded summit of Dowseborough shutting in the horizon. Best of all, he had but to follow a shingly path to the end of the garden, to cross a lane, take a step to the right, enter a wicket gate, and find himself in Tom Poole's garden—an "earthly paradise" wherein was a "lime-tree bower;" or, on rainy days, to cross the lane, take a step to the left, and so by way of certain "Tartarean tan-pits" to take refuge in Poole's book-room, and plunge into some book of travels

or old-world folio which it was not his immediate and instant duty to review. Changed the place now is, with most of these landmarks obliterated; nothing left of garden or orchard save "one tenacious bay tree," said to have been planted by the author of 'Christabel,' but it is still a pleasant spot. Perhaps it demands some make-believe; perhaps we bring with us the haunting memories; perhaps, though it is not certain, science could not distil a drop of poetry out of all the houses of all the poets that ever lived, yet men in all ages have revisited sacred places—the birthplace, the death-place of their saints and heroes, and in my poor judgment it is wiser to obey than to resist these instincts of human piety. There is an old legend that when St. Paul was in Italy he was led to Virgil's tomb at Naples, and that he "bedewed the stone with his tears." Once a year at Mantua on St. Paul's Day they sing a Latin hymn which celebrates the tradition.

For the first two or three months the garden and the reviews seem to have exhausted Coleridge's energies, and he wrote but little poetry. But about the middle of March came an offer from Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who in addition to being a great dramatist, a great statesman, a great orator, and a great wit, was manager of Drury Lane Theatre, to write a tragedy for stage representation. It was that tragedy—'Osorio' by name (the original version of 'Romorse,' which long afterwards, in 1813, was played at Drury Lane with no small success), which proved the turning-point of Coleridge's poetical career. For though it was rejected and

justly rejected by Sheridan, and though its author discovered for certain a fact which he had already suspected, that he was not and could not be a great dramatist, it helped to turn a slight acquaintance with a brother bard into a friendship fraught with momentous results. In the late autumn of 1795, about the same time that Coleridge married and took up his quarters in a myrtle-bound cottage at Clevedon, William Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy settled at a large farmhouse at Racedown, near Crewkerne in Dorsetshire, the property of a West India merchant named Pinney. He was at that time in his twenty-sixth year, grave beyond his age, and vowed to high endeavour and spiritual aims. After he left Cambridge in 1791 he had been a wanderer in many lands. He had spent a whole year in France, visiting the scenes and mingling with the actors of the first act of the revolutionary drama, when, as he wrote, France seemed to be "standing on the top of golden hours," when "bliss was it in that dawn to be alive—but to be *young* was heaven." He had returned to England, and spent the next two or three years now in London, now in Wales, and now in Cumberland, unsettled and uncertain as to his future destiny. But, at length, a small legacy and the offer of a house rent-free enabled him to provide a home for his sister Dorothy, and gave him what he felt to be his chance, nay, sounded to him as "one clear call,"—"A poet shalt thou be!" How much or how little of Wordsworth Coleridge knew before the month of June, 1797, is a question for the minute biographical critic, but it is certain that

until then their intercourse was intermittent and unimportant, and that then for the first time he saw his life-long friend, his living and inspiring muse, the "wild-eyed" Dorothy.

By the 1st of June Coleridge had put on paper some two acts and a half of 'Osorio,' and as Wordsworth was also busy on a tragedy, 'The Borderers,' it seemed the most natural and pleasant thing in the world to pay him a visit, and that the two poets should compare tragedies. Racedown is some forty miles from Stowey, but when a man is four-and-twenty even that is not much of a walk: and if you have a tragedy in your pocket to read to a friend who will respond with a tragedy of his own, forty miles of summer lanes beneath the "old June weather" are soon left behind. Accordingly early one evening —the brother and sister, we may suppose, were on the look-out for their guest—Coleridge appeared in sight. "We have both," said Wordsworth nigh fifty years later, "a distinct recollection of his arrival. He did not keep to the high road, but leapt over a gate and bounded down the pathless field, by which he cut off an angle." "We both"—both meant the aged poet and his sister—"retain the liveliest possible image of his appearance at this moment." It would take a great painter to depict that scene: the grave self-contained host, hard of feature, but of no common mien. Beside him stands his sister, dark-eyed, ungainly, all a-quiver with excitement, and "to them," as old writers have it, the guest dusty and travel-stained, eager, and conscious of his own eagerness, full of admiration for his friends, certain that he is inspiring them with

admiration for himself. It was a great meeting, but the actors thought only of the moment, and knew not what was in store for them. No time was lost in getting to business. "The first thing," writes Dorothy, "that was read after he came was William's new poem 'The Ruined Cottage,' with which he was much delighted; and after tea he repeated to us two acts and a half of his tragedy 'Osorio.' The next morning William sent his tragedy 'The Borderers.' A hundred years ago it was not a mark of superiority to betray as little interest as possible in an author's manuscript; albeit then, as now, there were manuscripts and manuscripts. Of what took place during the remainder of that memorable visit, what poems were read or planned, we know next to nothing. Nor, indeed, is it certain how long the visit lasted. We know, however, that at the very beginning of July (the 1st or 2nd), Coleridge, who had somehow or other on his return to Stowey acquired the possession of a horse and trap, drove Miss Wordsworth back from Racedown to Stowey over forty miles of execrable roads. This, no doubt, is a fact; but a further statement made by Coleridge in a letter to his brother-in-law, Robert Southey, that he had become "no inexperienced whip," must be received with caution. Wordsworth, with that manly prudence which was so marked a feature of his character, seems to have walked. This was the return visit, and, as it turned out, led to a year-long settlement of Wordsworth and his sister within walking distance of Coleridge's cottage. As ill-luck would have it, on the very day after the

Wordsworths arrived at the cottage an accident of an unromantic but most painful kind befell Coleridge. His wife upset a skillet of boiling milk, destined, I suppose, for little Hartley's supper, over her husband's foot, and lamed him. The result was, that Wordsworth and his sister were left to explore the airy ridges and deep romantic coombs of the Quantocks by themselves. In the course of their wanderings they chanced to light upon a hidden brook in a holly grove which borders and forms part of the small estate of Alfoxden, near to the village of Holford, and distant some three miles from Stowey. They were enchanted with the spot, and idly dreaming of what might never be, they amused themselves with the project of living in a cottage near the holly grove. Now it chanced that the manor-house of Alfoxden was vacant, and not only was it vacant, but, large and handsome as it was, it was to be rented for the modest sum of £26 a year. Tom Poole had influence with Mrs. St. Albyn who owned the estate, and in a few days all was arranged, and Wordsworth and Coleridge were neighbours,—Wordsworth in the stately manor-house with its noble garden and deer-park, and Coleridge in his town cottage at Stowey. If you have seen Alfoxden I can remind you of its several features, but, if you have not, it would require the felicitous word-painting of a Pliny, or a Kingsley, or a George Eliot to transport you in imagination to the spot. But picture yourself on a broken common at the foot of a steep grassy enclosure. Here are two or three cottages enclosed in tiny gardens crowded with fruit-trees. You wish to enter the dark wood which is before you, and you

see close at hand an entrance gate to a gentleman's park. Go through the gate—there is a right of way, a right of human as well as divine law—and you will find yourself in a long winding drive,—the Scotch would call it an avenue—with huge holly and beech trees on either hand. Here was the hidden brook "which sang to the woods all night a quiet tune;" and here, too, with quite other tunefulness sang the nightingales, whose passionate "jug-jug" the poet vainly strove to render articulate. The brook is singing still;—

> "No check, no stay this streamlet fears,
> So merrily it goes;
> 'Twill murmur on a thousand years,
> And flow as now it flows."

But the poets have departed and the nightingales are silent.

A quarter of a mile of dark wood, and you emerge into a park—a park, not a big field, though its dimensions are small compared with the featureless prairies of modern high farming. On the left the bracken-clad slope stretches up into the Quantocks, and to the right there is the great inland sea—the Bristol Channel, a genuine sea-loch, with the Welsh mountains in the distance. The manor-house itself, now double in size to what it was in Wordsworth's day, is a many-windowed, green-slated mansion, not unlike Kensington Palace on a small scale. Beyond the manor-house and up and beyond towards the hills is a long row of magnificent beeches, on one of which, though I could never find it, Wordsworth is said to have carved his name.

But I must bring you back from the as yet unexplored beauties of Alfoxden to the four walls of Coleridge's cottage, where Wordsworth and his sister were still welcome guests. Marvellous cottage! it already contained five grown-up persons and one baby; and now it was to open its doors to another visitor—Charles Lamb. For at last the boon companion of those midnight meetings at the "Cat and Salutation" in Newgate Street, the bosom crony with whom he had sat "talking late, drinking late," had stolen a week's holiday from the India House, where, as he said, "he earned his *indiapendence*," and was now to renew his acquaintance with his old schoolfellow as a married man. Coleridge could welcome him to the little parlour, or sit with him in the "jasmine arbour" in the garden, but his foot still held him a fast prisoner, and he was obliged to leave to the Wordsworths the pleasant task of introducing the weary Londoner to the charms of Quantock scenery. On one such occasion, when he was left behind, he had limped as far as the "lime-tree bower" in Poole's garden; and whilst his friends were enjoying their upland ramble he amused himself by writing some beautiful and remarkable lines. They are beautiful surely, and they are remarkable because they reveal for the first time Wordsworth's influence on thought and style. This was the first outcome of the visit to Racedown and the interchange of poetical ideas.

"A delight
Comes sudden on my heart, and I am glad
As I myself were there! Nor in this bower,

This little lime-tree bower, have I not marked
Much that has soothed me. Pale beneath the blaze
Hung the transparent foliage: and I watched
Some broad and sunny leaf, and loved to see
The shadow of the leaf and stem above
Dappling its sunshine! And that walnut tree
Was richly tinged, and a deep radiance lay
Full on the ancient ivy, which usurps
Those fronting elms, and now with blackest mass
Makes their dark branches gleam a lighter hue
Through the late twilight; and though now the bat
Wheels silent by, and not a swallow twitters,
Yet still the solitary humble-bee
Sings in the bean-flowers! Henceforth I shall know
That Nature ne'er deserts the wise and pure;
No spot so narrow, be but Nature there,
No waste so vacant, but may well employ
Each faculty of sense, and keep the heart
Awake to Love and Beauty!"

Now here we have the prelusive notes of the new song. Here, not in Wordsworth's style and manner, but pre-eminently in Coleridge's style and manner, we have the firstfruits of a return to Nature—to Nature as she is, not traditional or literary Nature—to Nature in her homeliest aspects; and withal a recognition of Nature as the giver of spiritual gifts and the revealer of moral truths. It was Wordsworth who had sown the seed, and it had fallen on fruitful ground. Great stress has been laid on the suddenness of Coleridge's poetical development. Here, it is pointed out, is a young poet who in his twenty-fifth year, by putting out all his strength, could produce the 'Ode to the Departing Year' and 'Osorio,' and then proceed

in his twenty-sixth year to create 'Christabel' and 'The Ancient Mariner'—it is inexplicable.

Without discussing the theories of others, I venture to offer not a solution, but a suggestion of my own. Was there any external cause which might partly account for Coleridge becoming, as it were, *per saltum* a poet of the first order? Not, I think, the theory and example of Wordsworth, which account for the return to Nature and simplicity, and to a general improvement in style and manner. Wordsworth did not ingerminate the magic and the melody of Coleridge's finest work, but the presence and society of the brother and sister wrought within him that spiritual transformation whereby the fire kindled, and at last he spake with his tongue. Coleridge had a shorter name for this indispensable condition of creative genius. He called it joy, meaning thereby not mirth or high spirits, or even happiness, but a consciousness of entire and therefore well being, when the emotional and intellectual faculties are in equipoise. In 'Dejection, An Ode' which has been called the swan-song of his Muse, he dilates on joy, the source and well-spring of the poet's inspiration:

"O pure of heart, thou need'st not ask of me
What this strong music in the soul may be?
What and wherein it doth exist,
This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,
This beautiful and beauty-making power,
Joy blameless Poet! Joy that ne'er was given
Save to the pure and in their purest hour,
Joy, William, is the spirit and the power

That wedding Nature to us gives in dower,
A new Earth and new Heaven,
Undreamt of by the sensual and proud—
We, we ourselves rejoice!
And thence comes all that charms or ear or sight,
All melodies an echo of that voice!
All colours a suffusion from that Light."

For a short time at Stowey he, too, had known the "fulness of joy." The environment was favourable, and the tree blossomed and bore fruit. It is, too, to be noted that after the "blessed interval" had passed, he thrice, nay four times, recovered the gift of song, rejoicing in the presence and society of his friends. 'Love;' the Second Part of 'Christabel;' 'Dejection, An Ode;' and 'To a Gentleman,' which was written at Coleorton, in 1807, were all composed after an absence from and a return to the companionship of the Wordsworths.

Joy, and not the juice of poppy or mandragora, inspired 'Christabel' and 'The Ancient Mariner.'

After the Wordsworths were settled at Alfoxden, Coleridge returned to the task of finishing his tragedy. We know but little of his movements from day to day during the late summer and early autumn. Two little notes, dated July, which he sent to Poole, in one of which he begs that a fore-quarter of lamb may be despatched to the Foxes—he means Alfoxden—and another in which he speaks of listening to Wordsworth reading his tragedy under the trees, are almost the sole records of that dawn-golden time—when friendship, love, and liberty were his—when he was young. Doubtless the two poets were often together, and "near

or not far off," the companion and friend of both, was Dorothy, ever ready with sympathy and suggestion, an incarnate Muse.

Of the home life at the cottage we have one pleasant page, thanks to a chance letter which has been preserved, written by a certain Mr. Richard Reynell, a young man who had proposed to board with Coleridge, to his sister at Thorverton.

"And now," he writes, "I will give you a short account of the house. It is very small and very simple. Three rooms below and three above, all small. The window to my room has no opening, but a pane of glass is made to slide in and out by a piece of wire. But simple as the structure is, it shelters us well, and I have delightful society, and am therefore quite content. Here you can be happy without superfluities. Coleridge has a fine little boy about nine or ten months old, whom he has named David Hartley,—for Hartley and Bishop Berkeley are his idols, and he thinks them two of the greatest men that ever lived. This child is a noble, healthy-looking fellow, has strong eyebrows and beautiful eyes. It is a treat, a luxury, to see Coleridge hanging over his infant and talking to it, and fancying what he will be in future days."

By October the tragedy was finished and despatched to Drury Lane, and in due course rejected. A few weeks later "brother followed brother," and Wordsworth's tragedy, 'The Borderers,' was sent off to Covent Garden, to meet with a like untimely fate.

And now the two young poets were free. The task which was alien from their powers was completed, and, at length, they were at liberty to indulge their genius, to take up their parable, to utter the thoughts which were stirring in them, to sing that

"new song," as Dykes Campbell was the first to call it, which was to give the key-note to modern poetry. Remember, as yet, they had only been groping their way, pushing now in this direction and now in that through the brambles of tradition and custom, guessing that they were not on the right track, but hardly catching the clue. And now they were about to enter on that royal road which opened clear and straight before them. What was their quest? Beauty in the form of truth—beauty in the literal record of the common lot of common men and common women—beauty in the faithful delineation of nature, the external world as we all may see it, not in the artificial dress in which poets and artists strove to disguise it—beauty, aye, and truth too, in that hidden world of the imagination, that land of glamour—in the things beyond nature, the supernatural world which obeys its own laws, whereof the forms and persons may be made to the eye of reason as real, nay, more real than living man!

Towards the close of the eighteenth century, poetry—I am not forgetting Burns, or Cowper, or William Blake, but the accepted poetry of literary circles—had become an elegant trick. It bore as little resemblance to the book of nature, or the promptings of the human spirit, as the waterfall in Hyde Park to the falls of the Clyde or the fountains of Castaly.

Wordsworth and Coleridge were not content to trade upon the common stock of poetical ideas and images, to play the rules of the game with more or less dexterity and grace; not regarding poetry as

the only means of conveying and expressing certain truths of the highest import, they turned for inspiration either to the actual world of nature or to the hidden world of thought. They were not afraid of simple subjects, and, if the scene is laid in the supernatural world, the story is treated with the same simplicity and faithfulness as if witches and spirits and the invisible powers of earth and air were usual and familiar. When Shakespeare brings a ghost upon the stage he takes for granted that ghosts appear, and the ghost is so natural, that so far as the play is concerned the spectator never questions the possibility of the apparition, or is concerned with the scientific or moral problem. His ghosts are true to nature—the nature, that is, of ghosts. It is just this verisimilitude, this truth to nature, which Coleridge brought with him into the unsubstantial world of imagination.

The first use which the poetical trio—Wordsworth, Dorothy, and Coleridge—made of their freedom from tragic tasks was to take a holiday. It was getting late in the autumn, the second week in November, but people who are bent on change and pleasure care little for that. They would go for a walking tour along the shore of the Bristol Channel to Lynton, Lynmouth, and the valley of Stones; and as even walking-tours cost money, they proposed to write a joint poem, send it to the 'Monthly Magazine,' and earn a five-pound note. That, as every one knows, was the occasion of 'The Ancient Mariner.' The origin and source of the poem, the share which Wordsworth had in its inception, are matter of common knowledge to all students of literature, but

the question as to its meaning and moral retains its is freshness. For some would have it that the moral that it is a crime to destroy a beautiful and innocent creature, either from wanton mischief or mere folly; and others praise the poem because it has no particular moral. Morals, say they, like comparisons, are odious—give us Art for Art's sake, and let us enjoy a beautiful story without seeking to improve the occasion. But to my thinking, over and above an exultant flight of the imagination in which, perhaps, a conscious adaptation of means to end is superseded by the automatic action of the brain, which reasons and invents because it must,—over and above the inspiration there *is* a moral. In the way of hatred and cruelty there is horror, and loneliness, and death. The soul that sinneth is *alone*, alone on a wide, wide sea, and there is no hope, no possibility of change, no redemption from without, no escape from the awful, pitiless laws of nature. That way lies madness, and the unspeakable agony of despair. But within the soul there may spring up a well of love, no matter for what, for whom, and then the change will come; then may we hope, then will the horrors and the shadows flee away. It is only at the touch of fellow-feeling for our fellow-creatures, for all that lives, that the albatross drops off our neck, and we are free. But, be it remembered, the moral is incidental to the music,—it lies not on the surface of the narrative, but in the essence of the poem itself. 'The Ancient Mariner' is the first of Coleridge's great Stowey poems, 'Kubla-Khan' is the last, and 'Christabel' came in between. 'Kubla-Khan,' I say, was the last poem which Coleridge wrote

before he left England for Germany in September, 1798. In his preface, entitled "Of the Fragment of Kubla-Khan," which was published with the poem, at Lord Byron's instance, in 1816, Coleridge gives the summer of 1797 as the date of composition, but his memory was at fault. By a comparison of four of Coleridge's own letters, and an entry in Dorothy's journal, I arrive at the conclusion that the retirement to Porlock, the resort to an opiate, and the resultant vision belong to the year 1798. That, at first sight, seems to be highly unimportant, one of those discoveries which interest and concern biographers and editors, but leave 'the general' profoundly indifferent. "La'al matter of it," as they say, not in Somersetshire, but in Westmoreland. But I venture to think that this point is of interest and importance. For if we are to accept Coleridge's date, the composition of 'Kubla-Khan' is not only a marvel, but a miracle. Is it possible that before he had found himself through intercourse with the Wordsworths, before he had breathed a note of 'The Ancient Mariner' or 'Christabel,' he should, in the body or out of the body, asleep under the influence of an anodyne, or, wide awake, with a sheet of foolscap before him, and a new quill pen in his hand, have divined the enchanting images of 'Kubla-Khan,' or attuned his mysterious vision to consummate melody? With a year of poetry behind him it is marvellous, but no longer miraculous. The date is 1798, and I am emboldened to add that Dry-as-dust has scored.

Mr. Andrew Lang, in his altogether delightful 'Selections from Coleridge,' says that he sees no

reason to doubt the truth of the story that it is a dream-poem, and gives an instance of a similar experience which befell a popular novelist. There was, indeed, every reason why Coleridge should not invent the *mise-en-scène* of the psychological poem; and, moreover, the statement in the preface is borne out by a note which he inserted in one of his private memorandum books in 1810, and which certainly was not intended for publication.

Another point of interest in connection with the poem is the source of its imagery. Coleridge says that he fell asleep in his chair at the moment he was reading a sentence in 'Purchas's Pilgrimage.' He forgot, or omitted to mention, another work with which he was familiar, 'Bartram's Travels in North Carolina.' The 'chasm with ceaseless turmoil seething' was, I think, a dream-rendering of a description of certain alligator holes in Florida. Coleridge (see the 'Gutch Memorandum Book' in the British Museum) had made numerous extracts from Bartram with a view to future use, while Wordsworth in his 'Ruth' drew largely from the same source. Byron, according to Shelley's cousin, Tom Medwin, discussing Coleridge and his psychological poem, exclaimed, "What perfect harmony of versification!" and he began spouting 'Kubla-Khan.' "And did you once see Shelley plain?" asks Browning. That, no doubt, to whoso possessed it, would be a memory for ever—but Medwin was doubly fortunate.

But how did Wordsworth discharge his share of the appointed task? "He was," as Coleridge has told us, "to propose to himself as his object to

give the charm of novelty to things of every day, and to excite a feeling analogous to the supernatural by awakening the mind's attention to the lethargy of custom, and directing it to the loveliness and wonders of the world before us; an inexhaustible treasure, but for which, in consequence of the film of familiarity and self-solicitude, we have eyes that see not, ears that hear not, and hearts that neither feel nor understand." That is a hard saying, but, in plainer if rougher speech, Wordsworth's aim was to make us see and feel the poetry which lies at our feet, the poetry which abounds wherever the sun shines and flowers and trees grow, which is not far from the common sorrows and common accidents of humble men and humble women.

> "O reader! had you in your mind
> Such stores as silent thoughts can bring,
> O gentle reader, you would find
> A tale in everything."

And again:

> "Books, 'tis a dull and endless strife,
> Come hear the woodland linnet;
> How sweet his music! on my life
> There's more of wisdom in it.
>
> "And hark! how blithe the throstle sings!
> He, too, is no mean preacher;
> Come forth into the light of things,
> Let Nature be your teacher.
>
> "One impulse from a rural wood
> May teach you more of man,
> Of moral evil and of good,
> Than all the sages can."

It was to exemplify these theories that he wrote

'We are Seven,' 'Goody Blake and Harry Gill,' 'The Schoolboy,' 'The Thorn,' 'Simon Lee,' and 'The Last of the Flock'—poems which on their first appearance in the 'Lyrical Ballads,' and for many a long year after, were greeted with contempt and ridicule, but which at length, not without renewed protest and some reasonable misgivings, have won their way into the charmed circle of English literature. Unlike Coleridge, he did not spring almost at one bound from turgid rhetoric and hackneyed sentiment into the first rank of English poets, but with "gradual steps and slow" he rose to the height of his great argument. It was not till he left Alfoxden in July, 1798, that he sounded a full note in the immortal "Lines written near Tintern Abbey." Unlike Coleridge, he was not tempted to turn aside from the path of poetry and seek refuge in the fastnesses of metaphysics, but served the Muse dutifully and faithfully to his life's end. It is idle to 'place' poets, as if they were wranglers in the schools, but as the century passes to its close, the power of Wordsworth is a constant, if not an increasing quantity. For not only does he teach us, but he consoles and encourages us "more than all the sages can."

But to return to the Quantocks. The wonderful year was drawing to a close—the year of close companionship between Wordsworth and Dorothy and Coleridge, "three people but one soul," as Coleridge rejoiced to believe,—the year which brought forth the 'Lyrical Ballads,' and marks the new birth of English poetry. But "Scripture saith an ending to all fine things must be," and

when July, 1798, came round, Mrs. St. Albyn would not allow her tenant to renew the lease of Alfoxden. Poole did all he could; approached the great lady in deferential language, assuring her that Mr. Wordsworth was a perfectly respectable young gentleman, and pointing out by way of proof that his uncle, Dr. Cookson, was a Canon of Windsor. But it was all in vain. The country gentry had taken fright, and though the spy who was sent down by the Government to take notes of the conversation of these dangerous conspirators, Wordsworth and Coleridge, had returned empty-handed, still one fact remained. Among the many guests to the cottage had come—unbidden, I believe—one John Thelwall, a republican and atheistic lecturer, who had been tried and acquitted of high treason; and not only had he stayed at the cottage, but he had spent at least one day under the beeches of Alfoxden. The country gentry did not like it. If these young men were not conspirators, they were pestilent innovators, base fellows who were a source of danger and discredit to the country-side, and the sooner they were turned adrift the better. Hence it came to pass that Alfoxden was tenantless of the Muses, and that Coleridge must pace the grassy upland paths of his once beloved Quantocks alone. Three months later the friends quitted England for Germany, where other interests awoke for Coleridge, and a new life began.

One more word about the Quantocks and I have done. There is a wide-spread belief among the hill folk of those parts that on the summit of Dowseborough and along the ridge on still and sunny days

there is a sound of music. I have heard an old man of eighty-seven say that once when he was a boy, yeth (*i. e.* heath) gathering, he crouched down and heard the music—heard it twice; and that his father, who at first had mocked, heard it too. "And what was it, John?" I asked. "'Twas the Dëans, sir," he said, in a hushed mysterious voice. It would seem that about the year 800 a Danish troop, under King Ubba, was cut off from the main body of the invading army which lay across the river, and that ever since, from time to time, the faint note of the clarions of dead Danish warriors sounding their last retreat may be heard on the wind-swept ridge and in the fern-clad coombs. And we, too, if we visit either in person or in imagination those early haunts of these masters of song—if we crouch down, if we stoop, if we bend the spiritual ear, shall we not catch some faint echoes of that splendid inspiration which proceeded from the interchange of thought and fancy and passion between "three people and one soul"?

RACINE'S PHÈDRE, AND ITS RELATION TO THE HIPPOLYTUS OF EURIPIDES.

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THE Hippolytus of Euripides is the original which Racine has followed in his Phèdre, and from which he has taken not passages only, but whole scenes. It must undoubtedly be of interest, to those less intimately acquainted with the literature of antiquity, to see what use the French poet has made of the antique drama, and to study the relation existing between it and his Phèdre.

"Theseus was the son of Aethra and Neptune, and King of the Athenians, and having married Hippolyta, one of the Amazons, he begat Hippolytus, who excelled in beauty and chastity. On the death of Hippolyta Theseus married Phaedra, a Cretan, daughter of Minos, King of Crete, and Pasiphaë. Theseus, in consequence of having slain Pallas, one of his kinsmen, goes into banishment with his wife at Troezene, where Hippolytus was being brought up by Pittheüs. Phaedra on seeing the youth was desperately enamoured, not that she was incontinent, but the passion was instilled into her by Venus, who was determined to destroy Hippolytus on account of his chastity, and in this manner developed her plans. Phaedra at first concealed her

passion, but was compelled finally to declare it to her nurse, who had perceived her trouble and wished to relieve her. This woman, against her mistress's wishes, revealed the truth to Hippolytus, and when Phaedra learnt that he was angered by her weakness she chided the nurse and hanged herself. Theseus discovered upon the body of his dead wife a letter accusing Hippolytus of a design upon her virtue, and never doubting the charge ordered him into banishment, and put up a prayer to Neptune, in compliance with which the god destroyed Hippolytus. But Diana declared to Theseus everything that had happened, and, without blaming Phaedra, comforted him, bereaved of his wife and child, and promised to institute honours in the place of Hippolytus." Such is the argument of the Greek tragedy.

Racine in his preface writes as follows:

"Here is another tragedy, the subject of which is taken from Euripides. I have not failed to enrich my work with all that appeared to me most striking in this author. I have, however, followed a somewhat different method for the course of my action. Were I only indebted to him for the idea of the character of Phèdre, I can say that I owe him perhaps my best dramatic creation. I am not surprised that this *rôle* had such a success in the time of Euripides, and that it has been so well received in our day, since it embraces all the qualities of a heroine in tragedy —as Aristotle demands them,—those capable of stimulating compassion and of arousing fear. In truth, Phèdre is neither quite guilty, nor quite innocent. She has become involved, by fate and by the anger of the gods, in an illegitimate passion, of which she is the first to be horrified. All her efforts strive to surmount it. She had rather die

man declare it to anyone, and when she is at length forced to reveal her terrible secret, she speaks of it in such a manner as to let it be clearly seen that her crime is more a punishment of the gods than an exercise of her own will.

"I have even taken care to make her less odious than she is in the tragedies of the ancients, where she herself resolves to accuse Hippolyte. I was of opinion that there was something too low and too vile in calumny to make it an instrument in the mouth of a princess who has, elsewhere, such noble and virtuous sentiments. This villainy seemed to me more appropriate in a nurse whose inclinations might be more servile, yet who, nevertheless, only formulates this false accusation in order to save her mistress.

"Phèdre consents, only because her mental agitation is such as to make her quite beside herself, and she appears a moment afterwards intending to justify the innocent and to proclaim the truth.

"In Euripides and in Seneca Hippolytus is falsely accused of having, in effect, violated this stepmother, *vim corpus tulit;* but here he is only accused of having had the design. I wished to spare Theseus a scene which might have made him less agreeable to an audience.

"As for the character of Hippolyte, I found, amongst the classics, that Euripides is reproached with having represented him as a philosopher exempt from all imperfections. Thus the death of this prince caused more indignation than pity. I considered it necessary to give him some weakness, which should make him, in a slight degree, guilty towards his father, without, however, depriving him of anything of that greatness which induces him to spare the honour of Phèdre, whilst allowing himself to be oppressed without accusing her. I call weakness the passion he feels for Aricie, the daughter and sister of the mortal enemies of his father.

"This Aricie is not an invention of my own. Virgil says that Hippolyte married and had a son by her after

Aesculapius has resuscitated him, and I have also read in some authors that Hippolyte married and brought with him to Italy a young Athenian of high birth who was called Aricie, and who gave her name to a small town in Italy.

"I mention these authorities because I have made a point of scrupulously following mythology; I have even followed the history of Theseus as found in Plutarch. It is in this historian that I have found the passage which led to the belief that Theseus' descent into hades, to carry off Proserpine, was a journey which he undertook in Epirus, near the source of the Acheron, to a king whose wife Pirithoüs wished to carry off, and who kept Theseus a prisoner after killing Pirithoüs. Thus I have tried to preserve the verisimilitude of history without losing anything of the ornaments of the legend, which add extremely to poesy. And the rumour of the death of Theseus, founded on this fabulous journey, gives Phèdre an opportunity to declare her love, and becomes one of the principal causes of her misfortune—a declaration which she would never have dared to make as long as she believed her husband alive.

"I can hardly affirm that this work is my best tragedy. To time, to the public, I leave it to decide on its real merit. What I can state, however, is that I have never written one in which virtue is more resplendent. The smallest faults are severely punished. The very thought of crime is here regarded with as much horror as the crime itself. The passions are only delineated to show all the disorders of which they are the cause. Vice is depicted everywhere in colours which let us know and abhor its deformity. This is the goal that every one who works for the public should aim at. It is this, above all, that our first tragic poets had in view. Their theatres were schools where virtue was not less inculcated than in the philosophical ones. Thus Aristotle has laid down rules for dramatic works, and Socrates, the wisest of philosophers, did not disdain to collaborate with Euripides."

Let us see how far Racine has carried out his programme, and with what success. Amongst the noteworthy poetical creations of modern times, used for dramatical representation, we cannot find a second tragical work which, considered as remodelling of a classical drama, might be used as a comparison with Racine's work for the purpose of establishing a point of view as to the rules to be observed by a poet in his modernising effort, and as to what extent his freedom of action should go without leading him on to foreign ground. As a criterion we shall, therefore, only be able to accept the treatment of those works which have antique materials as their subjects. Wherever we find them in the work of a Shakespeare, or a Goethe, the dignity of their origin is at once made manifest to us. With them Greece and Rome are really the stage on which the forms, recalled to life, move once more. The classic spirit greets us in the majesty of each speech. That which is modern extends solely to the form of the ideas and of the action. It leaves the ideas themselves untouched, or at least substitutes modern ideas of equal majesty, which may worthily be placed side by side with the antique.

Demanding these qualities as absolutely essential in the Phèdre of Racine, we shall soon be forced to confess that he has not only mistaken the classical work, but also the antique materials. The majesty of the characters, the nobility of the thoughts, the breadth of morality, the strongly defined motives of each action, of each speech, of the persons represented, which raise the Greek

drama to the zenith of a work of art, have, with Racine, almost everywhere given place to the very opposite. Yea, he is so much a Frenchman, and his characters are so essentially French, that it seems almost a freak when he gives them classical names, and makes Greece the scene of their acts.

The proof of this assertion will not be difficult if we are patient enough to draw a comparison between the two works, as to the manner in which the myth has been treated by each author, as to the principal characters and the motives of their actions.

In Racine we find the source of the culpable love of Phèdre for her stepson in the unbridled passion of a degenerate woman:

> "De l'amour j'ai toutes les fureurs."

This conclusion is indisputable, seeing that Phèdre greedily avails herself of every opportunity, even of the torments of pain during her repentance, to revel in the sensual pictures of this incestuous love. Moral majesty is, therefore, *ab initio*, cut off from this character; and where in pompous declamation an attempt is made to rise to such a height, we soon recognise the sham, the untrue, and the hypocritical in the contradictions which immediately follow. A character so constituted was to the Greeks an absolute impossibility for artistic treatment, since art and morals stood with them in closest union. Euripides' Phaedra remains, therefore, even in the midst of her wicked deeds, a moral character. The love of which she is possessed is not the result of inward depravity, but

of a force of nature conquering her in spite of herself—a power which the purest is unable to withstand, and which, therefore, appeared to the Greeks as the deed, as the anger of a deity.

The original nobility of the queen is not touched by this, for nowhere do we see her revelling in this love, the softest whisper of which she thrusts away with deep aversion. She trembles, but not in passionate excitement, and her determination to die, when once convinced of her incompetency to overcome her weakness, is immutable.

Her moral indignation, when she shows it, bears everywhere the imprint of truth and harmony with her inmost self. Depicted in such a manner, the character could easily become the subject of artistic treatment. It represents already, in itself alone, the tragic idea of the strife of human frailty with moral force. Phaedra is desirous of keeping her love secret. In the classic tragedy this decision is an immediate result of the character, but in Racine it is more arbitrary, capricious, since it is but little in accordance with the later actions and the voluptuous representations which Phèdre, when she had disclosed herself, makes to the nurse as well as to Hippolyte concerning the warmth of her passion. The nurse worms the secret out of her mistress, and, overcome by the terror of it, prays—in Euripides—for her own death. It is only when fully cognizant of the cold determination of Phaedra to kill herself that the nurse regains her self-possession. Only as a consequence of this decision, and only in order to save the life of her beloved ward, does the nurse plan an expedient. She

pretends to possess a magic medicine which is able to cure the illness of the queen. She hardly dares to formulate the advice that Phaedra should disclose herself to Hippolytus, and, if she (the nurse) has determined to adopt this device, her moral sense revolts at the thought that Phaedra should have a suspicion of this intention.

In Racine, Phèdre here receives the news of her husband's death:

> "Madame, ...
> La mort vous a ravi votre invincible époux,
> Et ce malheur n'est plus ignoré que de vous,"

and the former confidante changes into an oily-mouthed procuress:

> "Le roi est mort. . . .
> Vivez; vous n'avez plus de reproche à vous faire.
> Votre flamme devient une flame ordinaire.
> Thésée en expirant vient de rompre les nœuds,
> Qui faisaient tout le crime et l'horreur de vos feux.
> Hippolyte pour vous devient moins redoutable,
> Et vous pouvet le voir sans vous rendre coupable."

Phèdre may now love her husband's son with impunity, she maintains. The queen takes in her words greedily:

> "Eh bien! à tes conseils je me laisse entrainer
> Vivons."

They thoroughly accord with her own wishes and her passion uncurbed; yea, without blush, reviling her but just dead husband, she, in sight of the audience, tempts with lascivious flattery the youth who stands silent and shuddering before her—a most tragic, a most repulsive scene!

"*Phèdre.*—Sir, a man does not visit the shores of the dead a second time. Since Theseus has seen these sombre shores, it is in vain to hope that a god may send him back. The greedy Acheron does not let go its prey. What say I? He is not dead, for he lives in you! I think I now see my husband before me. I see him; I speak to him, my heart. . . . Ah (aside), I know not what I say, my mad passion betrays me.

"*Hippolyte.*—I see how strong your love is. Though Theseus is indeed dead, he is still present to your eyes.

"*Phèdre.*—Yes, prince, I long, I pine for Theseus. I love him, not as he appeared in hell, light lover of a thousand different objects of passion, ready to rob of his spouse the king of the dead, but faithful, nay wildly simple, young, splendid, drawing all hearts after him, but proud as our gods are painted, and as you now appear. When he crossed the seas to Crete he had your gait, your look, your manner, the same noble majesty shone upon his face. Where were you then, Hippolyte? Why were you absent when all the Greek heroes assembled? Why were you too young to sail with them? It had been yours to slay the Cretan monster. To you my sister had given the fatal clue. But no! for I would have forestalled her. Love would have shown me the way. I know I would have guided you through the labyrinth. What many cares that noble head had cost me then! No thread should have satisfied your lover. Companion of the danger you were bound to dare, I should have pressed on before you; and Phèdre, descending to the labyrinth with you, would there have been found or lost."

Euripides' Phaedra would have been unable to conceive the thought of such an abomination. The Greek author goes in his moral delicacy so far that he does not let her exchange a single word with Hippolytus, and, until the secret of her love is made known to him, does not permit his name to be

mentioned in her hearing. She fears that thereby a thing innocent in itself—her criminal thoughts—will become criminal deeds. Then she commands the nurse never to speak of him:

"By the gods! I entreat thee henceforth to be silent with respect to this man."

It is the nurse, therefore, who, unbeknown to Phaedra, declares the passion of her mistress to Hippolytus. This, however, in no wise happens on the stage, only the result of this declaration, the deep indignation of the youth is brought to the ears of the audience, whilst Phaedra listening makes known what is happening within the palace walls:

"Do you, standing at these gates, hear what the noise is that strikes on the house? The son of the warlike Amazon, Hippolytus, cries out, abusing in dreadful forms my attendant."

It shows true feeling on the part of the poet that he does not let Phaedra announce what the nurse has done on her behalf, but only give utterance to the wrath of the youth concerning the nurse's deed. The admirers of Racine find, however, a beautiful tragical, poetical trait in the very fact that Phèdre herself undertakes this duty, and that it is carried out in full sight of the audience. They call this "truly human."

That which is certainly immoral, if it must be mentioned in tragedy, ought, however, to be but delicately indicated, never represented on the open stage, and a tragic, *i. e.* a deeply noble situation can never be the result of the accomplishment of irremediable repulsiveness. Certainly nothing can be

more disgusting than to hear and see a wife and a mother trying with hideous flattery to tempt the son of her immediately deceased husband to commit a mortal sin. The object, a heightened *coup de théâtre*, and a desire to give an actress here a magnificent scene, is a very ignoble one, and bound to detract from the merit of the tragedy as a whole. The manner in which Hippolytus receives the declaration is treated by both poets with equal diversity. Racine introduces us to the timid, frightened youth, who according to his drawing—he is lovesick himself—has not a word of anger wherewith to confront and confound the distracted woman. In Euripides the glowing fire of anger is kindled and bursts into terrific flame—a scene immeasurably more beautiful since it is infinitely more natural. The very mention of such a crime having reached his ears induces him in his innocence to believe in the necessity of a propitiatory sacrifice:

"Which impious things I will wash out with flowing stream, pouring it into my ears."

Doubting, he asks himself if he is really so wicked that people dare to let him hear such words:

"How then could I be the vile one who do not even deem myself pure, because I have heard such things?"

He then determines to flee the pestilential atmosphere of his father's house. From this point there is a complete divergence in the conception of the myth. Whilst Phèdre still consoles herself with the, to her, sweet thought that Hippolyte may love her—

"In spite of myself hope has stolen into my heart—"

Racine makes Theseus return, and Phèdre is

tortured by the fear of the discovery of her crime. Then the confidante advises her to accuse the innocent youth :

"Never was fear more just than yours. Why accuse yourself? It will be said that Phèdre, conscious of her own guilt, will not face her husband. Hippolyte is happy to find a witness for all his accusations in yourself. Yield not so easily the victory to him. Accuse him first of the charge he may bring against you. Who will contradict you?"

Phèdre obeys her, and initiates without delay an impeachment which Oenone is to complete. Theseus believes the women's story. It is true he knows his son to be a noble youth, and he loves him tenderly. They bring him no other proof of the boy's guilt, beyond establishing the fact that Phèdre is in possession of Hippolyte's sword. Yet the women's word suffices him. Without even according his son a hearing he invokes the vengeance of Neptune, who has promised him the fulfilment of three wishes:

"Et toi, Neptune, et toi, si jadis mon courage
D'infâmes assassins nettoya ton rivage
Souviens toi, que, pour prix de mes efforts heureux
Tu promis d'exaucer le premier de mes vœux.
Dans les longues rigueurs d'une prison cruelle
Je n'ai point imploré ta puissance immortelle
Avare du secours que j'attends de tes soins
Mes vœux t'ont reservé pour de plus grands besoins.
Je t'implore aujourd'hui. Venge un malheureux père.
J'abandonne ce traître à toute ta colère
Étouffe dans son sang ses desirs effrontés.
Thésée à tes fureurs connaîtra tes bontés."

Phèdre now begins to repent, but the sudden

news that Hippolyte loves another, Aricie, kills her every good intention, and she completes her villainous design. By the side of her living spouse, tortured by love and jealousy for his son who dares to love another, she, his stepmother, merely to gratify her revenge, calls down upon his head the fates, in order that at least he may belong to none other than her.

Hippolyte is destroyed by the power of Poseidon. Phèdre now conceives the enormity of her crime. Theseus had already suspected her guilt. She confesses it to him, and dies poisoned by her own hand.

In Euripides the deed of the nurse produces in the queen a state of frantic terror. She fully intended to die rather than let her shame see the light of day. Now she is betrayed; her shame, hitherto only known to herself, is public, and the honour of her children stained by her now execrated name. All her striving has been in vain to retain the noblest possessions of life, honour and virtue, possessions of which, either by word or deed, she made herself unworthy. Nowhere does she see deliverance for herself and her sons; nowhere a healing of the shame she has brought on her husband, and on her entire race. Then her whole moral system breaks down; her principles vanish. Her mind, deranged by the excess of her grief, quickly determines to bring Hippolytus to ruin, so that her honour should die with her, and he not triumph over her:

"But when I am dead I shall bear evil to another, at

least so that he may know not to exult over my misfortunes."

It is madness that clouds her mind, and which, after she has retired to her chamber, induces her in a letter to accuse Hippolytus and then to kill herself. It is an act of insanity, the deed of a moment. Her whole moral system, being shaken to its very foundations, excludes all deliberations of her own actions. It may be urged that Phaedra thus destroys her whole character at one stroke, and that the impression created by her must hence be more repulsive to an audience than that of the character delineated by Racine.

An unpremeditated and quickly executed deed of sudden madness, the motives for which are sharply defined by previous events; the thought of the complete annihilation of the honour and happiness of a whole race, together with the despair that her endeavours to avert this misery have been frustrated by another's fault; the reproaches of her own conscience passing rapidly through her mind, cannot, in her present mental derangement, nullify the previously moral aspect of her character. Or, taking all her motives into consideration and carefully studying her previous thoughts and deeds, can there be any other name but madness for this sudden aberration? If, however, it be further objected that it is incompatible with the morality of her character in death to destroy the beloved one, and since Phaedra does this she is wanting in every moral sense, one must certainly not see that just through this her act still more bears the impress of insanity, since it is in direct contradiction with her

inmost feelings. It may not be reconcilable with our ideas of a noble nature, but it is none the less thoroughly Greek.

Euripides, no doubt, found it in the legend, and to him and to his age the taking of vengeance on an enemy by treacherous means was not only natural, but lawful.

Furthermore, seeing that Phaedra designated this love as her most execrable crime, it cannot be described as a tender feeling, a pure love for Hippolytus, but must render him rather an object of loathing. In any case the acts of this Phaedra are far nobler than those of Racine's, who, it is true, accuses herself of having disclosed her love to Hippolyte, but stifles the voice of her would-be indignation with the flattering belief that the youth, though his heart is aglow with love for her, accorded her no hearing through bashfulness, and whose accusation of the innocent Hippolyte before the very eyes of his father, into whose presence she is in no way afraid to come, is an infamy: the acts of this woman are not those of madness, but deeds well considered, matured, and executed with malice prepense, for which, from a moral point of view, no excuse can be found.

As for the impression made on the spectator, Racine's Phèdre appears to him less stern, because he is able to indulge in the hope that she will revoke her accusation before the destruction of Hippolyte. The death of Phaedra, in Euripides, makes her deed irrevocable. But though this fills us momentarily with greater horror, can it be called a fault? In tragedy, where before our eyes acts are developed

from motives, it is impossible to view the former *per se*. The motives are given to us in order that we may in them have a criterion for judgment. We are not to criticise separately what happens during each particular moment, but we are to take the parts with the whole, and to review how, of necessity, deeds are influenced by motives.

"Three sorts of spectators compose what we are accustomed to call the playgoing public," says Victor Hugo: "firstly, women; secondly, thinkers; and thirdly, the general crowd. That which the last-named chiefly requires in a dramatic work is action; what most attracts women is passion; but what the thoughtful seek above all else is the portrayal of human nature. If one studies attentively these three classes of spectators, this may be remarked: the crowd is so delighted with incident that often it cares little for characters and style. Women, whom action likewise interests, are so absorbed in the development of emotion that they little heed the representation of characters. As for the thoughtful, they so much desire to see characters, that is to say, living men on the stage, that, though they willingly accept passion as a natural element in a dramatic work, they are almost troubled by the incident. Thus what the mass desires on the stage is sensational action; what the women seek is emotion; and what the thoughtful crave is food for meditation. All demand pleasure—the first, the pleasure of the eyes; the second, the gratification of the feelings; the last, mental enjoyment. . . . Let us say in passing that we do not lay down an infallible law, and we entreat the reader to make for himself the restrictions which our opinion may contain. Rules always admit of exceptions; we know well that the crowd is a great body in which all qualities are to be found—the instinct for the beautiful and the taste for mediocrity, love of the ideal and liking for the matter-of-fact. We also know that every great intellect ought to

be feminine on the tender side of the heart; and we are aware that, thanks to that mysterious law which attracts the sexes to each other, as well mentally as bodily, very often a woman is a thinker. . . . To every man who considers seriously the three classes of spectators we have just indicated, it will be evident that all are to be justified. The women are right in wishing to have their hearts touched; the thinkers are right in desiring to be taught; and the crowd is not wrong in wishing to be amused."

But the author cannot take account of those of his spectators who are wanting in mental power to reflect on what is passing before them, and who destroy the pleasure of his work as a whole by the enjoyment of mere momentary impression. He works for those who know how to appreciate his creation, and to such the act of madness of the Greek Phaedra—though so horrifying in its exposition—will appear more noble than the doing of Racine's, who tries to palliate her moral degradation by hypocrisy, and destroys every moment more and more all hopes of her moral reformation.

Chateaubriand, however, has made use of this Phèdre of Racine with the object of showing how, even in adapting classical subjects, Christianity has exercised its influence on the author. He takes Phèdre, and, in opposing her to the Dido of Virgil, says:

"That more passionately inflamed than the queen of Carthage, she is in truth only a Christian wife. The fear of the avenging flames and of the terrible eternity of our hell is visible throughout the *rôle* of this criminal woman, and especially in Act iv, Scene 6, which, as every one

knows, is the invention of the modern poet. Incest was not a crime so rare or so monstrous amongst the ancients as to excite horrors in the breast of the guilty one. Sophocles makes Jocasta die at the moment when she is conscious of her crime, but Euripides lets her live long after. If we believe Tertullian, the misfortunes of Oedipus only excited pleasantry amongst the Macedonians. Virgil does not place Phaedra in hell, but only in those *lugentes campi*, the myrtle bowers where lovers wander who 'curae non ipsa in morte relinquunt.' The Phaedra of Euripides, as also of Seneca, fears Theseus more than Tartarus. Neither of them speaks like Racine's Phèdre:

"I, jealous! and it is Theseus whom I ask to avenge me! My husband lives, and I yet love—but whom? What heart is that which I desire? At each word my very hair stands erect with horror. It breathes at once imposture and incest, and my murderous hands long to plunge themselves in innocent blood. Wretch that I am! yet I live and affront the sight of that holy Sun from whom I am descended. My ancestor is father and lord of all the gods. Heaven and all the universe is filled with my kindred. Where can I hide myself? If I go down into eternal darkness, my father Minos there holds the fatal urn, and has the fate of men in his austere hands. Ah! how that shadow will shudder when he sees his daughter brought before him, and obliged to acknowledge sins unheard of perhaps even in hell! What will you say, my father, to that horrible vision? I think I see the awful urn fall from your hands. I think I see you, in despair, seek out some new punishment—yourself the executioner of your child. It is the vengeance of a cruel god that has ruined your race. In your daughter's madness behold his wrath! Alas! I have now gathered the fruits of the awful crime which disgraces me. Pursued by misfortune to my last sigh, I yield up in torment a life unsolaced by enjoyment.'

"This incomparable passage," he proceeds to say,

"presents a gradation of passion—a science of sadness—of the agonies and transports of the soul that the ancients never knew. With them one finds, so to say, a sketching out of sentiments, but rarely a complete picture of them. Here the heart is everything:

'C'est Vénus tout entière à sa proie attachée;'

and the most awful expression that passion perhaps ever gave vent to is—

'Hélas! du crime affreux dont la honte me suit,
Jamais mon triste cœur n'a recueilli le fruit.'

"Here is a combination of passion and soul, of despair and passionate love, that defies all expression. This woman, who would console herself with an eternity of suffering if she had tasted a moment of happiness—this woman is not the antique. It is a *Christian* woman reproved for her sins; the sinner fallen into the hands of the living God, His word the sentence of the damned."

I do not wish to examine this statement closely, but I can hardly accept as a typical *épouse chrétienne* the woman who, speaking to Oenone of Hippolyte and Aricie, says:

"Ils s'aimeront toujours.
Au moment que je parle, ah! mortelle pensée,
Ils bravent la fureur d'une amante incensée
Malgré ce même exil qui va les écarter.
Non, je ne puis souffrir un bonheur qui m'outrage.
Oenone, prends pitié de ma jalouse rage.
Il faut perdre Aricie. Il faut de mon époux
Contre un sang odieux reveiller le courroux.
Qu'il ne se borne pas à des peines légères.
Le crime de la sœur passe des frères.
Dans mes jaloux transports je le veux implorer."

Racine has, however, dealt worst of all with

Theseus, after he heard of his son's accusation. He is depicted as a credulous, weak-minded man, whose wife's unproved accusation is enough to condemn, unheard, a beloved son of whose virtue he is, by his own observation, fully convinced; is enough to call upon his head the most deadly curse. It is otherwise in Euripides. Hippolytus, a pupil of Pittheüs, educated in the house, only returns to his father shortly before the commencement of the tragedy. Theseus thus knows the moral strength of the youth's character but little. Yes, the very fact that Pittheüs had initiated him into the Eleusinian mysteries, and that he was leading an ascetic life, had made the sturdy warrior suspicious of his son, whom he—to use a modern expression—was ready to regard as a pietist in the worst acceptation of the term. He then—and this is the climax—found the accusation of his son in the hand of his dead wife. His living wife, his own suspicions notwithstanding, he would not have believed without the strongest proofs, and would never have condemned him unheard. But death was "the surest witness" of the deceased, before the force of which, taking the circumstantial evidence in consideration, all proof to the contrary vanished. All these considerations Racine had laid aside, and Theseus' act appears to be nothing but wanton.

It may not be superfluous to point out how this death of Phaedra, in its relation to the action of Theseus, is necessitated in a still higher degree, since without it a noble and well-conceived sketch of the husband would have been an impossibility.

He could, however, never have been represented as a weak-minded man, who believes anything and everything without the slightest deliberation. The only possible foundation on which the further structure of the tragedy could be built, without introducing motiveless situations, was the accusation in the hand of the *dead* Phaedra. Both poets let Hippolytus suffer his father's anger without any explanation on the part of the former. With the Greeks this silence is a necessary consequence of that which has preceded. Hippolytus, previous to the nurse's declaration, had vowed secrecy with a most solemn oath, and his deep religiousness makes it impossible for him to break his vow. With whatever force he is able to urge his defence, one thing, Phaedra's deed, he leaves untouched, prepared rather to suffer the worst than to perjure himself. In Racine we seek in vain for a motive inducing the youth to a similar course of action. No oath binds him. It is evident that the fear of wounding his father's honour was unworthy of consideration, since that honour left to the care of a degenerate woman was in immeasurably greater danger. Hippolyte in Racine, killed by the power of Neptune, disappears from the scene. The only crime for which he has to suffer his awful lot is his virtuous resistance to the criminal love of his stepmother. The Aricie episode, which Racine says he has introduced to make the youth less perfect, does certainly not supply sufficient justification for his death. It appears, therefore, as a poetical injustice quite incompatible with tragedy.

Not so with Euripides. According to the opinion

of the ancients he had committed a crime likely to draw upon him the vengeance of a deity, and it is this that softens, to a certain extent, the repulsiveness of seeing an otherwise perfectly innocent man suffer. It was a commandment amongst the Greeks to worship *all* the gods. This commandment Hippolytus had outrageously violated, in that he had not only neglected the worship of Venus Aphrodite, but also heaped abuses on her:

"*Att.*—How is it that thou addressest not a venerable goddess?

Hipp.—Whom? But take heed that thy mouth err not.

Att.—Venus, who hath her station at thy gate.

Hipp.—I, who am chaste, salute her at a distance.

Att.—Venerable is she, however, and of note amongst mortals.

Hipp.—Different gods and men are objects of regard to different persons.

Att.—May you be blest, having as much as you require.

Hipp.—No one of the gods that is worshipped by night delights me.

Att.—My son, we must conform to the honour of the gods.

Hipp.—But to your Venus I bid a long farewell."

As a punishment for such a crime, the goddess had inspired Phaedra with her unnatural love which became the cause of the ruin of Hippolytus:

"Great in the sight of mortals and not without a name am I, the goddess Venus; and in heaven, and of as many as dwell within the ocean and the boundaries of Atlas beholding the light of the sun—those, indeed, who reverence my authority, I advance to honour, but overthrow as many as hold themselves high towards me. For this is, in sooth, a property inherent even in the race of the gods,

that they rejoice when honoured by men. But quickly will I show the truth of these words: for the son of Theseus, born of the Amazon Hippolytus, pupil of the chaste Pittheüs, alone of all the inhabitants of this land of Troezene, says that I am of deities the vilest, and rejects the bridal bed, and will have nothing to do with marriage. . . . But wherein he has erred towards me I will avenge me on Hippolytus this very day. . . . For Phaedra, his father's noble wife, having seen him, was smitten in her heart with fierce love by my design."

It is not at all necessary to suppose that Venus imputed unchastity to Hippolytus. The ancients had also their Venus Urania, but even she would at length have revolted at the continual revilings of the youth.

The poet intentionally makes us, at the very outset, acquainted with the youth's crime in this respect, but disdaining words of warning, ruin breaks in upon him. Racine could not make use of this motive imputed by Euripides, since he paints Hippolyte as worshipping—in his love for Aricie—at the shrine of this very Venus Aphrodite. The discovery of the crime, the despair of Theseus, and the suicide of Phèdre, are but inadequate amends for the suffering of Hippolyte. The higher poetical atonement necessary for tragedy is here completely wanting, and with conflicting emotions the spectator turns from a tissue of horrors and corruption.

Euripides in this also understood the feelings of the human heart much better. Theseus, to whom the death of his wife was the surest proof of his son's guilt, could only be enlightened by a higher power. Artemis, the guardian goddess of Hippo-

lytus, appears and instructs the unhappy father of the true cause of his misery.

"Thee, the noble son of Aegeus, I command to listen, but it is I, Diana, daughter of Latona, who am addressing thee. . . . For Venus willed that these things should be in order to satiate her rage."

She also reveals herself to the youth. He feels the "divine breathings of perfume;" his strength returns for a moment, and his "body is lightened of its pain." He hears that he remains beloved of the gods, and, as a reward for his sufferings, Artemis promises him divine honours and immortality of name. Reconciled with his father, he expires in his arms. He had erred, but his virtue, which withstood the terrible temptation, had reconciled even the gods themselves, and in blissful peace he closed his eyes.

The material differences of both tragedies and the superior value of the work of Euripides, it will now not be difficult to understand. Racine made use of the myth supplied by the old tragedian, some of whose ideas he has followed in his own scenes. The motives, however, which make the works of Euripides so sublime he has completely obliterated. His characters lack moral force, most of the situations are only *des coups de théâtre*, and the effect of the whole, though exciting enough, is far from satisfactory. The very reverse of all this, in its highest consummation, is to be found in Euripides. The French opinion of the status of French writers with regard to the Greek tragedians is best seen in Voltaire. Lessing, quoting him, says:

"After Voltaire had finished his Zaïre, and Alzire had produced his Brutus and Caesar, he was *confirmed* in his opinion that the tragedians of his nation were, in many respects, immeasurably superior to the Greeks." "They might have learnt from us Frenchmen," says Voltaire, "a more clever exposition, and the great art so to combine the entrances with one another that the stage is never vacant, and that no person has his entry or exit without reason. They might have learnt from us how rivals converse in witty antitheses, how the poets with a flow of sublime and brilliant thoughts ought to dazzle and surprise." "Indeed," says Lessing, "what could not be learnt from the French? A foreigner here and there, however, who has read his classics, might humbly beg to be allowed to differ. . . . . But what is the use of objecting to anything of M. de Voltaire? He speaks and people believe." "Voltaire," writes Professor Mahaffy, "at one time, carried away by the admiration of the old, said many insolent and unjust things about the Greek masters as compared with the French. Perhaps La Harpe is the most insolent of all when, in his book on literature, he boldly states that the *chief* merit of Sophocles is to have inspired Racine, and that Euripides may be excused because he suggested a Medea to Corneille."

It may be that the ordinary theatre-goer, who prefers the whiling away of a few idle hours in an amusing fashion to the satisfaction experienced in witnessing the production of a work of art, may look upon Greek tragedy in its arrangement and its succinctness as too bold and not piquant enough. A man of truly refined taste will find pleasure in the sublime simplicity and moral nobility of the composition, and its beauties will impress him the more, the more sincerely he regrets to see that

which is noble and sublime vanishing from the stage, giving place, in deference to a vitiated taste, to that which is grotesque, distorted, and detrimental to true art.

ORTENSIO LANDO, A HUMORIST OF THE RENAISSANCE.

BY WILLIAM E. A. AXON, F.R.S.L.

[Read January 11th, 1899.]

THE Renaissance—the period of the revolt of the human intellect against the formalism and benumbing spirit of authority that dominated the Middle Ages, the period when the buried literature and art of the ancient world was recovered, the period when human daring and ingenuity discovered a world beyond the sea and worlds beyond the sky, when Columbus and Copernicus, the humanists and the reformers, were filling the minds of men with new and transforming forces in every department of human thought and action—was necessarily a time favourable for the development of individuality and strongly marked character.

Popes, princes, scholars, warriors, pass in stately procession, some stained with many crimes and vices, some endowed with magnificent talents, but all instinct with exuberant individuality. To the later stages of this wonderful movement belongs Lando. His first book was not printed until some years after the sack of Rome, and he disappears from our view in the middle of the sixteenth century,

when the Renaissance was practically complete in literature, in art, and in religion.*

Ortensio Lando was born at Milan somewhere about the beginning of the sixteenth century, but the precise year has eluded research. His father, Domenico Lando, was a member of the noble family of Landi of Piacenza, several of whom have attained distinction. His mother was a Milanese, Caterina Castelletti. He names amongst his teachers Bernardino Negro, Celio Rhodogino, and Alessandro Minuziano.† He went from the University of Milan to that of Bologna, where he studied medicine, and at a later period was created a Doctor of Medicine.

Italy was in a disturbed condition, and his youth was passed in the profession of arms. He served under Pozzo da Perego and many other leaders, and attained at least the rank of captain.

* This attempt to trace in detail the career of Lando would not have been made but for the encouragement of Mr. Richard Copley Christie, the biographer of Etienne Dolet, who with great liberality allowed the use of his rare books and bibliographical notes. Scholars must deeply regret that Mr. Christie has not accomplished his work on the 'Types of the later Renaissance,' since no other can claim the same knowledge of humanism and its literature. In this work Lando would have been taken as the type of the humorist—a classification here adopted.

† Caelius Rhodiginus was the Latin name of Lodovico Ricchieri, who was born at Rovigo (hence his pen-name) about 1450, and died in 1525, after a life of much vicissitude. His death is said to have been hastened by chagrin at the overthrow of his great patron Francis I. Minutianus was born at San Severo about 1450, and became Professor at Milan. To him is due the *editio princeps* of the complete works of Cicero, though all the writings in it had been issued separately. He was a printer or employed printers in his house, and *Minutianus impressit* is found on various books. He is believed to have died about 1521, and left no fortune to his two sons but their father's reputation as a scholar.

Lando first comes clearly into light at Lyons, where his earliest book was printed in 1534. This was entitled 'Cicero Relegatus et Cicero Revocatus' (Lugduni apud Seb. Gryphium, 1534), and is an octavo of eighty-eight pages.* Lando dedicated it to Pomponio Trivulzio, in the hope that "these amusing narratives" might be of some relief during an illness from which he was suffering. It is not signed. The letters H. A. S. D. have been variously interpreted, but are probably to be read "Hortensius anonymus [or rather, perhaps, Amicus] Salutem dicit." The book consists of two dialogues; in the first the defects of Cicero and of his writings are discussed, and he is condemned to exile. The second dialogue replies so successfully to the first that the judgment is reversed, and Cicero enters Milan in triumph on January 1st, 1534. In this book, with which he began a literary career, Lando already shows the qualities that distinguished his after-work, the love of paradox, and the pleader's skill in dealing not only with one but both sides of the question. The disciples of the Tullian cult were furious with the first dialogue, and were not appeased by the second, as we know from the 'Paradossi,' in one of which Lando returns to the subject, and argues that Cicero was ignorant both of philosophy and rhetoric. At Lyons he met Giovanni Angelo Odone, who had been a fellow student with him at Bologna, and whose report is curious. Odone styles Lando a despiser of the Greek literature,

* It was reprinted in the same year at Venice and at Leipzig, and there are editions at Napoli, 1536, and at Venezia, 1539. It is included in Vorst, 'De Latinatate selecta' (Berolini, 1718).

who declared that he cared for no books except those of Christ and Cicero. "He had Christ neither in his hands nor in his books, and if he had Him in his heart God only knows," Odone declares. The only book Lando had brought from Italy was the Familiar Letters of Cicero, and Odone insinuates that he was an exile, and dare not return to his native country. Whatever may have been the motive of the evident ill-will that inspired them, it is certain that Odone's statements are inaccurate.*

Lando came to Lyons from Rome, where he had been occupied for some time by important business, and after the issue of 'Cicero Revocatus' he returned to Italy, and was going freely about the country at the very time when Odone was calling him an exile.

Lando after a short stay at Milan went to Rome, but soon returned to his native city. Leaving Lombardy, he spent eighteen days at Lucca, where he was hospitably entertained, and twenty-eight days at Forci, traversed Tuscany, touched at Rome, and proceeded to Naples, where in 1535 he published 'Forcianae Questiones, in quibus varia Italorum ingenia explicantur, multaque alia scitu non indigna. Autore Philalete Polyptopiensi cive" (Neapoli, excudebat Martinus de Ragusia, 1535).†

The title is a compliment in return for the good-

* See Christie's 'Life of Etienne Dolet,' 1880, pp. 13, 34, 183, 217, 218.

† There was a second edition from the same press in 1535; third edition, Basileae, 1541; fourth, as an addition to Johannis Peregrini Convivalium Sermonum liber (Basileae, 1542); fifth, Basileae, 1544; sixth, Lovanii, 1550; seventh, Norimbergae, 1591; eighth, Francofurti, 1616; ninth, Lucae, 1763. The editor, J. B. M. C. M. D. L.—that is J. B. Montecaltini civis magnifici dominii Lucensis—takes some superfluous trouble to show that the 'Questiones' were not

will shown to Lando at Forci. The book deals pleasantly with the diverse customs of the various provinces of Italy.

In the next five years it is thought that he visited Sicily, as he speaks in his writings of being at Messina, Catania, &c. He formed a dislike to the ways of his native land, and resolved to seek a free country where the people were well-mannered and void of ambition. This political Utopia he expected to find in Switzerland, the Grisons, or the Valais, and hastening thither he was at first charmed by an appearance of sweet and amiable equality, but further experience quickly showed him that here also pride and ambition flourished as luxuriantly as elsewhere.

At Basle he played a practical joke at the expense of a printer. His attack on Erasmus, which appeared in 1540, was printed and issued by the ingenuous typographer under the impression that it was a warm eulogy of the great scholar. 'In Desideri Erasmi Rotherodami Funus, dialogus lepidissimus nunc primum in lucem editus' (Basileae, 1540)—a tract of extreme rarity—may therefore take its place as one of the curiosities of literature. Lando's name does not appear. The author, "Philalethes ex Utopia," styles himself a physician, and dedicates the book to Conte Fortunato Martinengo. As the dialogue shows that it is written by one of the house of Landi, an ardent defender of Erasmus in 1541,

written by Aonio Paleario. A kind of translation "in pessima poesia italiana" appeared. This was "Le due giornate del poeta Bandarino, dove si tratta de tutti i costumi che in le citta di Italia a loco a loco usar si sogliono," 1556. An Italian translation was published in 1857.

made an oration in the University of Basle against Bassiano Lando, whom he, of course wrongly, supposed to be the author. This oration of B. J. Eroldo was printed at the end of the works of Erasmus in 1703. Having had his joke, Lando went from Switzerland to France, and after visiting various parts of the kingdom, and being received at the court of King Francis, he reappeared at Lyons in 1543, where he printed his 'Paradossi,' which he had written during his journey through the Romagna and to Piacenza. This was his first Italian book: 'Paradossi, cioe, sententie fuori del comune parere, novellamente venute in luce, opera non men dotta, che piacevole, et in due parti separata' (Lione: Gioanni Pullon da Trino, 1543).*

This is the most characteristic of the numerous volumes written by Lando. In it he essays to show that poverty is better than riches, ugliness better than beauty, and blindness than sight; that it is better to be foolish than wise, that it is not a misfortune for a prince to lose his state, that drunkenness is better than sobriety, that a barren wife is preferable to a fruitful one, that it is better to be exiled than to live in the fatherland, that it is better

* The 'Paradossi' were reprinted at Vinegia 1544, 1545 (with an attack on the vain-glory of the Venetian patricians judiciously omitted), at Lione 1550, Venezia 1563, Bergamo 1594, with alterations and omissions, and Vicenza 1602. It was early translated into French in several editions, and into Spanish. The 'Declamations parodoxes' of Jean Duval (Paris, 1603) is a translation or adaptation of Lando. A portion was turned into English by Anthony Mundy in his 'Defence of Contraries' (London, 1593). Perhaps also Thomas Lodge's 'Paradoxes against Common Opinions,' London, 1602, is from Lando. That on the "Vita parca" forms the third part of the 'Hygiasticon,' Camb., 1634, and has been reprinted by the present writer (Manchester, 1899).

to be weak and in bad health than to be strong and stout, that it is neither detestable nor odious to have a faithless wife, that it is better to weep than to laugh, that scarcity is preferable to abundance, that it is better to be born in a little village than in a populous city, that it is better to live in lowly cottages than in great palaces, that it is not an evil to be wounded and beaten, that it is better to be in prison than at liberty, that war is better than peace, that the death of a wife is not to be lamented, that it is better to be without servants than to have them, that a spare diet is better than one that is luxurious, that it is better to be ignobly born than to inherit noble blood, that woman is of greater excellence and dignity than man, that it is better to be timid than brave, that the works of Boccaccio, and especially the 'Decamerone,' are not worth reading, that the writings we have under the name of Aristotle the Stagirite were not written by him, that Aristotle was not only ignorant, but was the most wicked man of his age; and lastly, that Cicero was ignorant both of philosophy and of rhetoric.

As a specimen of Lando's style we may quote one of the shortest of the paradoxes:

"MEGLIO E DI PIANGERE CHE RIDERE.

"(PARADOSSO XII.)

"Non diremo noi (et con gran ragione) che miglior sia il pianto che il riso, poi che Solomone scritto n' ha lasciato nelle sue sagratissime carte, che meglio sia di girsene alla casa di pianto che dell' allegrezza? Pel riso, molte anime da lor corpi si partirno con infinite dolore de suoi congiunti, et per il pianto niuna (ch' io sappia) se ne disciolse giamai. Il riso sempre abundó nelle bocche de pazzi, et

del seno usciti, nè se legge che il Salvatore nostro ridesse giamai, ma d' haver bene più d' una volta lagrimato, fassi da fedeli Scrittori piena et intiera fede, per tanto promisse egli, a chiunque piangeva felicità eterna, et a ridenti minaccia di morte. Il pianto è segno di penitenza et compuntione, et al spesso lagrimare n' esortano instantemante le voci di santi Profeti, et il riso de scorni sovente fu cagione, et de temerità inditio aperta. Quanti sdegni, quanti furori ha una sol lagrimetta amorzati? quanti amori ha riuniti? et quanti feroci cuori intenereti? et quanta mercede s' è già pel peso delle lagrime impetrata? tutte le forze humane insieme raccolte, non havrebbono potuto impetrare quel che una lagrima ha sovente ottenuto. Fu sempre molto da più stimato Heraclito perchè pianse che Democrito per haver riso, et Crasso, che dal non haver mai riso fu detto Agelasto, oprò moltissime cose degne di eterna lode. Il pianto è cagione, che i nostri corpi quando son tenerelli aumentino, et perciò molti non si curano di rachetare i piangenti bambini nelle culle, accioche per il pianto le membre si dilatino et a riguardeval misura creschino. Scrive anchora Hippocrate che le infirmità col riso congiunte, sono dall' altre più difficile a risanare, lasciamo adunque il ridere da canto poi che non ha del grave, et in tante calamitose rovine luogo alcuno non si vede al ridere atto et opportuno."

The author does not give his name, but at the end is an enigmatic inscription, SVISNETR OHTABEDVL, which, when read backwards, gives us the explanatory phrase "Hortensius ludebat." There is also a letter to the courteous readers from Paulo Mascranico, who says that the author was M.O.L.M., surnamed "Il Tranquillo,"—that is Messer Ortensio Lando, Medico (or Milanese). Tranquillus was his academic name.

This little volume contains, in addition to its

challenges to Mrs. Grundy, some literary heresies that must have provoked many adverse criticisms, but Lando determined that he would himself show the folly of the 'Paradossi.' So he issued 'Confutatione del Libro de Paradossi, nuovamente composta et in tre oratione distinta.' There is no imprint and no date to this booklet of twenty-four pages, but it is believed to have come from the press of Lodovico Avanzo at Venice in 1545. It is dedicated to Ippolita Gonzaga, Contessa della Mirandola, in the hope that the 'Confutatione' would be welcome where the 'Paradossi' had been acceptable; from which we may perhaps conclude that the authorship of the two books was no great secret. Even if the style did not betray him we have Lando's own confession of the authorship in the 'Sferza.'

After the appearance of the 'Paradossi' he visited Germany, and claims also to have seen Antwerp and England. At Frissingen he was welcomed by the Cardinal of Augsburg, and at Augsburg by those famous merchants the Fuggers, who were then the wealthiest persons in the entire commercial world. On his way home in 1544 he was robbed near Brescia, but the governor of that town hearing of his misfortune entertained him at his house and made good his losses. This hospitality he perhaps owed to his standing in literature, for Messer Antonio da Mula (Amulio), who held the city for Venice, was also a man of letters. On reaching Piacenza in the summer of 1545, Lando found it under the control of Pier Luigi Farnese, who had been invested by the Pope with lordship of Parma and Piacenza. Lando, as a member of the

Imperialist party, probably took refuge on the other side of the Po. Within the imperial boundaries he, with others, suspected by the new prince, would find asylum. At the little town of Torbale, on the Lago di Garda, he was an observer of the knavery of the fishermen who sold as excellent the bad fish that was to serve at Trent for the ecclesiastics who were then assembling for the famous council. Lando was present at that great church assembly, and, by the favour of Bishop Madruccio, in whose train he was, heard the oration of his fellow-citizen, Bishop Musso.

The motive of these restless wanderings does not appear. His Ciceronian declaration that when he came to a city of freedom and good manners, there he would stay, need not be taken too seriously. It is one of those explanations which does not explain. After the fashion of the time, Lando, as an accomplished scholar, appears to have been a welcome addition to the train of great personages travelling in state for business or pleasure. Thus in France he journeyed with the Conte di Pitigliano, in the Romagna with the Bishop of Trent, and elsewhere with the Bishop of Catania. These noble patrons were expected at least to make a pretence of advancing the interests of the scholars whose companionship or vassalage added to their dignity and renown. Lando, indeed, confesses, with perhaps pardonable exaggeration, that but for literature he must have begged his bread from door to door. In his discourse in praise of the solitary life he declares that his ancestors were of much better condition than himself, and that his own

evil fortune was due to the anger of princes and the wickedness of the age, and not to gluttony, lust, gambling, alchemy, murder, or misdeeds on his part. Lando did not stay long with any of his protectors, nor does he appear to have received pay from them. His own temper was brusque; he disclaimed the arts of the courtier, and for a single word, as he tells us, he broke with a noble friendship, although it had been honourable, useful, and pleasant for him.

After these wandering years he settled down at Venice. The city of St. Mark was henceforth his home except when visiting at the villas of the Gonzaga family. His special patrons were Isabella and Lucrezia Gonzaga, the latter of whom he jokingly styled "la gran Caesariana," and scolded as too imperial. Isabella Gonzaga, daughter of Frederico I, Marchese de Mantua, was the wife of Guido Ubaldo di Montefeltro, Duca d'Urbino. Lucrezia was the daughter of Pyrrhus de Gonzaga, and was married at the age of fourteen and against her will to Giovanni Paolo Manfrone, a country gentleman whose evil conduct brought him into danger of the death penalty, from which he was saved by the intervention of his wife. She could not, however, obtain his release from prison, although she appealed to the Duca de Ferrara, to two Popes and even to the Grand Turk. He died in prison, leaving four children, including two daughters who took the veil. There is a curious account of these patronesses of Lando in the pages of Bayle. They were famous in their own day for learning and virtue.

In 1548 there appeared at Venice a translation of

the 'Utopia' of Sir Thomas More. 'La Republica nuovamente ritrovata, dell governo dell' isola Eutopia, nella quale si vede nuovi modi di governare stati, regger popoli, dar legger a senatori,' &c. (Vinegia, 1548), was issued without any indication of the printer, but is attributed to Aurelio Pincio. It is dedicated to Gieronimo Fava by A. F. Doni, who confesses that the name of the translator had been withheld from him. It is revealed by Sansovino in an edition of his 'Governo dei Regni' (Vinegia, 1561), who says that the version was made by "Hortensio Lando, uomo in vero di molte lettere, ma delle cose della lingua volgare poco accurata." Sansovino's revision was reprinted at Milan in 1821. The authorship was also alluded to in the title of another of Lando's books which appeared in the same year. It is entitled 'Commentario delle più notabili, et mostruose cose d' Italia, et altri luoghi, di lingua aramea in italiana tradotto, nel quale si impara et prendesi istremo piacere. Vi è poi aggiunto un breve catalogo delle cose, che si mangiano et si bevono, nuovamente ritrovato, et da M. Anonymo di Utopia composto. 1548.'* There is no indication of the place of printing. In this curious book Lando probably summarises as the result of one journey the experiences gained in the many wanderings of past years. Beginning with Sicily he speaks of devoting seventy-five days to that island. Taking ship at Messina he crossed the straits to Reggio in Calabria, and crossing the province came to Naples,

* The second edition appeared at Venezia, 1550; third, 1553; fourth, 1554; fifth, 1569.

where he met Mario Galeotti, D. Leonardo Cardines, the Princess of Salerno, the Marchesa de Palude, the Contessa di Nola, and other persons. From there he went to Rome, and was entertained in S. Angelo by the Contessa di Alife. At Ancona he made the acquaintance of Messer Francesco Gabriele. At Sinigaglia he had episcopal hospitality from the Bishop Marco Vigero. In Pesaro he was the guest, in her palace, of the Ducessa Eleonora Gonzaga. Passing into Tuscany, he was received at Siena by Gio. Loteringo. He proceeded to Florence and to Lucca, where he stayed with Ludovico and Vincenzio Buonvisi. From there he went to Bologna and Modena. He visited Correggio to be present at a public duel between two knights who were both mortally wounded, a circumstance that would appear to prove that duelling was then taken more seriously than it is sometimes in the present day where that barbarous fashion still survives. At this place Lando fell ill of a fever, and was visited and befriended by the most important of the inhabitants, including Rinaldo Corso, Veronica Gambara, and Lucrezia d' Este. From Correggio he proceed to Reggio and Puvino, where he stayed with Rodolfo Gonzaga, and to Parma, where he was the guest of Agnolo Gabriele. Leaving there, he embarked at Genoa for Corsica and Sardinia. After completing his examination of these islands he returned to Genoa. Then in the course of his Lombardian wanderings he witnessed the battle of Seravalla, which was fought between the army of France, largely composed of Italians, and that of the Imperialists. The French were beaten owing to the want of discipline,

and the disagreement between Mirandola and Strozzi. At Cremona he was received by MM. Stanga and Trecchi, whilst at Piacenza he was the guest of Isabella Sforza, whom he gallantly described as having such talent "that to be a queen she needs only a kingdom." The saving clause here has great efficacy. He next went to Milan, crossed the Brianza, and visited his former commander, Pozzo da Perego. Then he visited Como, Logano, and the three Pievi, where he saw the Marchese di Marignano, and Chiavenna, where he was received by his friends the Pestalozzi with impressive courtesy. In the Valtellina he was warmly welcomed by the brothers Crotti, by Nicolo Madrio, Gio. M. Guicciardo, the inquisitor Marcantonio, the Cavaliere di Tirano, and his son-in-law, da Bormo, Paolo Malacria, Niccolo Marliano, and the "astuto e sagace Friggero." Following the way through part of the Valcamonica, he went to Brescia and stayed four months with the governor, Antonio da Mula. He visited Bergamo and Crema, and hearing that the Council was to commence on St. Luke's day at Trent he turned in that direction, and reached there the night before the opening of the session. Here, as we have already seen, he was cordially received by Bishop Madruccio, and listened in the church of St. Vigilio to the oration of Musso. After a few days he journeyed to Mantua in the company of the jurist Bartolommeo Pestalozza. He then visited Ferrara, Padua, and Rovigo, where he had to lament the death of his old teacher, Celio Rhodogino. Finally he arrived at Venice, where he was entertained by Benedetto

Agnello, the Mantuan ambassador, and where he made the acquaintance of Aretino. These records of Italian travel have an air of greater probability than the narrative of journeys in Egypt and other parts of Africa and the East. His statements in the 'Commentario' as to the Italian places and persons are often corroborated by passages in his other writings, and by the historic facts he mentions. However much mingling there may be of imagination, his notices of Italy in the sixteenth century are curious and valuable. The 'Commentario' is dedicated to Co. Lodovico Rangone, and the 'Catalogo' to Gio. Batt. Luzago. The author's name is not given, but at the end of the 'Catalogo' is written SUDNAL, SUISNETROH, ROTVA, TSE, *i. e.* "Est autor Hortensius Landus." There is also a letter from Nicolo Morra at the end of the 'Commentario' in which he says that it was "nato dal constantissimo cervello di M.O.L. detto pur la sua mansuetudine il tranquillo." After the 'Catalogo' comes the "brieve apologia di M. Ortensio Lando, per l' autore dal presente 'Catalogo.'"

In the same year appeared "Lettere di molte valorose Donne (diretta a donne) nella quale chiaramente appare non essere nè di eloquentia, nè di dottrina alli huomini inferiori" (Vinegia: Gabriel Giolito, 1548).* The book is dedicated to Sigismondo Rovello, who was the English ambassador at Venice. Lando's name is, as usual, not directly named, but in some sonnets at the end written by Dolce, Parabosco, Aretino, and Sansovino he is praised for having collected the contents of the

* There was a second edition in 1549.

volume. In a Latin letter by Bartolomeo Pestalozza he says that this cost Lando much labour and much money, and that the publication was made at the request of Ottaviano Raverta, the bishop-elect of Terracina. That Lando was more than editor is the opinion of most critics. It appears a strange proceeding to issue in this way the letters of ladies of consideration and social standing, and still more so if we suppose that they were not written by these ladies, but by the humorist Lando himself. Some of them deal with topics which ladies do not often discuss in print, such as the means of having male children, confinement, suckling, &c.

To this year also belongs the "Sermoni Funebri de varii authori nella morte de diversi animali" (Vinegia: Gabriel Giolito, 1548). There were really two editions issued in the same year. One is dedicated Giovan Jacopo Fucchero, one of the Fuggers, who were then, as already mentioned, the richest family in Christendom, and the other to Nicolo delli Alberti da Bormo.* Lando, pretending to have no hand in the matter, printed at the end with his own name a defence of the author. In the 'Cataloghi' he acknowledged the author-

* The book was reprinted at Genoa 1558 and 1559, and at Venegia in 1622 in conjunction with Firenzuola's 'Consigli degli animali.' It was several times printed in France, where two translations appeared. One is by Claude de Pountoux (1569); the other, published under the name of 'Thierri de Timofille,' was by François d'Amboise (1583). A Latin translation, said to be very unfaithful, appeared at Leyden in 1590, and was the work of William Canter. Under the changed title of 'Dilettevoli oratione nella morte di diversi animali' the book was reprinted, Venetia, 1712.

ship, which might easily be divined without his formal avowal.

After an interval there appeared 'La Sferza di Scrittori, antichi e moderni, di M. Anonimo di Utopia, alla quale è dal medesimo aggiunta una essortatione allo studio delle lettere' (Vinegia, 1550). This has no printer's name, but bears the printer's mark of the well which was used by Arrivabene. It is dedicated to the ambassador Agnello. The first part is in Lando's favourite vein of paradox, and contains a long array of adverse criticisms on famous writers. But the 'Essortatione,' which is dedicated to Galeotti Pico della Mirandola, is as powerful in eulogy as the other is in dispraise. The modern part includes an attack on Ortensio Lando, whose poetry is condemned in the severest terms.* Yet there is nothing remaining in verse that is known to have come from the pen of Lando.†

In the same year that the 'Sferza' was printed there appeared altogether five books from the same busy and bizarre brain. The second was 'Oracoli de moderni ingegni si d' huomini come di donne, ne' quali, unita si vede tutta la philosophia morale, che fra molti scrittori sparsa si leggeva' (Vinetia: Gabriel Golito, 1550). It is dedicated to Agosto d' Ada in a letter dated from Venice, 20th June, 1550, at the house of the Mantuan ambassador.

* See p. 24.

† The 'Sferza' was not reprinted, unless we may reckon as its second edition a book by Gervasio Annisi, 'Della Sferza della Scienza et de Scrittori' (Vinegia, 1640), who, whilst making some slight changes and alterations, has practically plagiarised the whole of Lando's work.

There is also a letter from Bartolomeo Testa da Bassano, who states that the author was M. O. L. The book is made up of thoughts and repartees attributed to various persons, of whose names there is an index. Lando places himself amongst the "moderni ingegni," but in place of giving his name, styles himself "flagello di scrittori, Anonimo di Utopia.' In his philosophy, "those who lament that they do not excel in all the arts are like those who complain that vines do not produce figs, and that the olive does not bear chestnuts." The most interesting passages, perhaps, are those which he attributes to "il divino Aretino," of profligate memory.

Aretino on his side treats Lando with respect. He classes him with Doni and Sansovino amongst the illustrious poets and historians. He styles him "non meno gentile che dotto," and narrates an anecdote of one of Lando's literary jokes that was not carried out. One evening, in Aretino's chamber, when Franciotto, Sansovino, Vassallo, Boccamazza, and others were present, Lando said that he had written a book in which he had taken passages from the printed letters of Aretino, and had attributed them to this or that great philosopher; but afterwards, admonished by conscience, had torn the MS. into pieces. Aretino replied that it was an injury to him that the book had not been printed. The maxims and sayings would either be thought to be the fruit of his genius or of that of the ancient philosophers. Those who knew them to be his would give them due praise, and those who thought he had appropriated them would at

least place him on a level with the other learned men, who are, he said, notorious for theft in matters of study. In the end the literati, instead of judging him as an ignoramus, would look upon him as a master of every science.* Thus his reputation, either for genius or learning, would have gained.

The third book of the year was 'Ragionamenti familiari di diversi autori, non meno dotti che faceti' (Vinegia, al segno del Pozzo, 1550). This is dedicated to M. Rev. Andrea Matteo Acquaviva. The twenty-six short discourses, whilst professedly by various authors, are evidently all the production of Lando. In one he argues in favour of that from which he dissuades in the next. There is a curious passage in which Doroteo Brigido is exhorted to become a friar.

The fourth was the 'Vita di Beato Ermodor Alessandrino, da Theodoro Cipriano, scritta et nella nostra volgar lingua tradotta' (Vinegia, al segno del Pozzo, 1550). This translation is dedicated to Virginia, Marchesana Pallavicina, and the name of the translator is revealed in a sonnet by Ruscelli. At the end are letters to Lando from Emilia Rangona Scotta, Alda Torella Lunata, and Ippolita Pallavicina Sanseverina, three of his friends and protectresses, who exhort him to abandon secular writing and to devote himself to the production of religious books.

The fifth book was 'Consolatorie de diversi autori, nuovamente raccolto e da che le rac-

* 'Sesto Libro delle Lettere di M. Pietro Aretino,' Parigi, 1609, ff. 116, 152, 165.

colse devotamente consecrate al S. Galeotto Picco Conte della Mirandola et Cavalier di S. Michele' (Vinegia, al segno del Pozzo, 1550). Although Lando's name does not appear, there is no doubt as to the authorship.

The sixth was 'Miscellaneae Questiones' (Venetiis: Jolitum, 1550), in which Lando, returning to the use of the Latin language, propounds and solves a number of doubtful points. It is accompanied by a letter from Lando to Vanni, the ambassador at Venice of the King of England.

Two years later came 'Quattro libri de Dubbi, con le solutioni a ciascun dubbio accomodate. La materia del primo è naturale, del secondo è mista (benchè per la più sia morale) del terzo è amorosa, et del quarto è religiosa' (Vinegia: Gabriel Giolito, 1552).* As a matter of fact the printer could not then obtain licence to print the third section, and the book was issued without the love doubts, but a year later they were included in the 'Varii Componimenti.' The moral doubts are dedicated to Gio. Bernardino Sanseverino, Duca di Soma, and those on religion to Benedetto Agnello. The plan of the 'Dubbi' is very simple. The friends of Lando appear to have regarded him as an oracle, to whom all sorts of grave, frivolous, or puzzling questions on love, natural philosophy, morals, and religion might be addressed with the certainty that

* A second edition, including the dubbi amorosi, was issued by the same printer, with the dates 1555 and 1556. The 'Solva di bellissimi dubbi,' printed at Piacenza in 1597 as the work of Annibale Novelli, consists merely of the first two sections of Lando's book with few and unimportant alterations. French editions appeared at Lyons in 1558, 1570, Rouen 1610, 1635.

the querist would receive an ingenious if not always a satisfactory reply. "Why are women and children so ready to weep?" asks one; and Lando replies in what was then, but has now ceased to be, scientific language, "Because they are of a humid nature" (p. 132). "Who is it that does not know how to converse?" "He that does not know how to be silent" (p. 180). "What is wine?" "It is the death of memory and the poison of mankind, by which the age is corrupted and the flower of beauty is lost" (p. 180). Mirrors, he says, are given to women that they may behold their fleeting beauty, and fans to cool their great ardour, and gloves to hinder the rapacity of their hands, and chains because they are fools (p. 62). In this ungallant speech there is an allusion to the barbarous treatment which was formerly thought to be proper for those who had lost, or never possessed, the gift of reason. "What is the life of man without literature?" "It is death, and truly a grave for man" (p. 180). "How is true glory nourished?" "With much action and little speech" (p. 181). "What is the condiment of food?" "Hunger." "And of drinking?" "The thirst caused by honest exercise" (p. 82). "What is the greatest pestilence?" "The pleasure of the body" (p. 184). What will Scotland's fair daughters say to this?—"D' onde nasce che le femine di Scotia si tosto invecchiano? Nasce dalla molta crapola, e dai varii cibi che usano" (p. 272):—"Envy is an abominable monster that dwells in courts, and if it were chased thence would find refuge in monasteries" (p. 274). Lando sometimes speaks dis-

paragingly of the fair sex, but when a lady asks him, "Which is the nobler—man or woman?" he replies, "God always adds fresh nobility to the newer creatures He makes; thus, as being nobler, he formed man after the beasts, and last of all made woman, and therefore she is noblest, being taken out of man, who of all the other animals was the most perfect" (p. 285).

Lando's next work was 'Due Panegirici nuovamente composti, de quali l' uno è in lode della S. Marchesana della Padulla et l' altro in commendatione della S. Donna Lucretia Gonzaga da Gazuolo' (Vinegia: Gabriel Giolito, 1552). The eulogy of Maria Cardona, Marchesana della Padulla, is dedicated to Bernardo Michas, and that of Lucretia to Gion. Michas. The second, so it is stated, was first written in Latin, then turned into Spanish, and lastly into Italian. The book contains also a letter by Ruscelli, Greek and Latin epigrams by Gio. Maria and Anichino Bonardi, and Fr. Robortello, and a Spanish poem by Alfonso Nunnez di Reynoso. The laudations of the beauty, virtue, and accomplishments of these ladies of the Imperial party are of the most extravagant kind. Bandello, who was Lucretia's tutor, is described as "non men dotto che religioso e santo." Her husband, Manfrone, who had first died in the dungeons of Ferrara, is treated with scant courtesy.

None of Lando's works have been more sought after than 'Varii Componimenti di M. Hort. Lando nuovamente venuti in luci,' 'Quesiti amorosi colle risposte,' 'Dialogo intitolato Vlisse,' 'Ragionamento tra un cavalliere et un huomo solitaria,'

'Alcune Novelle,' 'Alcune favole,' 'Alcuni scroppoli, che sogliono occorrere nella cottidiana nostra lingua' (Vinegia: Gabriel Giolito, 1552).* The desire for this book is chiefly due to Lando's place in the series of Italian novelists. The first novel relates the device by which a married woman saved herself from the attack made on her honour by an importunate admirer. By the treachery of another woman he is hidden in a room in which she was to take her afternoon siesta. On seeing him fasten the door, Zenobia realises the trap into which she has fallen, and makes Agnolo believe that she is as much in love with him as he is with her. "I understood from Tebaldina that it was to-morrow you were coming, but I would rather have the egg to-day than the chicken to-morrow." She takes off her boots, and says that it will be safest for her to tell the servants that if her husband Pandaro asks for her they are to say that she has gone to the Suore di Santa Chiara. Deceived by her attitude, Agnolo permits her to leave the room, and hides behind a curtain awaiting her return. She sends a servant for her shoes and goes home, leaving Agnolo to think of the phrase that has passed into a proverb—if it were not already one—"che oggi e meglio l' uovo che dimana la gallina."

* It was re-issued in 1554 or 1555 without the 'Quesiti Amorosi.' Of the novels four were reprinted in Zanetti's 'Novelliere Italiano,' (Venezia, 1754), and four are translated in Roscoe's 'Italian Novelists.' And in 1851 there appeared in an edition of seventy copies 'Novelle di M. Ortensio Lando' (Lucea, 1851). The life prefixed by Salvator Bongi is remarkable for the fulness of its bibliographical details, and is the main source of information as to Lando.

The second tale is of a stepmother who is very harsh to her stepson, a young man whose amorous relations with Lucina, her waiting-maid, enable him to effect a characteristic revenge. The three bottles containing the paint and cosmetics with which she desires to make herself beautiful for ever have their contents changed, and the poor lady who has been preparing herself for a festival, is horrified to find, by her mirror, that her face is as black as a crow, and that she is otherwise disfigured. Two servants take to flight on seeing her, for they think an evil spirit has come amongst them. She pursues them in the street, and there is an uproar and scandal. Lucina, instigated by Andrea, tells her mistress that she had heard him praying to the image of the Virgin kept in the hall of the house for judgment upon his harsh stepmother, and her transformation is therefore regarded as a punishment. He then purchases washes to take out the stains from her face, and tells Caterina that he is certain that if she will now use the same methods as when she was making ready for the festival she will regain her former whiteness and good looks. This led to the reconciliation between Caterina and Andrea, and one happy result of the miracle was that all the stepmothers became kinder to their stepsons.

In the third novel we are told that Fenice, a young wife, neglected by her husband Marsilio, who is infatuated with a mistress, makes a plot with Vitelliano by which he dresses in her husband's clothes. Thus whilst Marsilio is with Giannina, Vitelliano is with Fenice. One night Marsilio, to

escape from an attack made by the brother of his mistress, has to leave the house of Giannina in a semi-nude condition, and is refused admission at his own house. The servants having seen their master as they suppose return earlier, take Marsilio for an impostor, and the police take him to prison. On his release he is welcomed by his wife, who tells him that a false Marsilio had claimed admittance, and that the voice was so well counterfeited as almost to deceive her. She warns him against the continuance of bad conduct on his part, and so peace is made. The moral is "Chi cerca godere dell' altrui, altri spesso gode del suo."

The next three stories are translated in Roscoe's 'Italian Novelists.' In the fourth Manfred, King of Navarre, is driven from his kingdom by his subjects, who are unwilling any longer to endure his tyranny. Dying he advises his son never to leave the old for the new, never to indulge in a union with a woman who cannot lawfully be his, never to marry a woman whom he has not seen and who is not of noble birth, and never to strike with the sword until it has been thrice drawn and replaced in the scabbard. On his father's death the young prince is taken to Navarre, and acknowledged as heir and married to a princess of Portugal. On recovering from an illness he decides upon a pilgrimage to Rome and Jerusalem. He is shipwrecked at Cyprus, and choosing an old road reaches the court, whilst his companions who go by a new one are destroyed. A lady falls in love with him, but in obedience to his father's second maxim he refuses her overtures, and in revenge she

lays a plot by which he is convicted on a false charge of stealing jewelry. On his way to execution a merchant's daughter offers to save him from the gallows by marrying him; with some hesitation he refuses this offer, "The crown of Navarre," he says, "must never rest on the head of a merchant's daughter." The incident is reported to the King, and Vitrio is respited, pardoned, and sent back to Spain. He enters the chamber of his wife, and sees an infant sleeping by her side. Thinking that she has been unfaithful he draws his sword. She does not see him, but the child cries out that a man is going to kill him. "Sleep, foolish child," she says in reply; "no man has ever been in this room since my husband left me." Thus convinced, thanks to the fourth maxim, Vitrio sheathes his sword and makes himself known to his joyful wife.

The fifth novella is an anecdote of Messer Ugo da Santa Sofia, a famous astrologer and philosopher, who is warned by a peasant that there is a storm impending. He disregards the warning, as he can find no sign by his arts of the imminence of the tempest foretold by the rustic. The storm, however, breaks, and is severe. He goes to the peasant to ascertain the source of his knowledge, and finds that it comes by observing his donkey, who always acts in a certain fashion when bad weather is coming. The incident gave rise to a proverbial saying: "You think you know more astrology than Carabotto's ass," would be met with the retort "You know less than Ugo da Santa Sofia."

The sixth story deals with Messer Leandro de'

Traversari, canon of Ravenna, who had a passion for telling Munchausen-like stories, and gave presents to a trusty servitor to corroborate his ridiculous assertions. But on one occasion when the traveller's tale was more than usually improbable, the servant says before his master's guests, "No, I cannot swear to that. You must take the breeches back again, and find some one else in my place."

The seventh novel narrates the follies of an old man of seventy who is in love with a young girl, and places himself in some ridiculous positions in consequence.

The eighth novel deals with the same incident as Tennyson's 'Lover's Tale,' the plot of which is taken from Boccaccio's 'Decamerone.' It is one of the puzzles of the Renaissance that these stories should so often be repeated. The Novellieri were confessedly imitators of Boccaccio, but it is not easy to understand the motives that moved Lando, for instance, to retell the story of the wife whom seeming death snatched from her husband to become the bride of her lover. He cannot have hoped to surpass Boccaccio in manner, and yet he, and other novelists also, select material which is identical with that used by their great master. The story is told also by D. M. Manni in one of his novelle.

In the ninth novel we are told that Lippa de' Lanfranchi and Lodovico Gambacurti are, as boy and girl, deeply in love with each other, and as Lippa's father desires her to become a nun, they prepare to run away. But while Lodovico is on

the boat and Lippa is still on the shore, it is overturned, and he is carried away by the current. A wife escaping from her husband who seeks to kill her, throws her baby into Lippa's arms, and with this she returns home and persuades her father to adopt the infant. She will not go into a monastery, but adopts the habit of Santa Chiara. Lodovico is not drowned, but reaches Sardinia, and defends Lisbona, a girl who resembles Lippa, from the attack of a blackguard who habitually annoys the village maidens as they are drawing water from the well. He finds favour in her sight, and in that of her father, but is faithful to his first love. At a marine festival an attack is made by the corsairs, and Lodovico defends Lisbona so vigorously that when at last they are taken prisoners Marco Scarletta, the corsair captain, offers to release the girl and to make him the commander of a galley. Lodovico is for seven years a corsair, "rubando amici e nemici." Among his prisoners, at last, is a boy from Pisa, who, in answer to the question of Lodovico, says that he has been sent by Lippa de' Lanfranchi to find Lodovico Gambacurti. This is the child adopted by Lippa. With him Lodovico returns home, marries her, and as they have no children, the boy becomes their heir.

The tenth story is of the wife of a painter who conceives an affection for the apprentice of her husband. The young man at first refuses her advances, but has not the constancy of Joseph, and the incident is revealed to the husband by the chance remark of his little child.

The eleventh novel tells of a knavish miller who

lays a plot against the virtue of one of his customers, a girl from a neighbouring and unfriendly village. His wife suspecting his intentions takes the place of his intended victim, and receives the embraces not only of her husband, but of some of his friends whom he had introduced. To escape from the jokes and scorn arising from this incident he leaves the isle of Cyprus, where the scene of the story is laid.

The twelfth novel is in some respects the most curious of all. The scene is at Rhodes, where Gioliva is the mistress of a Pisan knight who maintains a beautiful house and garden for her. She has an intrigue with Piero Corsini, and the gardener, Milione, is their intermediary. In a quarrel the gardener kills one of his neighbours, and, in accordance with local laws, is hanged where the deed was done. As Piero, on his way to visit Gioliva, passes the ghastly sight, he says, "Oh, Milione, may God pardon thee thy sins." To which Milione, many days dead, replies, "Oh, Piero, if ever I did a good turn for you, take me down, I beg, from these abominable timbers." Piero rushes away affrighted, and the dead man breaking his bonds rushes after, calling loudly to him. In the way there was a company of Jews, amongst whom were women mourning for a certain Moise who had been cut to pieces by his enemies during the preceding night. Piero rushed into the synagogue and fastened the door. Then came the corpse and knocking cried, "O Moise, arise and open to me, for I am Milione." Then the dead Jew arose and opened the door for the dead Christian. Piero fell dead and was carried

by Milione to the garden gate, where Gioliva was waiting to admit him. On seeing her lover borne by the dead Milione she cried, "Great God, grant Thy pardon to Piero and to me," and so fell dead also. From this marvellous occurrence arose the proverbial saying which at Rhodes was addressed to those who would visit a garden at night, "Beware of Milione that he does not strangle you."

The thirteenth story is of Riccardo Capponi, who resigns his fortune into the hands of his son and is sent by him to the city hospital. Finding that public opinion censures him for his ingratitude, Vincenti sends two fine cambric shirts to the old man by his grandson. Questioning the boy on his return, the father learns that he has kept one of them in anticipation of the day when he must take Vincenti to the hospital. This discovery brings remorse. The remark of the boy, "Chi la fa, l' aspetta" is proverbial.

This is really the last of the novels, but Bongi has added as a fifteenth a letter to Pietro Brachi, a cousin of Lando's, which appeared in the 'Lettere Facete' of Antanagi in 1561. In this Lando recites the adventures of the "cuffia" given by Circe to Juno that she might retain the wandering affections of Jove.

The next work in which Lando was concerned is entitled "Lettere della molto illustre Sig. la S. Donna Lucretia Gonzaga da Gazuolo, con gran diligentia raccolte, et a gloria del sesso feminile nuovamente in luce poste" (Vinegia: Gualtiero Scotto, 1552). It is sometimes regarded as a mere imposture, but although Lando may have written

often in her name, it is difficult to suppose that he would have issued this book without the knowledge and assent of his patroness. That he should forge three hundred letters, print them with her name on the title, and dedicate them to her relation Pietro Paulo Manfrone, Governor of Verona, and do this without reproof or repudiation, is incredible. That he acted as her secretary in the composition of many of these epistles is a much more reasonable theory. Whatever may be the precise historical character of the book, it bears many evidences that Lando had a great share in its authorship. One of the strangest of the letters is that addressed to the Grand Turk, begging Solyman to bring an army to Italy for the release of her husband. That she sent such an invitation is noted by Tiraboschi.

There is less room for doubt as to the "Dialogo di M. Ortensio Lando, nel quale si ragiona della consolatione, et utilità che si gusta leggendo la sacra Scrittura. Trattasi etiandio dell' ordine, che tener si dee nel leggerla, et vera eloquenza et di varia dottrina alli pagani superiore" (Venetia, al segno del Pozzo, 1552). This is in the form of a dialogue between Lucrezia Gonzaga and Filalete, who stands for the author. It is dedicated by him to Beatrice di Luna, to whom also the printer, Arrivabene, addresses a note, in which he says that he had the MS. and permission to publish from Gonzaga. In another letter to Beatrice, the writer, Ruscelli, declares that the "miracoloso" Lando must have been inspired and aided by God to have written "così santa opera." Fontanini, who was rather suspicious of Lando's good faith, had the

book examined by a theologian, who vindicated his acuteness by detecting passages not merely doubtful, but condemned by authority as heretical. Bongi, who will not hear of Lando as a heretic, thinks that his errors, if errors they are, originate in his want of familiarity with such subjects, and are unintentional. The lay reader will not find much that sounds heterodox. Lando shows great familiarity with the Bible, and quotes it in the Vulgate freely.

His next book is undated, but as he alludes in it to the 'Dialogo sulla Consolazione,' it may be attributed to the end of 1552. The title is 'Una breve pratica di medicina per sanare le passioni dell' animo. Al magnifico Signor David Otho. [Padova:] Appresso Gratioso Perchacino.'

The last on this long list is 'Sette libri di Cathaloghi a varie cose appartenenti, non solo antiche, ma anche moderne; opera utile molto alla historia, e da cui prender si po materia di favellare d' ogni proposito che ci occorra' (Vinegia: Gabriel Giolito, 1552). This small thick volume is dated at the end 1553. It is a collection of anecdotes and historical data arranged according to subject, and in many cases having modern instances to enforce the moral of the ancient stories. Lando complains in a letter to Lucrezia Gonzaga, under date of 20th December, that the authorities had forbidden the publication of the lists of adulterers, traitors, cruel and ungrateful persons of his own day which he had intended to include. The book is anonymous, and the author includes his own name amongst those who were ignorant, unhappy, ugly, and irascible.

In thus painting himself as one of the most unfortunate and despicable of men, it may be doubted whether Lando was justly but severely judging himself or merely indulging in the playful though bizarre humour of which he was a master. The plan of the 'Cataloghi' is ingenious, and it vindicates the claim of the book to furnish matter for conversation on every subject. Thus the first book contains lists of those who have been famous for beauty, ugliness, chastity, unchastity, good memory, bad memory, and adultery. There are lists of women famous in learning and in war, of women who have been the occasion of wars, and those who have been the means of bringing benefits. There are lists of men famous in war and for personal strength, of those who have died from excess of joy, and of those renowned as choleric, passionate, and disdainful. To the names suggested by his wealth of classical learning, Lando adds modern instances, except in cases where he has thought it wiser to abstain from indicating contemporaries who were infamous for their crimes and vices. He is more prodigal of praise than of blame, and the plan of his book enables him to cite certain of his friends, and especially the noble ladies whose patronage he enjoyed, as models of grace, virtue, and amiability. It must be said that he does not spare himself. Few men have been drawn so unflattering a portrait as that given in the 'Cataloghi' of Ortensio Lando. In the list of modern poets the name of Dante will be sought in vain, though he is named elsewhere by Lando. Of Aretino, "detto il flagello dei principi," we are told that he "scrive

altamente, e con stile disusato e nuovo, de varii soggetti." The catalogue of poets is little more than a list of names, and most of these are now forgotten. In the account of those who have written on lowly matters, he mentions himself as a singer of the death of a horse, a cat, a monkey, &c., and mentions Conte Costanzo Landi as one who wrote of ashes and of the beard. Amongst the astrologers he names Cardan and Paul III. Amongst the painters he names Giotto, Correggio, and many others, but not Raphael.

Such is the list of the known writings of Ortensio Lando, but long as it is there are other books which have not been identified. He mentions in 1548 that he had published a volume of novels and of translations from Greek authors, "non più vedute a' nostri tempi." This is unknown. Doni speaks of a dialogue on marriage, but whether it was ever printed is unknown. Weiss and others attribute to him 'La Pazzia' published originally in 1541, but this is now universally admitted to be the work of Vianesio Albergati. Lucrezia Gonzaga in a letter to Lando acknowledges the receipt of his 'Dialogo intitolato del temperare gli affetti dell' animo,' which is not known to exist. It was by the agency of Lando that there appeared the 'Vera tranquillità dell' animo' of Isabella Sforza, a book much praised in its day, though now forgotten. It was printed at Venice by Aldus in 1544, and was dedicated by Lando to Otto Truxes, Bishop of Augsburg. So much was Lando impressed by the superiority of the lady's presentation of divine philosophy that he suppressed, he says, a work of his

own on the same subject. Mention has already been made of the unfavourable references to himself which our author makes in some of his books. The sincerity of the painter may perhaps be doubted, and there is certainly an air of humorous exaggeration in the picture. A man who laughs at his own defects, moral or physical, disarms his detractors of their strongest weapon—that of ridicule, which is much feared not only by the foolish but by the average human being. Here in a condensed form is Lando's effort at self-portraiture:

"I have travelled in many lands, but have never seen one more deformed than Ortensio Lando; every part of his body is imperfect. With ears longer than a donkey's he is deaf. He is rather short-sighted, small of stature, has negro lips, his nose is flattened, his hands are crooked, his visage is saturnine and ashen-coloured.* He sacrificed valuable and esteemed friendships for a single word.† Knowing that princes have no esteem for literature, he scarcely cares to read a book, and avoids learned men as evil in their deeds and influence.‡"

There are other autobiographical references. Thus, amongst the modern examples of friendship, the names of Rinaldo Corso and Lando are cited.§ On seeing his honoured father Domenico fall from his horse, although he felt almost certain that he had not sustained any great injury, Ortensio was so alarmed that he fainted.‖ Of himself he says that

* 'Cataloghi,' p. 18.
† Ibid., p. 99.
‡ Ibid., p. 115.
§ Ibid., p. 28.
‖ Ibid., p. 300.

he was unfortunate in all that he wished to do or to say.* To this we may add that when he was elected a member of the Academy at Ferrara he was called by the rule of contrary, so often adopted in those learned coteries, "Hortensius Tranquillus."

The date of his death remains unknown. After the letter in the 'Cataloghi' to Lucrezia Gonzaga of December 20th, 1552, nothing fresh appeared from his industrious pen. In all probability he died in the following year. When in 1553 the 'Rime di diversi nobillissimi et eccellentissimi autori in lode della illustrissima Sig. Donna Lucrezia Gonzaga' appeared, the name of Lando is not among the eighty eulogists, and as he lost no opportunity of singing her praises his absence from this crowd of adulators confirms the supposition of his death before the publication of that book.

The charge of heresy does not appear to rest on any solid foundation. Ortensio remained a member of the Church of Rome. "Hortensius Tranquillus, alias Hieremias, alias Landus," the entry in the Tridentine Index, is probably an error. There were two other Landi, Geremias and Bassanio, some of whose writings have been attributed to Ortensio.† On this matter Salvatore Bongi, to whose researches we owe nearly all that is accurately known of Lando, points out that his orthodoxy was never assailed in his lifetime, that he was the friend of

* 'Cataloghi,' p. 343.

† Geremias was an Augustinian friar who abjured the Roman faith. This has led some to suppose that Ortensio had been in a religious order, and possibly the fact that he places some autobiographical statements in the mouth of a hermit may have strengthened this idea.

Muzio, the heretic hunter, and that he passed freely in or out of the States where heterodoxy was a civil offence.

Lando's genius is essentially humorous and parodoxical. His faculty for seeing the other side of things, and his readiness to challenge the most settled convictions of mankind, were accompanied by an equal readiness to refute his own conclusions. Thus the advocate of intellectual topsy-turvy was also the defender of the conventional. In reality Ortensio, with all his dialectal skill and wealth of illustration, is an inveterate joker, and we feel that in his most elaborate disquisitions he is, with however grave a face, only laughing in his sleeve.

The same spirit of paradox is found in his life as in his books. His fate combined the disadvantages of noble birth, and of mediocre if not lowly station. He wandered hither and thither in search of unattained ideals. He ate the bread of dependence, and repaid his protectors by adulation too boundless to be sincere, and yet was ready to sacrifice all at the bidding of an irascible and imperious temper. Steeped in erudition, he mocks at learning. He has a prodigious memory for all the knowledge that was current in his own day, yet where it should have been most useful he is often slipshod. He is careless of finish, and neglects that beauty of form, that perfect expression, without which literature can have no permanence. Herein we may have the secret of his failure to command a more than ephemeral reputation. Ortensio Lando is an interesting figure for the student, but he belongs to the byways and not to the highways of literature. He is the author

of half a century of books; all of them are clever, brilliant, audacious, and learned, and all have passed out of the memory of the world. "Habent sua fata libelli," says Terentianus—a forgotten poet—and oblivion is the fate from which not one of the many books of Hortensius Tranquillus has escaped.

BURTON'S PILGRIMAGE TO MECCA; AN UNPUBLISHED MS. OF THE LATE SIR RICHARD F. BURTON, F.R.S.L.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY W. H. WILKINS, M.A., F.R.S.L.,
EDITOR OF THE BURTON MSS.

[Read February 8th, 1899.]

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

It would be impossible for me in the short space of time at my command to do justice to all the aspects of Burton's many-sided character; I might treat of him as an ethnologist, as a student and a thinker, as a soldier and a soldier of fortune, as an Orientalist and a mystic, and still there would be something left to say, for Burton was all these things and more. But it is as an explorer that I am going to speak of him to-night, and the manuscript which I shall read to you treats of one of the most remarkable episodes in his career — his pilgrimage to Mecca. It is his own manuscript, and I shall read it in his own words. It has never been published in England, but was delivered by Burton in 1866 as a lecture (in French) before the Emperor and Empress of Brazil at Rio.

As you are doubtless aware, Sir Richard was an untiring literary worker, and when he died he left no fewer than thirty manuscripts in a more or less advanced stage of completion. His widow, Lady

Burton, in exercising the discretion he committed to her, suppressed some, and published others; she would have published the rest but her labours were interrupted by her death. It was then that her sister and executrix, Mrs. Fitzgerald, requested me to take charge of the remaining Burton manuscripts, and edit and prepare them for publication. One, *The Jew, the Gypsy, and El Islam*, was published last May, and others, I hope, will follow in due course. Out of the large mass of unpublished papers at my disposal, I chose this one to read to you to-night in preference to others of a more literary and esoteric nature, because it deals with the most striking part of Burton's career. For when all that he wrote and wrought will have passed away into that limbo of forgetfulness which awaits the labours of even the most distinguished among us, I think this, at least, will be remembered to his honour—that he was the first Englishman who penetrated to the Holy of Holies at Mecca. I say the first Englishman advisedly. I am aware that Burckhardt, a Swiss explorer, had gone part of the way before him, and since his day one or two have made the pilgrimage; but though it is a sufficiently difficult and perilous thing to undertake a journey to Mecca now, it was much more difficult when Burton did it in 1853. He was not a man to do things by halves; he made the pilgrimage thoroughly, absolutely living the life of the Moslems, wearing their clothes, eating their food, joining in their prayers, sacrifices and ritual, and speaking their language; he did all this carrying his life in his hand, for one false step, one prayer

unsaid, or trifling item of shibboleth omitted, and the dog of an infidel who had dared to profane the sanctuary of the Prophet would have been found out, and his bones would have whitened the desert sand. Not that Burton went to profane the tomb of the Prophet — far from it. From his early manhood he had been a sympathetic student of the higher aspects of El Islam; he had come to see that above and beyond all the corruptions and abuses which cling around The Saving Faith, there exists an occult force which has made it a power among men. I submit, therefore, that not only in his achievement, but in the way he did it, Burton showed those great qualities which have made the English race what it is; he showed tenacity, pluck, and strength of purpose, and, with all, he did his work quietly and unobtrusively; none knew until he came back how great a task he had achieved.

You may ask: "If Burton were indeed so great a man, how came it that his abilities were not sooner recognised by the State?" But he was not a man of the type the State delights to honour. He spent the best part of his life fighting for recognition, and, when that recognition came, it came too late. I do not believe it would have ever come if it had not been for the labours of his noble and devoted wife, whose love encompassed him for thirty years, and who, after his death, guarded his fair name against all the world. There must have been something great about the man to have won such love as this. But that his greatness was not recognised by the State was not, I think, altogether the fault of those in authority. Burton

belonged to the Elizabethan age rather than to the Victorian; in the spacious days of Elizabeth, he would have found a field wide enough for his energies, and the very faults which told against his advancement to-day would have counted to his credit three centuries before. Be that as it may, he will always remain a rare genius, though a wayward one, and one of the most remarkable and picturesque personalties of our era.

With these few words I will now read the unpublished manuscript:

The Pilgrimage to Mecca.

I had long wished to make the pilgrimage to Mecca and Medinah, the birth-place and burial-place respectively of the Prophet, and to study the inner life of the Moslem. Having returned from India on long furlough, I determined to avail myself of the opportunity, and on the 3rd April, 1853, I embarked at Southampton, disguised as a Persian Mirza, and entered myself as such in the ship's books. I was careful to let no one know of my intention beforehand, as the slightest publicity would have proved fatal to my scheme, which was to travel as a pilgrim to Mecca.

I took great pains over my disguise. For months I allowed my hair to grow long naturally until it nearly fell on my shoulders; I let my beard grow far on my chest; I browned and stained my face and hands, arms and legs with a thin coating of henna; I wore the Oriental dress and the

Oriental turban; I took my pistols in my belt and became Mirza Abdullah the pilgrim for the time being.

My disguise succeeded so well that no one discovered it on board ship, and on landing at Alexandria, I was recognised and blessed as a true Moslem by the native population.

I lived in Alexandria some months disguised as a dervish, and had my little room among the white myrtle blossoms and rosy oleander flowers. Here I practised myself in the Koran and prayer, and all the ceremonies of the faith.

From Alexandria I went to Cairo by boat, disguised as a dervish, travelling as a deck passenger with the natives. At Cairo I changed my character and became an Indian, born of Afghan parents, and, of course, a true Moslem. I had some difficulty in getting my passport in that character, for my Arab boy Mohammed, who was to accompany me on the journey, found my sextant amongst my clothes, and it was only by delivering a lecture on Moslem theology that the Registrar would certify that I was orthodox.

I then travelled from Cairo to Suez over the desert, and thence across the Red Sea in an open boat with a party of Arab pilgrims to Yambu. The voyage took twelve days, and they were twelve days of horror, for we pilgrims were herded together more like cattle than men and women, and the heat of the sun, and the stench, and the insects, to say nothing of the constant washing of the sea over the open boat, made our days and nights a misery.

Yambu, in Arabia, is the port of El Medinah, the burial-place of the Prophet. On landing, I spent one day there, and then, in company with a batch of Arab pilgrims, I set forth across the desert to El Medinah, only a shade less holy than Mecca itself. We arrived at El Medinah after eight days, and I stayed there some time as the guest of Shaykh Hamid, who received me into his family as one of the faithful.

Here I waited for the caravan to Mecca. I had, of course, hosts of shrines to visit, ceremonies to perform, and prayers to recite, besides the usual prayers five times a day. Of course, while here I visited the tomb of Mahommed, and penetrated to where the Prophet's coffin is vulgarly supposed to swing between Heaven and earth. The ritual of the pilgrims is very complicated, and I performed mine under many a piercing eye, for heretics have attempted to defile the tomb of the Prophet.

El Medinah in itself forms the subject of a separate lecture, and, as Mecca is my goal, I have no longer time to tarry over all that I saw there.

After a stay of about six weeks, the Damascus caravan at last arrived, by which I was to make my pilgrimage to Mecca. It was now that the real difficulty began.

On Wednesday, the 31st of August, 1853, I embraced my good host, Shaykh Hamid, who had taken great trouble to see us properly provided for the journey. Shortly after leaving the city we all halted and turned to take a last farewell. All the pilgrims dismounted and gazed long and wistfully at the venerable minarets and the Prophet's green

dome—spots upon which their memories would ever dwell with a fond and yearning interest.

We hurried after the Damascus caravan and presently fell into its wake. Our line was called the Darb el Sharki, or eastern road; it owes its existence to the piety of Zubaydah Khatun, wife of the well-known Harun el Rashid. That estimable princess dug wells, built tanks, and raised, we are told, a wall with occasional towers between Bagdad and Mecca to guide pilgrims over the shifting sands. Few vestiges of all this labour remained in the year of grace 1853.

Striking is the appearance of the caravan dragging its slow length along

> The golden desert glittering through
> The subtle veil of beams,

as the poet of *Palm-leaves* has it. The sky is terrible in its pitiless splendour and blinding beauty, while the simoon (or wind of the wild) caresses the cheek with the flaming breath of a lion. The filmy spray of sand and the upsetting of the atmosphere, the heat-reek and the dancing of the air upon the baked surface of the bright yellow soil, blending with the dazzling blue above, invests the horizon with a broad band of deep dark green, and blurs the gaunt figures of the camels, which at a distance appear strings of gigantic birds.

Here are evidently eight degrees of pilgrims. The lowest walk propped on heavy staves; these are the itinerant coffee-makers, sherbet-sellers and tobacconists, country folk driving flocks of sheep and goats with infinite clamour and gesticula-

tion, negroes from distant Africa, and crowds of paupers, some approaching the supreme hour, but, therefore, yearning the more to breathe their last in the Holy City. Then come the humble riders of laden camels, mules and asses, which the Bedouin who clings baboon-like to the hairy rump of his animal despises, saying,

Honourable to the rider is the riding of the horse;
But the mule is a dishonour and the donkey is a disgrace.

Respectable men mount dromedaries or blood-camels, known by their small size, their fine limbs, and their large deer-like eyes; their saddles show crimson sheepskins between tall metal pommels and these are girthed over fine saddle-bags, whose long tassels of bright worsted hang almost to the ground. Irregular soldiers have picturesquely-equipped "screws." Here and there rides some old Arab shaykh, preceded by his varlets performing a war-dance, compared with which the bear's performance is graceful; firing their duck-guns in the air or blowing powder into the naked legs of those before them; brandishing their bared swords; leaping frantically with parti-coloured rags floating in the wind and tossing high their long spears. Women, children and invalids of the poorer classes sit upon rugs or carpets spread over the large boxes that form the camel's load. Those a little better off use a shibriyah, or short cot fastened cross-wise. The richer prefer shugduf panniers, with an awning like a miniature tent. Grandees have led horses and gorgeously-painted takhtrahwan, litters like the bangué of Brazil,

borne between camels or mules with scarlet and brass trappings. The vehicle mainly regulates the pilgrim's expenses, which may vary from five pounds to as many thousands.

I will not describe the marches in detail; they much resemble those between Yambu and El Medinah. We nighted at two small villages, El Suwayrkiyah and El Sufayna, which supplied a few provisions to a caravan of 7,000 to 8,000 souls. For the most part it is a haggard land, a country of wild beasts and wilder men, a region whose very fountains murmur the warning words, "Drink and away" instead of "Rest and be thankful." In other places it is a desert peopled only with echoes, an abode of death for what little there is to die in it, a waste where, to use an Arab phrase, "La Siwa Hu," there is none but He. Gigantic sand columns whirl over the plains, the horizon is a sea of mirage, and everywhere Nature, flayed and scalped, discovers her skeleton to the gazer's eye.

We passed over many ridges of rough black basalt, low plains and basins white with nitrous salt, acacia-barrens, where litters were torn off by the strong thorns, and domes and streets of polished rock; now we travelled down dry torrent-beds of extreme irregularity; then we wended our way along cliffs, castellated as if by man's hand, and boulders and pillars of coarse-grained granite, sometimes thirty feet high. Quartz abounded, and the country may have contained gold, but here the superficial formation has long since been exhausted. In Arabia, as in the East Indies, the precious metal still lingers. At Cairo, in 1854, I obtained good

results by washing sand brought from the coast of the Red Sea, north of Wijh. My plan for working the diggings was rendered abortive by a certain dictum now become a favourite with the governing powers in England; namely, "gold is getting too plentiful."

Few animals except vultures and ravens met the eye. Once, however, we enjoyed a grand spectacle. It was a huge yellow lion, somewhat white about the points—a sign of age—seated in statuesque pose, upon a pedestal of precipitous rock by the wayside, and gazing upon the passing spectacle as if monarch of all he surveyed. The caravan respected the noble beast and no one molested it. The Bedouin of Arabia has a curious custom when he happens to fall in with a lion: he makes a profound salaam, says many complimentary things, and begs his majesty not to harm a poor man with a large family. If the brute is not hungry, the wayfarer is allowed to pass on; the latter, however, is careful when returning to follow another path. "The father of roaring," he remarks, "has repented having missed a meal."

On Friday, the 9th of September, we encamped at Zaribah, two marches or forty-seven miles from Mecca. This being the north-eastern limit of the Sanctuary, we exchanged our every-day dress for the pilgrim garb, which is known as El Ihrám, or Mortification. Between the noontide and the afternoon prayers our heads were shaved, our beards and nails were trimmed, and we were made to bathe. We then donned the attire which appears to be the obsolete costume of the ancient

Arabs. It consists of two cotton cloths, each six feet long by three or four wide, white with narrow red stripes and fringes—in fact, that adopted by the Turkish baths of London. One of these sheets is thrown over the back and is gathered at the right side, the arm being left exposed. The waistcloth extends like a kilt to the knee, and, being tucked in at the waist, supports itself. The head is bared to the rabid sun, and the insteps, which must also be left naked, suffer severely.

Thus equipped we performed a prayer of two prostrations and recited aloud the peculiar formula of pilgrimage called Talbiyat. In Arabic it is—

Labbayk', Allahumma, Labbayk!
La Sharika laka, Labbayk!
Inn' al Hamda wa'n 'Niamata laka w'al Mulk!
La Sharika laka, Labbayk!

which I would translate thus:

Here I am! O Allah! here am I!
No Partner hast Thou, here am I!
Verily the Praise and the Grace are thine and the Kingdom!
No Partner hast Thou, here am I.

The directors of our consciences now bade us be good pilgrims, avoiding quarrels, abusive language, light conversation, and all immorality. We must religiously respect the Sanctuary of Mecca by sparing the trees and by avoiding to destroy animal life excepting, however, the "five nuisances," a crow, a kite, a rat, a scorpion, and a biting dog. We must abstain from washes and perfumes, oils, dyes, and cosmetics; we must not pare

the nails nor shave, pluck or cut the hair, nor must we tie knots in our garments. We were forbidden to cover our heads with turban or umbrella although allowed to take advantage of the shade and to ward off the sun with our hands; and for each infraction of these ordinances we were commanded to sacrifice a sheep.

The women followed our example. This alone would disprove the baseless but world-wide calumny which declares that El Islam recognizes no soul in, and consequently no future for, the opposite sex. The old fathers of the Christian Church may have held such tenet, the Mohammedans never. Pilgrimesses exchange the "lisám," that coquettish fold of thin white muslin which veils but does not hide the mouth, for a hideous mask of split, dried, and plaited palm-leaves, pierced with bull's eyes to admit the light. This "ugly" is worn because the veil must not touch the features. The rest of the outer garment is a long sheet of white cotton covering the head and falling to the heels. We could hardly help laughing when these queer, ghostly figures first met our sight, and to judge from the shaking of their shoulders they were as much amused as we were.

In mid-afternoon we left Zaribah, and presently it became apparent that, although we were forbidden to take the lives of others, others were not prevented taking ours. At 5 p.m. we came upon a wide, dry torrent-bed, down which we were to travel all night. It was a cut-throat place, with a stony precipitous buttress on the right, faced by a grim and barren slope. Opposite us the way seemed

to be barred by piles of hills, crest rising above crest in the far blue distance. Day still smiled upon the upper peaks, but the lower grounds and the road were already hung with sombre shade.

A damp fell upon our spirits as we neared this "Valley Perilous." The voices of the women and children sank, I remarked, into deep silence, and the loud Labbayk, which the male pilgrims are ordered to shout whenever possible, were gradually stilled. The cause soon became apparent. A small curl of blue smoke on the summit of the right-hand precipice suddenly caught my eye, and, simultaneously with the echoing crack of the matchlock, a dromedary in front of me, shot through the heart, rolled over the sands. The Utaybah, bravest and most lawless of the brigand tribes of the Moslem's Holy Land, were determined to boast, "On such and such a night we stopped the Sultan's caravan one whole hour in the pass."

Ensued terrible confusion. Women screamed, children cried, and men vociferated, each one striving with might and main to urge his animal beyond the place of death. But the road was narrow and half choked with rocks and thorny shrubs: the vehicles and animals were soon jammed into a solid, immovable mass, whilst at every shot a cold shudder ran through the huge body. Our guard, the irregular horsemen, about one thousand in number, pushed up and down, perfectly useless, shouting to and ordering one another. The Pacha of the soldiers had his carpet spread near the precipice, and over his pipe debated with the officers about

what should be done. No one seemed to whisper, "Crown the heights."

Presently some two or three hundred Wazzabis, mountaineers of Jebil Shammar, in North-Eastern Arabia, sprang from their barebacked camels, with their elf-locks tossing in the wind, and the flaming matches of their guns casting a lurid light over their wild features. Led by the Sherif Zayd, a brave Meccan noble who, happily for us, was present, they swarmed up the steep, and the robbers, after receiving a few shots, retired to fire upon our rear.

Our forced halt was now exchanged for a flight, and it required much tact to guide our camels clear of danger. Whoever and whatever fell remained on the ground; that many were lost became evident from the boxes and baggage which strewed the shingles. I had no means of ascertaining the exact number of our killed and wounded; reports were contradictory and exaggeration was unanimous. The robbers were said to be 150 in number; besides honour and glory, they looked forward to the loot and to a feast of dead camel.

We then hurried down the valley, in the blackness of night, between ribbed precipices dark and angry. The torch-smoke and the night fires formed a canopy sable above and livid below, with lightning-flashes from the burning shrubs, and grim crowds hurrying as if pursued by the Angel of Death; the scene would have suited M. Doré. At dawn we issued from the Perilous Pass into the Wady Laymun or Valley of Limes. A wondrous contrast! Nothing can be more soothing to the brain than

the rich green foliage of its pomegranates and other fruit trees, and from the base of the southern hill bursts a babbling stream, whose

Chiare fresche e dolci acque

flow through the gardens, cooling the pure air and filling the ear with the most delicious of melodies, the gladdest sound which Nature in these regions knows.

At noon we bade adieu to the Charming Valley, which since remote times has been a favourite resort of the Meccan citizens. At sunset we recited the prayers suited to the occasion, straining our eyes, but all in vain, to catch sight of Mecca. About 1 a.m. I was awoken by a general excitement around me. "Mecca! Mecca!" cried some voices; "The Sanctuary, O the Sanctuary!" exclaimed others, and all burst into loud Labbayk, not unfrequently broken by sobs. With a heartfelt "Alhamdu Ullah," I looked from my litter, and saw under the chandelier of the Southern Cross the dim outlines of a large city, a shade darker than the surrounding plain. A cool east wind met us, showing that it was raining in the Taif Hills, and at times sheet-lightning played around the Prophet's birth-place—a common phenomenon which Moslems regard as the testimony of Heaven to the sanctity of the spot.

Passing through a deep cutting, we entered the northern suburb of our destination. Then we made the Shamiyah or Syrian Quarter, and finally at 2 a.m. we found ourselves at the boy Mohammed's house. We arrived on the morning of Sunday, the 11th of September, 1853, corresponding with the

6th of Zu'l Hijjah, 1269. Thus we had the whole day to spend in visiting the Haram, and a quiet night before the opening of the true Pilgrim Season which would begin on the morrow.

After a few hours of sleep and a ceremonial ablution, we donned the pilgrim garb, and with a loud and long Labbayk we hastened to the Bayt Ullah, or House of Allah, as the Great Temple of Mecca is called.

At the bottom of our street was the outer Bab el Salam, or Gate of Security, looking towards the East, and held to be, of all the thirty-nine, the most auspicious entrance for a first visit. Here we descended several steps, for the level of the Temple has been preserved whilst the foundations of the city have been raised by the decay of ages. We then passed through a broad, shady colonnade divided into aisles, here four and on the other side three pillars deep. These cloisters are a forest of columns upwards of 550 in number, and in shape and material they are irregular as trees. The outer arches of the colonnade are ogives, and every four support a small dome, shaped like half an orange and white with plaster; some reckon 120, others 150, and Meccan superstition declares that they cannot be counted. The rear of the cloisters rests upon an outer wall of cut stone, finished with pinnacles or Arab battlements, and at different points in it rise seven minarets. These are tall towers, much less bulky than ours, partly in facets and partly cylindrical, built at distinct epochs, and somewhat tawdrily banded with gaudy colours.

This vast colonnade surrounds a large unroofed

and slightly irregular oblong, which may be compared with an exaggeration of the Palais Royale, Paris. This sanded area, 650 ft. long by 525 ft. broad, is dotted with small buildings grouped round a common centre, and is crossed by eight narrow lines of flagged pavement. Towards the middle of it—115 paces from the northern colonnade and 88 from the southern, and based upon an irregularly oval pavement of fine, close, grey gneiss or granite—rises the far-famed Kaabah, its funereal pall contrasting vividly with the sunlit walls and the yellow precipices of the city.

There it is at last, the bourne of long and weary travel, realizing the plans and hopes of many and many a year. This, then, is the "Kiblah" or direction towards which every Moslem has turned in prayer since the days of Mohammed, and which, for long ages before the birth of Christianity, was reverenced by the Patriarchs of the East. No wonder that the scene is one of the wildest excitement. Here are worshippers clinging to the curtain and sobbing as though their hearts would break; here some poor wretch with arms thrown on high, so that his beating breast may touch the stone of the House, appears ready to faint; and there men prostrate themselves on the pavement, rubbing their foreheads against the stones, shedding floods of tears and pouring forth frenzied ejaculations. The most careless, indeed, never contemplate it for the first time without fear and awe. There is a popular jest against new-comers, that in the presence of the Kaabah they generally inquire the direction of prayer, although they have

all their lives been praying towards it as the early Christians fronted Jerusalem.

But we must look more critically at this celebrated shrine.

The word Kaabah means a cube, a square, a maison carrée. It is called Bayt Ullah—House of God — because, according to the Koran, it is "certainly the first temple erected for mankind." It is also known as the Bride of Mecca, probably from the old custom of typifying the Church Visible by a young married woman—hence, probably, its face-veil, its covering, and its guard of eunuchs. Externally it is a low tower of fine grey granite laid in horizontal courses of irregular depth; the stones are tolerably fitted and are not cemented. It shows no sign of decay, and, indeed, in its present form it dates only from 1627. The shape is rather a trapezoid than a square, being forty feet long by thirty-five broad and forty-five high, the flat roof having a cubit of depression from south-west to north-east, where a gold or gilt spout discharges the drainage. The foundation is a marble base, two feet high and presenting a sharp inclined plane.

All the Kaabah except the roof is covered with a Kiswat or garment. It is a pall-like hanging, the work of a certain family at Cairo, and annually renewed; the ground is dull black and Koranic verses interwoven into it are shining black. There is a door-curtain of gold thread upon red silk and a bright band of similar material, called the Face-Veil of the House, two feet broad, runs horizontally round the Kaabah at two thirds of its height. The covering when new is tucked up by ropes from the

roof; when old it is fastened to large metal rings welded into the basement of the building. When this peculiar adjunct to the shrine is swollen and moved by the breeze, pious Moslems believe that angels are waving their wings over it.

The only entrance to the Kaabah is a narrow door of aloe wood in the eastern side. It is now raised seven feet, and you enter it hoisted up in men's arms. In A.D. 686, when the whole building took its present shape, it was level with the external ground. The Kaabah opens gratis ten or twelve times a year, when crowds rush in and men lose their lives. Wealthy pilgrims obtain the favour by paying for it. Scrupulous Moslems do not willingly enter it, as they may never afterwards walk about barefooted, take up fire with their fingers, and tell lies; nor is it everyone that can afford such luxuries as slippers, tongs, and truth. Nothing is more simple than the interior of the building. The walls are covered with handsome red damask, flowered over with gold, tucked up beyond the pilgrims' reach. The flat roof apparently rests upon three cross-beams connecting the eastern and western walls and supported by three posts of carved and ornamented aloe wood. Between the three pillars and about nine feet from the ground run metal bars to which hang many lamps, said to be gold. At the northern corner there is a dwarf door; it leads into a narrow passage and to the dwarf staircase by which the servants ascend to the roof. In the south-eastern corner is a quadrant-shaped safe, also of aloe wood, and on it sits the guardian of the Shrine.

The Hajar el Aswad, or Black Stone, of which all the world talks, is fixed in the south-eastern angle outside the house, between four and five feet from the ground, the more conveniently to be kissed. It shows a black and slaggy surface, glossy and pitchlike, worn and polished by myriads of lips; its diameter is about seven inches, and it appears only in the central aperture of a gilt or gold dish. The depth to which it extends into the wall is unknown; most people say two cubits.

Believers declare, with poetry if not with reason, that on the Day of Atast when Allah made covenant with the souls about to animate the sons of Adam, the instrument was placed in a fragment of the lower heaven, then white as snow, now black by reason of man's sins. The rationalistic infidel opines this sacred corner-stone to be a common aërolite, a remnant of the stone worship which considered it the symbol of power presiding over universal reproduction and inserted by Mohammed into the edifice. This relic has fared ill; it has been stolen and broken and has suffered other accidents.

Another remarkable part of the Kaabah is that between the door and the Black Stone. It is called the Multazem, or Attached to, because here the pilgrim should apply his bosom, weep bitterly, and beg pardon for his sins. In ancient times, according to some authors, it was the place for contracting solemn engagements.

The pavement which surrounds the Kaabah is about eight inches high, and the outside is marked by an oval balustrade of some score and a half of

slender gilt-metal pillars; between every two of these cross rods support oil lamps with globes of white and green glass. Gas is much wanted at Mecca. At the north end of and separated by a space of about five feet from the building is El Kakim, or The Broken, a dwarf semicircular wall, whose extremities are on a line with the sides of the Kaabah. In its concavity are the slabs of a finer stone which cover the remains of Ismail and of his mother Hajirah. The former, I may be allowed to remark, is regarded by Moslems as the eldest son and the legitimate successor of Abraham, in opposition to the Hebrews, who prefer the child of the free woman. It is an old dispute and not likely to be soon settled.

Besides the Kaabah ten minor structures dot the vast quadrangle. The most important is the massive covering of the well Zemzem; the word means "the murmuring," and here the water gushed from the ground when the child Ishmael was shuffling his feet in the agonies of thirst. The supply is abundant but I found it nauseously bitter; its external application, however, when dashed like a douche over the pilgrim causes sins to fall from his soul like dust.

On the south-east and near the well are the Kubbatayu, two domes crowning heavy, ugly buildings, vulgarly painted with red, green, and yellow bands, and used as clock room and library. Directly opposite the Kaabah door is a short ladder or staircase of carved wood which is wheeled up to the entrance-door on the rare occasions when it is opened. North of it is the inner Bab el Salam, or

Gate of Security, under which pilgrims pass in their first visit to the Shrine. It is a slightly-built and detached arch of stone, about fifteen feet wide and eighteen high, somewhat like our meaningless triumphal arches which come from no place and go nowhere. Between this and the Kaabah stands the Makam Ibrahim, or Station of Abraham, a small building containing the stone which supported the "Friend of Allah" when he was building the house. It served for a scaffold, rising and falling of itself as required, and it preserved the impressions of Abraham's feet, especially of the two big toes. Devout and wealthy pilgrims fill the cavities with water which they rub over their eyes and faces with physical as well as spiritual refreshment. To the north of it is a fine white marble pulpit, with narrow stairs leading to the preacher's post, which is surmounted by a gilt and sharply-tapering steeple. Lastly, opposite the northern, the western, and the south-eastern sides of the Kaabah stand three ornamental pavilions with light, sloping roofs resting on slender pillars; from these the representatives of the three orthodox schools direct the prayers of their congregations. The Shafli or fourth branch collects between the corner of the well Zemzem and the Station of Abraham, whilst the heretical sects lay claim to certain mysterious and invisible places of réunion.

I must now describe what the pilgrims do.

Entering with the boy Mohammed, who acted as my Mutahwif, a circuit-guide, we passed through the Inner Gate of Security uttering various religious formulas, and we recited the usual two-

prostration prayer in honour of the Mosque at the Shafli place of worship. We then proceeded to the angle of the House in which the Black Stone is set, and there recited other prayers before beginning Tawaf or Circumambulation. The place was crowded with pilgrims, all males—women rarely appear during the hours of light. Bareheaded and barefooted they paced the giant pavement which, smooth as glass and hot as sun could make it, surrounds the Kaabah, suggesting the idea of perpetual motion. Meccans declare that at no time of the day or night is the place ever wholly deserted.

Circumambulation consists of seven shouts or rounds of the House to which the left shoulder has turned, and each noted spot has its peculiar prayers. The three first courses are performed at a brisk trot like the French *pas gymnastique;* the four latter are leisurely paced. The origin of this custom is variously accounted for; the general idea is that Mohammed directed his followers thus to show themselves strong and active to the infidels, who had declared them to have been weakened by the air of El Medinah.

At the end of the Ustri, or Seven Courses, we fought our way through the thin-legged host of Bedouins and kissed the Black Stone, rubbing our hands and foreheads upon it. There were some other unimportant devotions which concluded with a douche at the well Zemzem, and with a general almsgiving. This circumambulation ceremony is performed several times in the day, despite the heat. It is a positive torture.

The visit to a Kaabah, however, does not entitle

a man to be called Haji. The essence of pilgrimage is to be present at the sermon pronounced by the preacher on the Holy Hill of Arafat, distant about twelve miles from and to the east of Mecca. This, performed even in a state of insensibility, is valid, and to die by the wayside is martyrdom, saving all the pains and penalties of the tomb.

The visit, however, must be paid on the 8th, the 9th, and the 10th of the month Zu'l Hijjah (the Lord of Pilgrimage), the last month of the Arab year. At this time there is a great throb through the framework of Moslem society from Gibraltar to Japan, and those who cannot visit the Holy City content themselves with prayers and sacrifices at home. As the Moslem computation is lunar, the epoch retrocedes through the seasons in thirty-three years. When I visited Mecca, the rites began on September 12th, and ended on September 14th 1853. In 1862, the opening day was June 8th, the closing June 10th.

My hearers will observe that the modern pilgrimage ceremonies of the Moslem are evidently a commemoration of Abraham and his descendants. The practices of the Father of the Faithful, when he issued from the land of Chaldea, seem to have formed a religious standard in the mind of the Arab lawgiver who preferred Abraham before all other prophets, himself alone excepted.

The day after our arrival at Mecca was the Yaum el Tarwiyah, the Day of Carrying Water, the first of the three which compose the pilgrimage season proper. From the earliest dawn, the road was densely thronged with white-robed votaries;

some walked, others mounted, and all shouting Labbayk with their might. As usual the scene was one of strange contrasts, Turkish dignitaries on fine horses, Bedouins bestriding swift dromedaries, the most uninteresting soldiery and the most picturesque beggars. Before nightfall I saw no less than five exhausted and emaciated devotees give up the ghost and become "Martyrs."

The first object of interest was on the left hand side of the road. This was a high conical hill known in books as Jebel Hira or Hara, but now called Jebel Nur or Mountain of Light, because there Mohammed's mind was first illuminated. The Cave of Revelation is still shown. It looks upon a wild scene; eastward and southward the vision is limited by abrupt hills. In the other directions there is a dreary landscape, with here and there a stunted acacia or a clump of brushwood growing on rough ground, where stony glens and valleys of white sand, most of them water-courses after the rare rains, separate black, grey, and yellow rocks.

Passing over El Akabah, the Steeps, an important spot in classical Arab history, we entered Muna, a hot hollow three or four miles from the barren valley of Mecca. It is a long, narrow, straggling village of mud and stone houses, single-storied and double-storied, built in the common Arab style. We were fated to see it again. At noon we passed Muzdalifah, or the Approacher, known to El Islam as the Minaret without the Mosque, and thus distinguished from a neighbouring building, the Mosque without the Minaret. There is something peculiarly impressive in the tall, solitary town

springing from the desolate valley of gravel. No wonder that the old Arab conquerors loved to give the high-sounding name of this oratory to distant points in their extensive empire.

Here, as we all halted for the noon-prayer, appeared the Damascus Caravan in all its glory. The "Mahmal," or litter, sent by the Sultan to represent his presence, no longer a framework as on the line of march, now flashed in the sun, all gold and green, and the huge white camel seemed to carry it with pride. Around the moving host of peaceful pilgrims hovered a crowd of mounted Bedouins armed to the teeth. These people often visit Arafat for blood revenge; nothing can be more sacrilegious than murder at such a season, but they find the enemy unprepared. As their draperies floated in the wind, and their faces were swathed and veiled with their head-kerchiefs, it is not always easy to distinguish the sex of the wild beings that hurry past at speed. The women are as unscrupulous and many of them are seen emulating the men in reckless riding, and striking with their sticks at every animal in their way.

Presently, after safely threading the gorge called of the Two Rugged Hills, and celebrated for accidents, we passed between the "Two Signs," white-washed pillars, or rather tall thin walls surrounded with pinnacles. They mark the limits of the Arafat Plain, the "Standing-Ground," as it is called. Here in sight of the Holy Hill, Arafat, standing boldly out from the fair blue sky, and backed by the azure peaks of Taif, all the pilgrim host raised loud shouts of Labbayk; the noise was

that of a storm. We then sought our quarters in the town of tents scattered over two or three miles of plain, at the southern foot of the Holy Hill, and there we passed a turbulent night of prayer.

I estimated the total number of devotees to be 50,000; usually, it may amount to 80,000. The Arabs, however, believe that the totals of those "Standing on Arafat" cannot be counted, and that if less than 600,000 human beings are gathered together, the angels descend and make up the sum. Even in A.D. 1853, my Moslem friends declared that 150,000 immortals were present in mortal shape.

The Mount of Mercy, which is also called Jebel Ilál, or Mount of Wrestling in Prayer, is physically considered a mass of coarse granite split into large blocks and thinly covered with a coat of withered thorns. It rises abruptly to a height of 180 to 200 feet from the gravelly flat, and it is separated by a sandy vale from the last spurs of the Taif Hills. The dwarf wall encircling it gives the barren eminence a somewhat artificial look, which is not diminished by the broad flight of steps winding up the southern face and by the large stuccoed platform near the summit where the preacher delivers the "Sermon of the Standing."

Arafat means "Recognition," and owes its name and honours to a well-known legend. When our first parents were expelled from Paradise, which, according to Moslems, is in the lowest of the seven heavens, Adam descended at Ceylon, Eve upon Arafat. The former, seeking his wife, began a

journey to which earth owes its present mottled appearance. Wherever he placed his foot a town arose in the fulness of time, between the strides all has remained country. Wandering for many years he came to the Mountain of Mercy, where our common mother was continually calling upon his name and their recognising each other gave the place its name. Upon the hill-top Adam, instructed by the archangel Gabriel, erected a prayer station, and in its neighbourhood the pair abode until death.

My hearers may be pleased to know that Adam's grave is shown at Muna, the village through which we passed to-day. The mosque covering his remains is called El Khayf; his head is at one end of the long wall, his feet are at the other, and the dome covers his middle. Our first father's forehead we are told, originally brushed the skies, but this stature being found inconvenient it was dwarfed to 150 feet. Eve, again, is buried near the port of Mecca, Jeddah, which means the "grandmother." She is supposed to lie like a Moslemah fronting the Kaabah with her head southwards, her feet to the north, and her right cheek resting on her right hand. Whitewashed and conspicuous to the voyager from afar is the dome opening to the west, and covering a square stone fancifully carved to represent her middle. Two low parallel walls about eighteen feet apart define the mortal remains of our Mother, who, as she measured 120 paces from head to waist and eighty from waist to heel, must have presented in life a very peculiar appearance. The archæologist

remembers that the great idol of Jeddah in the age of Arab litholatry was a "long stone."

The next day, the 9th of the month Zu'l Hijjah, is known as Yaum Arafat, the Day of Arafat. After ablution and prayer we visited sundry interesting places in the Mount of Mercy, and we breakfasted late and copiously as we could not eat again before nightfall. Even at dawn the rocky hill was crowded with pilgrims, principally Bedouins and wild men who had secured favourable places for hearing the discourse. From noon onward the hum and murmur of the multitude waxed louder, people swarmed here and there, guns fired, and horsemen and camel-men rushed about in all directions. A discharge of cannon about three p.m. announced that the ceremony of "Wukuf," or Standing on the Holy Hill, was about to commence.

The procession was headed by the retinue of the Sherif or Prince of Mecca, the Pope of El Islam. A way for him was cleared through the dense mob of spectators by a cloud of mace-bearers and by horsemen of the desert carrying long bamboo spears tufted with black ostrich feathers. These were followed by led horses, the proudest blood of Arabia, and by a stalwart band of negro matchlockmen. Five red and green flags immediately preceded the Prince, who, habited in plain pilgrim garb, rode a fine mule; the only sign of his rank was a fine green silk and gold-embroidered umbrella held over his head by one of his slaves. He was followed by his family and courtiers, and the rear was brought up by a troop of Bedouins on

horses and dromedaries. The picturesque background of this scene was the granite hill, covered wherever foot could be planted, with half-naked devotees, crying "Labbayk" at the top of their voices and violently waving the skirts of their gleaming garments. As it is not necessary to stand literally upon Arafat, we contented ourselves with sighting from afar the preacher sitting after the manner of Mohammed on his camel and delivering a sermon.

Slowly the cortège wound its way towards the Mount of Mercy. Exactly at afternoon prayer-time the two Mahmal or ornamental litters of Damascus and Cairo take their station side by side on a platform in the lower part of the hill. A little above them stood the Prince of Mecca within hearing of the priest. The pilgrims crowded around them. The loud cries were stilled and the waving of white robes ceased.

Then the preacher began the "Sermon of the Mount," which teaches devotees the duties of the season. At first it was spoken without interruption. Then loud "Amin" and volleys of "Labbayk" exploded at certain intervals. At last the breeze came laden with a purgatorial chorus of sobs, cries, and shrieks. Even the Meccans who, like the sons of other holy cities, rarò sanctificantur, thought proper to appear affected, and those unable to squeeze out a tear buried their faces in the corners of their pilgrim cloths.

The sermon lasted about three hours, and when sunset was near the preacher gave the "Israf," or permission to depart. Then began that risky part

of the ceremony known as the "Hurrying from Arafat." The pilgrims all rushed down the Mount of Mercy, with cries like trumpet blasts, and took the road to Muna. Every man urged his beast to the utmost over the plain, which bristled with pegs and was strewed with struck tents. Pedestrians were trampled, litters were crushed, and camels were thrown; here a woman, there a child was lost, whilst night coming on without twilight added to the chaotic confusion of the scene. At the pass of the two rugged hills where all the currents converged was the crisis, after which progress was easier. We spent, however, at least three hours in reaching Mugdalifah and there we resolved to sleep. The Minaret was brilliantly illuminated but my companions apparently thought more of rest and supper than of prayer. The night was by no means peaceful or silent. Lines of laden beasts passed us every ten minutes, devotees guarding their boxes from plunderers gave loud tokens of being wide awake, and the shouting of travellers continued till near dawn.

The 10th of Zu'l Hijjah, following the Sermon, is called Yaum Nahr, the Day of Camel-killing, or Eed el Kurban, the Festival of the Sacrifice, the Kurban Bairam of the Turks. It is the most solemn of the year, and it holds amongst Moslems the rank which Christmas Day claims from Christendom.

We awoke at daybreak, and exchanged with all around us the compliments of the season, Eed Kum Mubarak—may your Festival be auspicious. Then each man gathered for himself seven jamrah,

bits of granite, the size of a small bean, washed them "in Seven Waters," and proceeded to the western end of the long street which forms the village of Muna. Here is the place called the Great Devil, to distinguish it from the others, the Middle Devil, and the First Devil or the easternmost. The outward and visible signs are nothing but short buttresses of whitewashed masonry placed against a rough wall in the main thoroughfare. Some derive the rite from the days of Adam who put to flight the Evil One, by pelting him as Martin Luther did with his inkstand. Others opine that the ceremony is performed in imitation of Abraham who, meeting Sathanas at Muna, and being tempted to disobedience in the matter of sacrificing his son, was commanded by Allah to drive him away with stones. Pilgrims approach, if possible, within five paces of the pillar, and throw at it successively seven pebbles, holding each one between the thumb and forefinger of the right hand either extended or shooting as a boy does a marble. At every cast they exclaim "In the name of Allah, and Allah is Almighty! In hatred to the Fiend and to his shame (I do this)!" It is one of the local miracles, that all the pebbles thus flung return by spiritual agency from whence they came.

As Satan was malicious enough to appear in a rugged lane hardly forty feet broad, the place was rendered dangerous by the crowd. On one side stood the Devil's buttress and wall bristling with a *chevaux de frise* of wild men and boys. Opposite it was a row of temporary booths tenanted by barbers, and the space between swarmed with

pilgrims all trying to get at the Enemy of Mankind. A monkey might have run over the heads of the mob. Amongst them were horsemen flogging their steeds, Bedouins urging frightened camels, and running footmen opening paths for the grandees, their masters, by assault and battery. We congratulated each other, the boy Mohammed and I, when we escaped with trifling hurts. Some Moslem travellers assert, by way of miracle, that no man is ever killed during the ceremony of Raym, or Lapidation. Several Meccans, however, assured me that fatal accidents are by no means rare.

After throwing the seven pebbles, we doffed our pilgrim garb and returned to Ihlal, or the normal attire. The barber placed us upon an earthern bench in the open shop, shaved our heads, trimmed our beards, and pared our nails, causing us to repeat after him, "I purpose throwing off my ceremonial attire, according to the practice of the Prophet—whom may Allah bless and preserve! O Allah grant to me for every hair a light, a purity, and a generous reward! In the name of Allah, and Allah is Almighty!" The barber then addressed me "Nai'man, pleasure to thee!" and I responded "Allah give thee pleasure." Now, we could at once use cloths to cover our heads and slippers to defend our feet from fiery sun and hot soil, and we might safely twirl our moustachios and stroke our beards—placid enjoyments of which we had been deprived by the ceremonial law.

The day ended with the sacrifice of an animal, to commemorate the substitution of a ram for Ishmael, the father of the later Arabs. The place

of the original offering is in the Muna Valley, and it is still visited by pilgrims. None but the Prince, the Pacha, and high dignitaries slaughter camels; these beasts are killed by thrusting a knife into the interval between the throat and the breast, the muscles of the windpipe being too thick and hard to cut; their flesh is lawful to the Arabs, but not to the Hebrews. Oxen, sheep, and goats are made to face the Kaabah, and their throats are cut, the sacrificer ejaculating "In the name of Allah! Allah is Almighty!" It is meritorious to give away the victim without eating any part of it, and thus thousands of poor pilgrims are enabled to regale themselves.

There is a terrible want of cleanliness in this sacrifice. Thousands of animals are cut up and left unburied in this "Devil's Punchbowl." I leave the rest to the hearer's imagination. Pilgrims generally pass in the Muna Valley the Days of Flesh-drying, namely, the 11th, the 12th, and the 13th of the month Zu'l Hijjah, and on the two former, the Great, the Middle, and the Little Satan are again pelted. The standing miracles of the place are that beasts and birds cannot prey there, nor can flies settle upon provisions exposed in the markets. But animals are frightened away by the bustling crowds, and flies are found in myriads. The revolting scene, aided by a shade temperature of 120° Fahr., has more than once caused a desolating pestilence at Mecca. The cholera of 1865 has been traced back to it; in fine, the safety of Europe demands the reformation of this filthy slaughter-house.

The pilgrimage rites over, we returned to Mecca for a short sojourn. Visitors are advised, and wisely too, not to linger long in the Holy City after the conclusion of the ceremonies; use soon spoils the marvels, and after the greater excitements all become flat, stale, and unprofitable. The rite called Umrah, or the Little Pilgrimage, and the running between Mounts Safa and Marwah, in imitation of Hagar seeking her child, remain to be performed. And there are many spots of minor sanctity to be visited, such as the Jannat el Maala, or Cemetery of the Saints; the mosque where the Genii paid fealty to the Prophet; the house where Mohammed was born; that in which he lived with his first wife Khadijah, and in which his daughter Fatimah and his grandsons Hasan and Husayn saw the light; the place where the stone gave the founder of El Islam God speed; and about a dozen others. Men, however, either neglect them or visit them cursorily, and think of little now but returning home.

I must briefly sketch the Holy City before we bid it a final and a willing adieu.

Mecca, also called Beccah, the words being synonymous, signifies, according to some, a "place of great concourse," is built between 21° and 22° of North lat. and in 39° East long. (Greenwich); *

* Both latitudes and longitudes are disputed points, as the following table shows. The Arabs, it must be remembered, placed the first meridian at the Fortunate Islands.

The Atwal	makes the latitude	21° 40′	and the longitude	67° 13′.
The Kanun	"	"	21° 20′	"	"	67° 0′.
The Ibu Said	"	"	21° 31′	"	"	67° 31′.
The Rasm	"	"	21° 0′	"	"	67° 0′.
The Khûshyar	"	"	21° 40′	"	"	67° 10′.

it is therefore more decidedly tropical than El Medinah, and the parallel corresponds with that of Cuba. The origin of the Bayt Ullah is lost in the gloom of time, but Mecca, as it now stands, is a comparatively modern place, built in A.D. 450 by Kusayr the Kuraysh. It is a city colligated together like Jerusalem and Rome. The site is a winding valley in the midst of many little hills; the effect is that it offers no general *coup d'œil*. The views of Mecca known to Europe are not more like Mecca than like Cairo or Bombay,

The utmost length of the Holy City is two miles and a half from the Mab'dah or northern suburb to the southern mound called Jiyad. The extreme breadth may be three quarters between the Abu Kubays hill on the east and the Kaykaan or Kuwaykaan Emdmna on the west. The mass of houses clusters at the western base of Abu Kubays. The mounts called Safa and Maiwah extend from Abu Kubays to Kaykaan, and are about 780 cubits apart. The Great Temple is near the centre of the city as the Kaabah is near the middle of the Temple. Upon Jebel Jujad the Greater there is a fort held by Turkish soldiery; it seems to have no great strength. In olden times Mecca had walls and gates; now there are none.

The ground in and about the Holy City is sandy and barren; the hills are rocky and desert. Meat,

The Nasr el Din makes the latitude 21° 40′ and the longitude 77° 10′.
D'Auville " " 22° 0′ " " 77° 10′.
Niebuhr " " 21° 30′ " " 77° 10′.

Humboldt therefore is hardly right to say "l'erreur est que la Mecque paraissait déjà aux Arabis de 19° trop à l'est." ('Correspondance,' p. 459.)

vegetables, and fruits must be brought from the eastern highlands and grain must be imported viâ Jeddah, the port, distant forty-five miles. The climate is exceedingly hot and rarely tempered by the sea-breeze. I never suffered so much from temperature as during my fortnight at Mecca.

The capital of the Hejaz, which is about double the size of El Medinah, has all the conveniences of a city. The streets are narrow, deep, and well watered. The houses are durable and well built of brick mixed with granite and sandstone, quarried in the neighbouring hills. Some of them are five stories high and more like fortresses than dwelling-places. The lime, however, is bad, and after heavy rain—sometimes ten days in the year—those of inferior construction fall in ruins. None but the best have open-work of brick and courses of coloured stone. The roofs are made flat to serve for sleeping-places; the interiors are sombre, to keep out the heat; they have jutting upper stories as in the old towns of Brazil and huge latticed hanging balconies; the Maswrabyah of Cairo, here called Shamiyah, project picturesquely into the streets and the small squares in which the city abounds.

The population is guessed at 45,000 souls. The citizens appeared to me more civilized and more vicious than those of El Medinah, and their habit of travel makes them a worldly-wise, God-forgetting and Mammonish sort of folk. Circumambulate and run between Mounts Safa and Marwah and do the seven deadly sins is a satire popularly levelled against them. Their redeeming qualities

are courage, *bonhommie*, manners at once manly and suave, a fiery sense of honour, strong family affections, and a near approach to what we call patriotism. The dark half of the picture is pride, bigotry, irreligion, greed of gain, debauchery, and prodigal ostentation.

Unlike his brother of El Medinah, the Meccan is a swarthy man. He is recognized throughout the East by three parallel gashes down each cheek from the exterior angles of the eyes to the corners of the mouth. These "mashali," as they call them, are clean contrary to the commands of El Islam. The people excuse the practice by saying that it preserves their children from being kidnapped, and it is performed on the fortieth day after birth.

The last pilgrimage ceremony performed at Mecca is the Tawaf el Widaa or Circumambulation of Farewell, a solemn occasion. The devotee walks round the House of Allah. He drinks the water of the Zemzem well, he kisses the threshold of the door, and he stands for some time with his face and bosom pressed against the Multazem wall, clinging to the curtain, reciting religious formulæ, blessing the Prophet, weeping if possible, but at least groaning. He then leaves the Temple, backing out of it with many salutations till he reaches the Gate of Farewell, when, with a parting glance at the Kaabah, he turns his face towards home.

I need not weary you with describing how, accompanied by the boy Mohammed, I reached Jeddah on the Red Sea; how my countrymen refused for a time to believe me; and how I parted sadly with my Moslem friends. My peregrinations

ended for a time, and worn out with fatigue and with the fatal fiery heat, I steamed out of Jeddah on the 26th of September in the little "Dwarka," and on the 3rd of October, 1853, after six months' absence from England, I found myself safely anchored in Suez harbour.

NUMBER "NINE," CHIEFLY CONSIDERED IN ITS HISTORICAL AND LITERARY ASPECTS.

BY JAMES CURTIS, F.S.A., V.P.R.S.L., AND OFFICIER D'ACADÉMIE.

[Read March 8th, 1899.]

NOT being a Fellow of the Royal Statistical Society, it may be thought presumption on my part to deal with figures; and being a Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature, it may be considered irrelevant to the objects of this Society to approach such a subject. However, I trust that the matter may be found cognate to our 'Transactions,' and I hope to make it interesting. I sigh for the genius of Swift, who made a work of art out of 'Meditations on a Broomstick.'

The journey to Brindisi was an ordinary adventure in a fly-boat. Horace has made it live for ever.

Voltaire, in his 'Philosophical Dictionary,' writes—

"Pythagoras was the first, it is said, who discovered divine virtue in numbers. I doubt whether he was the first; for he had travelled in Egypt, Babylon, and India, and must have related much of their arts and knowledge. The Indians particularly, the inventors of the combined and complicated game of chess, and of cyphers so con-

venient that the Arabs learned of them, through whom they have been communicated to us after so many ages, these same Indians, I say, joined strange chimeras to their sciences. The Chaldeans had still more, and the Egyptians more still.

"Six had its merit, because the first statuaries divided their figures into six modules. We have seen that, according to the Chaldeans, God created the world in six gahambars. But seven was the most marvellous number; for there were at first but seven planets, each planet had its heaven, and that made seven heavens, without any one knowing what was meant by the word 'heaven.' All Asia reckoned seven days for a week. We divide the life of man into seven ages. How many reasons have we in favour of this number?

"The Jews in time collected some scraps of this philosophy. It passed among the first Christians of Alexandria with the dogmas of Plato. It is principally displayed in the Apocalypse of Cerinthus, attributed to John the Apostle.

"We see a striking example of it in the number of the beast—

"That no man might buy or sell, save he that had the mark or the name of the beast, or the number of his name. Here is wisdom. 'Let him that hath understanding count the number of the beast, for it is the number of a man; and his number is six hundred threescore and six.'

"We know what great pains all the great scholars have taken to divine the solution of this enigma. This number, composed of three times two at each figure, does it signify three times fatal to the third power? There were two beasts, and we know not yet of which the author would speak.

"We have seen that Bossuêt, less happy in arithmetic than in funeral orations, has demonstrated that Diocletian is the beast, because we find the Roman figures

666 in the letters of his name, by cutting off those which would spoil this operation. But in making use of Roman figures, he does not remember that the Apocalypse was written in Greek. An eloquent man may fall into this mistake.

"The power of numbers was much more respected among us when we knew nothing about them.

"Augustin, the Bishop of Hippo, extracted some fine allegories from numbers.

"This taste subsisted so long that it triumphed at the Council of Trent. We preserve its mysteries, called 'Sacraments,' in the Latin Church, because the Dominicans and Soto at their head allege that there are seven things which contribute to life, seven planets, seven virtues, seven mortal sins, six days of creation and one of repose, which makes seven; further, seven plagues of Egypt, seven beatitudes; but unfortunately the Fathers forget that Exodus reckons ten plagues, and that the beatitudes are to the number of eight in St. Matthew and four in St. Luke.

"But scholars have overcome this difficulty; by retrenching from St. Matthew the four beatitudes of St. Luke there remain six, and add unity to this six and you will have seven. Consult Fra Paolo Sarpi in the second book of his history of the Council of Trent."

As Plato held with the Pythagoreans, that number and the elements of number were the elements of all things, therefore the idea must be identical with numbers. In order, therefore, to understand the assertion that Plato did not form an "idea" of numbers, we must be careful to distinguish between the ideal numbers and the numbers which admit of continuation, which are the mathematical.

This theory of numbers is, however, controverted by Aristotle in his 'Metaphysics,' but the state-

ment and the confutation are alike interesting; and particularly noteworthy is it that Aristotle remarks—

"There are seven vowels no doubt, and seven chords or harmonies, and seven Pleiades, and within seven years some animals cast their teeth—some, at any rate, do so, and some do not; and seven in number were those warriors that undertook the famous expedition against Thebes. Is it, then, the case, because such a particular number is naturally suited for such purposes, that on this account either those chieftains amounted to seven, or that the Pleiades consist of seven stars; or were the 'Septem contra Thebas' so on account of the gates of Thebes, or through some other different cause?"

As to Shakespeare's 'Seven Ages of Man,' *vide* a very able article by Mr. J. Winter Jones in 'Archaeologia' of the Society of Antiquaries, vol. xxxv, p. 16.

NINE is a mystical number; the crowning point of the diapason as represented in the Pythagorean system of the universe, whence is derived the idea of the NINEFOLD harmony of the spheres of which Milton sings. Milton makes both the gates of Hell and the depth of the flames that encompassed Pandemonium NINEFOLD; and of the fallen angels he says, "NINE days they fell." According to the Areopagites there are NINE Heavenly Orders of Angels. The Greeks regarded NINE as a triad of triads, the ennead or square of the triad; ergo, the exhaustive plural; and consequently the representation of plural perfection. NINE being the sacred number of the Muses, the last of the series of numeral digits, and the termination of the tones

of music, was held in high honour by philosophers as one of the odd numbers possessing celestial and masculine virtue, and was inscribed to Mars. The NINE digits are the sacred numbers of the Chinese celestial system (Lo-chou). The Hindu religion attaches particular virtue to number NINE, and Buddha himself is regarded as the NINTH incarnation of the God Vishnu.

NINE nagas, or holy serpents, are still worshipped according to the mythology of Southern India; and the Jainas, a sect of the Hindus, classify all creation in NINE categories. Mythology and ancient history especially claim the power of NINE. We have Deucalion's ark, which tossed NINE days before settling on Parnassus; and the Styx, flowing NINE times round Hell, the river by which the gods took oath to Jupiter, who punished any infraction of their vow by banishing them from the Olympian table for NINE years. NINE was a number of significance to Vulcan, for his unnatural mother Juno cast him out when a child from Olympus, and the nymphs concealed him in a cave for NINE years; afterwards restored, he was thrown out by Jupiter, and fell NINE days before alighting on Lemnos. The NINE Pierides, daughters of a king of Macedonia, challenged the NINE Muses to a trial of music, and being defeated were changed into magpies, which may explain the unlucky omen of NINE magpies together on the wing. In Macedonia, a feast in honour of the Muses, lasting NINE days, was annually held; and NINE days formed the duration of the preliminary festival of the Eleusinian mysteries.

The NINE Muses, or the tuneful nine, were Cal-

liope (epic poetry), Clio (history), Erato (elegy and lyric poetry), Euterpe (music), Melpomene (tragedy), Polyhymnia (sacred song), Terpsichore (dancing), Thalia (comedy), Urania (astronomy).

The Acropolis of Athens had NINE gates. Mopsus, a Greek soothsayer, made NINE famous in the annals of augury by his prediction of the number of figs on a certain tree, found to be, as he said, 9999. The original number of the inspired Sibylline books was NINE; the gods of the Etruscans were a select NINE; and NINE virgin priestesses of the old Gallic Oracle ministered at the altar. The ancient Egyptians worshipped a cycle, or "society of the NINE gods;" their tribunal of justice consisted of NINE judges; NINE is the number of the Pyramids of Gizeh (three great and six small); and the feast of the Birth of the Prophet is celebrated at Cairo NINE days and nights. Jewish ritual has ordained a fast in commemoration of the Destruction of the Temple on the NINTH of the month Ab.

The Danes had a barbarous custom of putting NINE out of ten of a conquered city's inhabitants to death. NINE is of further historical moment. Familiar in our mouths as household words are the NINE worthies of the world.

Nares, in his 'Glossary,' says that the nine worthies were famous personages, often alluded to and classed together, rather in an arbitrary manner, like the seven wonders of the world, &c. Thus spoken of in an old poem—

"The *worthies nine* that were of might,
By travaile won immortal praise;
If they had lived like carpet knights,

Consuming idly all their dayes,
Their praises had been with them dead,
Where now abroad their fame is spread."

Paradise of Dainty Devices, p. 112, repr.

Perhaps this is the earliest use of the expression "carpet knights." They have been counted up in the following manner: three Gentiles, three Jews, and three Christians, as the NINE worthies of the world, by Richard Burton in a book on the subject, published 1687; or rather, probably, by Nath. Crouch, bookseller, assuming the name of Burton.

Three Gentiles .	1. Hector, son of Priam.
	2. Alexander the Great.
	3. Julius Cæsar.
Three Jews . .	4. Joshua, Conqueror of Canaan.
	5. David, King of Israel.
	6. Judas Maccabæus.
Three Christians .	7. Arthur, King of Britain.
	8. Charles the Great, or Charlemagne.
	9. Godfrey of Bullen (Bouillon).

But London chose also to have NINE worthies of her own, in testimony to which see a pamphlet, reprinted in the 'Harleian Miscellany,' vol. viii, p. 437, by Richard Johnson, author of 'The Famous History of the Seven Champions.' These worthies were NINE citizens of London, not professionally warriors, but most of whom had some opportunity of gaining martial honour. They are these—

1. Sir William Walworth, Fishmonger.
2. Sir Henry Pritchard, Vintner.
3. Sir William Sevenoake, Grocer.
4. Sir Thomas White, Merchant Taylor.

5. Sir John Bonham, Mercer.
6. Sir Christopher Croker, Vintner.
7. Sir John Hawkwood, Merchant Tailor.
8. Sir Hugh Calvert, Silk Weaver.
9. Sir Henry Maleverer, Grocer.

See also Oldy's 'Cat. of Pamphlets,' No. 270.

Sir Thomas White seems to have been the only quite peaceable worthy among them, whose fame lives in the school he founded in London. The original NINE worthies were often introduced in comparisons for bravery.

> "Ay, there were some present there that were the *nine worthies* to him i' faith!"
> (Ben Jonson, *Every Man out of Humour*, iv, 3.)

Of these NINE worthies none was more revered than Alexander the Great.

From the fame of these personages Butler formed the curious title of NINE-worthiness; meaning, I presume, that his hero was equal in valour to any or all of those nine. Ralpho thus addresses him—

> "The foe for dread
> Of your nine-worthiness is fled."
> (*Hudibras*, pt. 1, c. ii, v. 990.)

As Mr. Birrell says, if Ben Jonson had been living now we might have had—

> "Sir Moses, Sir Aaron, Sir Jhamramagee,
> Two stock-broking Jews and a shuffling Parsee"

as titles for the nouveaux riches in the 'Fin de siècle,' with Sir Jerry Builder.

Brewer, in his 'Dictionary of Phrase and Fable,' writes as to odd numbers, and luck in odd numbers.

"A major chord consists of a fundamental or tonic, its major third, and its just fifth. According to the Pythagorean system 'all nature is a harmony,' man is a full chord; and all beyond is Deity, so that NINE represents Deity. As the odd numbers are the fundamental notes of nature, the last being Deity, it will be easy to see how they came to be considered the great or lucky numbers. In China, odd numbers belong to Heaven, and vice versâ. Good luck lies in odd numbers. They say there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death."—'Merry Wives of Windsor.'

No doubt the odd numbers 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, play a far more important part than the even numbers. *One* is Deity, *three* the Trinity, *five* the chief division, *seven* is the sacred number, and *nine* is three times three, the great climacteric.

According to Pythagoras, by the number of syllables in a man's name the side of his infirmity may be predicted; *odd* being left, *even* being right. Thus, to give only one or two examples—

Nelson (even) lost his right arm and left eye.

Raglan (even) lost his right arm at Waterloo.

The fancy is quite worthless, but might afford amusement on a winter's night.

Further, as to 'Paradise Lost,' we find—

"Nine times the space that measures day and night
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquish'd, rolling in the fiery gulf,
Confounded, though immortal."

(*Paradise Lost,* Book 1, lines 50 to 53.)

Professor Massan, in his notes to 'Paradise Lost,' observes that—

"Commentators have fancied here a recollection of Hesiod, 'Theog.,' 722—5, where the poet, describing the defeat of the Titans by Zeus and their confinement in Tartarus, says that Tartarus is just as far below the earth as the earth is below Heaven, and that as it would take a brass anvil nine days and nights to fall from Heaven to earth, so it would take it nine days and nights more to fall from earth to Tartarus. But, though Milton afterwards ('Paradise Lost,' vi, 871) makes the *fall* of Satan and the other rebel angels into Hell a matter of nine days, the nine days of the present passage are not those nine days of their *fall*, but nine *subsequent* days, during which he supposes the angels to have lain in stupor in Hell after their fall. NINE, as Hume pointed out, was a mystical number, often used by the ancient poets by way of a certain for an uncertain age. He gives instances from the 'Iliad,' the 'Odyssey,' and the 'Æneid.'

"Nine might also be considered as a periphrasis here to remind us of the fact that there was no sun in Hell to mark by its rising and setting the succession of days and nights. In fact, at the time when Satan fell the sun had not yet been created. The creation of the world, including the sun, took place in the course of the nine days during which the fallen angels lay prostrate."

The Court of William III also boasted of "NINE WORTHIES," all members of the Privy Council, viz. Devonshire, Dorset, Monmouth, Edward Russell (four whigs), Carmarthen, Pembroke, Nottingham, Marlborough and Lowther (five tories). NINE is conspicuous in historic fatalities. Homer flourished in the NINTH century B.C., and 900 years after Virgil gained like laurels. The Moors numbered some

900,000, and were driven out of Spain after a lapse of 900 years. NINE great battles of the Wars of the Roses were lost and won. Edward VI ascended the throne at the age of NINE, his majority being fixed by Henry VIII at NINETEEN, which he never attained. and his cousin, Lady Jane Grey, briefly reigned the "NINE days queen." A full account of this reign, being the chronicle of Queen Jane and of two years of Queen Mary, and especially of the rebellion of Sir Thomas Wyatt, written by a resident in the Tower of London, was printed for the Camden Society in 1850. NINETEEN propositions were submitted to Charles I by the parliament before the outbreak of the war, and NINE battles decided the fate of the king. NINE ships of war were taken at the battle of the Nile, and NINETEEN at Trafalgar.

Cervantes, Milton, and Dryden were born on a NINTH of the month, and Bacon, Schiller, Burke, Charles Dickens, and Napoleon III died on a NINTH. On the 9th April, 1747, Lord Lovat was the last criminal who suffered decapitation in England, and on the 9th September, 1855, Sebastopol was taken. Mozart, when only NINE years old, composed in London his first six sonatas, dedicated to the Queen. NINE has been the style of royal figures of renown, viz. Louis the NINTH of France, the canonised St. Louis, hero of the last crusade; Charles the NINTH of France, who, with memories of St. Bartholomew's, blackens the number; thirdly, the uncrowned Henry the NINTH of England, the last Stuart Pretender, who, as Cardinal of York, assumed the title of king and struck a medal. Stefano the NINTH was the first temporal pope, not of Italian

race, and Pius the NINTH was the last temporal Pontiff, for on the fatal NINTH of October, 1870, the Royal Decree of the King of Italy annexed the Papal States. NINE days lies in state the body of the Pope at St. Peter's, during NINE days' funeral service, until the election of his successor begins. NINE has royal honours. George III had NINE sons, and Her Majesty Queen Victoria has presented the nation with NINE children, of whom the Prince of Wales was born on the 9th November, also the date of the civic feast of Gog and Magog. NINE confronts us in Scripture. NINE hundred was a patriarchal age. Methuselah reached the years of 969. NINE kings contended for victory in the Valley of Jordan (Genesis xiv). Abraham was NINETY-NINE years old, and Sarah, his wife, NINETY years old when Isaac was born to them. Canaan (over Jordan) became the inheritance of NINE and a half tribes; Jabin, king of the Canaanites, had 900 chariots of iron, and Og, king of Bashan, rejoiced in an iron bedstead NINE cubits long (this is the first iron bedstead ever mentioned), and on the 9th April, A.D. 30, fell the first Easter day. St. Paul enumerates NINE "fruits of the Spirit." NINE figures significantly in the computation of time, notably the NONES, a division of the Roman month, so called on account of being NINE days from the Ides. Our modern calendar presents a curious anomaly in nomenclature; November, meaning the ninth month according to the year of Romulus, which began in March, is now accepted as the eleventh month of the Julian year. Egyptian historical remains divide the epochs of the nation's

ancient history into NINE "great panegyrical years" (a panegyrical year—365¼ Julian years). Leases were formerly granted for 999 years, and are still for ninety-nine years. Possession is NINE points of the law. Success in a lawsuit is supposed to require—

1. A good deal of money.
2. Patience.
3. A good cause.
4. A good solicitor.
5. A good counsl.
6. Good witnesses.
7. A good jury.
8. A good judge, and—
9. Good luck.

NINE was anciently a figure of etiquette; the Romans prescribed an axiom that the number of guests at a dinner must not be less than three nor more than the Muses (nine), but NINE was not considered *comme il faut* according to their proverb, "septem convivium, novem convicium" (seven for a feast, NINE for a brawl).

NINE furnishes us with justice on the garrotter in the shape of that terror the cat-o'-NINE-tails. NINE is the witch's number of chief potency. The weird sisters in 'Macbeth' use the incantation "thrice to thine, and thrice to mine, and thrice again to make up NINE," and in their caldron they pour "sow's blood that hath eaten NINE farrow;" and the Tom-o'-Bedlam in 'Lear' raves of the "night-mare and her NINE-foal" (or NINE-fold). NINE knots on a thread of black wool are a charm for a sprained ankle, and a stye in the eye is cured

by rubbing it NINE times with a wedding ring. Our forefathers had the number in view in the "Ordeal by Fire" when NINE red-hot plough-shares were laid down; again, the cabalistic Abracadabra was to be worn NINE days. Sailors, as in Dibdin's song, heaved the lead by the invocation of the "deep NINE" (fathoms). NINE even inspires popular sports. The rustics anciently indulged in the game of "NINE holes," or "NINE men's morris," a kind of outdoor chess, mentioned in the 'Midsummer Night's Dream.' We now have golf with nine or eighteen holes courses.

"NINE pins" still survives, and our modern bagatelle has NINE holes for the balls.

The NINE of diamonds in the game of Pope Joan is the Pope (the winning card), and this has been confused with the NINE of diamonds called the curse of Scotland, from the NINE lozenges (saltire) on the arms of the feared whig house of Stair.

NINE occupants form the complement of the University boat. Our English proverbs and sayings connected with NINE are legion, *e.g.* NINE ways. To look NINE ways is a strong expression for squinting. The extract is supposed to be from a free translation of Iliad II, 212—219, containing the description of Thersites. The line subjoined is the translation of a single word in the original "φολκος," which used to be rendered "squinting," though it probably has a different etymology from that formerly assigned to it, and means "bandy-legged." Mr. Roberts, in his note on the extract, observes, "Modern roughs say, 'He looks NINE ways for Sunday.' Cf. NINE-eyed. "Squynted he was, and

looked nyne waies."—Udal's "Erasmus Apophth.," p. 203.

"NINE tailors make a man," perhaps originated in shameless Peeping Tom the tailor; or perhaps from the following. The departure of an adult has sometimes been announced by the tolling of church bells, formerly practised from a belief in their efficacy to drive away evil spirits. It may possibly be that tailors in the above phrase is a corruption of "tellers" or strokes tolled at the end of a knell. In some places the death of an adult was announced by nine strokes in succession; six for a woman, three for a child. I have heard that at Wimbledon now it is still the custom to toll nine times for a man.

It is remarkable that a tailor's business should be considered so derogatory a calling, as a man-linendraper appears to be worse; but if tailors expect glorification, they must change their name and trade, as did the first Lord Carrington, who, I believe, was a tailor or engaged in retail commerce. The following epigram was written on his house when the name of Smith was ennobled:—

> "James Smith lives here,
> Billy Pitt made him a peer,
> And took the pen from behind his ear."
>
> *Anon.*

Perhaps if the three tailors of Tooley Street, mentioned by Canning, had lived in a more self-assertive generation than when they flourished, their petition of grievances to the House of Commons beginning, "We, the people of England,"

might have been considered more important. But 'Alton Locke' may not have been written in vain, and, according to 'Sartor Resartus,' the world may yet recognise the tailor as its hierophant and hierarch. Dignify him with a new name. Call a chimney-sweep a "ramoneur," a confectioner and providitor a "gastronomic artist," a plumber "sanitary engineer," and a shoemaker not a snob, but his old name of "cordwainer," a bit and bridle maker a "loriner" or "lorimer," and then shall the tailor have hope of his calling, and then shall be removed the opprobrium of his trade, existing from at all events as long as Queen Elizabeth, for does it not stand on record that the English Queen Elizabeth, receiving a deputation of eighteen tailors, addressed them with a "Good morning, gentlemen both"? Did not the same virago boast that she had a cavalry regiment, whereof neither horse nor man could be injured; her regiment, namely, of tailors on mares?

"A nimble NINEpence is better than a slow shilling," "a cat has NINE lives," "NINETY-NINE never won a game (in billiards)," a "NINE days' wonder," which arose from the NINE days' morris dance, performed on foot from London to Norwich by Will Kemp, a famous comic actor, in 1599 A.D.; or perhaps in kittens and puppies not seeing the light for nine days. Kemp's NINE daies' wonder performed in a daunce from London to Norwich was printed for the Camden Society in 1840. We learn that William Kemp was a comic actor of high reputation. Like Tarlton, whom he succeeded, he usually played the clown, and was greatly applauded

for his buffoonery, his wit, and his performance of the jig. That at one time—perhaps from about 1589 to 1593 or later—he belonged to a company under the management of the celebrated Edward Alleyn (the founder of Dulwich College), has been proved. At a subsequent period he was a member of the Company called the Lord Chamberlain's Servants, who played during summer at the Globe, and during winter at Blackfriars.

On the first introduction of Ben Jonson's 'Every Man in his Humour,' a character was assigned to him; and there is good reason to believe that in 'Every Man out of his Humour,' by the same dramatist, he represented Carlo Buffone.

In 1599 Kemp attracted much attention by dancing the morris from London to Norwich; and as well to refute the lying ballads put forth concerning this exploit, as to testify his gratitude for the favours he had received during his "gambol," he published in the following year the curious pamphlet which was entered in the Stationers' books as—

"22 Apriles (1600).

"Mr. Linge, Entered for his copye under the handes of Mr. Harsnet and Mr. Man warden a booke called Kemp's 'Morris to Norwiche.' } vi^d."

Ben Jonson alludes to this remarkable journey, in 'Every Man out of his Humour,' originally acted in 1599, when Carlo Buffone is made to exclaim, "Would I had one of 'Kemp's shoie' to

throw after you!" And again, in his Epigrams—or which, "Did dance the famous morris into Norwich."

The date of his death has not been determined. Malone, in the uncertainty on this point, could only adduce a passage from 'Dekker's Guls' Horne Book,' 1609, from which he says it may be presumed "that Kemp was then deceased."

As an example of the description Kemp gives of his journey, I quote from "The fourth day's journey, being Monday of the second weeke. On Monday morning very early, I rid the three myles that I daunst the Saterday before, where alighting, my taberer strucke up, and lightly I trypt forward; but I had the heaviest way that ever had morris dancer trod; yet—

> "With hey and ho, through thicke and thin
> The hobby horse quite forgotten,
> I follow'd as I did begin,
> Although the way were rotten."

"This foule way I could find no ease in, thick woods being on either side the lane; the lane likewise being full of deep holes sometimes I skipt up to the waste; but it is an old proverb that it is a little comfort to the miserable to have companions, &c."

As to the hobby-horse when Kemp's nine days' 'Wonder' was written, the Puritans, by their preachings and invectives, had succeeded in banishing this prominent personage from the morris-dance, as an impious and pagan superstition. The expression seems to have been almost proverbial; besides the well-known line cited in Shake-

speare's 'Hamlet,' Act iii, sc. 2 (and in his 'Love's Labour Lost,' Act iii, sc. 1)—

"For O, for O, the hobby-horse is forgot."

Parallel passages are to be found in various other early dramas. The admirable scene in Sir Walter Scott's 'Abbot,' chap. xiv, must be familiar to every reader, and renders further description unnecessary. The myriad-minded Shakespeare puts in the mouth of the grave-digger, in Hamlet, that "a tanner will last you NINE year," ere his body rot in the earth. NINE, which is called a composite number, is a peculiar factor in arithmetical science, for by the power of "casting out the NINES," the accuracy of calculation in the simple rules of arithmetic may be determined. Repeating decimals signify NINTH parts, and every such decimal is therefore equivalent to a vulgar fraction whose denominator is nine. In astronomy the planetary system resolves itself into NINE: Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, the Asteroids, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune. The zodiac extends nine degrees on either side of the ecliptic. Animated nature has been divided into NINE classes:—1, quadrupeds; 2, cetaceans; 3, birds; 4, reptiles; 5, cartilaginous fishes; 6, spinous fishes; 7, shelled animals; 8, insects; and 9, worms. Chemistry, according to old systems, formulates nine principal Gases and nine primitive Earths; Art recognises nine points of Perspective and nine styles of English Architecture; Music has in the Stave nine degrees (five lines and four spaces), and NINE is an interval in Music; Grammar claims nine parts of speech.

In Heraldry there are nine parts and nine principal charges of the Heraldic Shield; nine Tinctures (seven colours and two metals), and nine Marks of Cadency. Suggestive of the NINE Diamond Jousts in the Arthurian legend, which were for NINE diamonds, our modern chivalry has NINE Orders of Knighthood: 1, Garter; 2, Thistle; 3, St. Patrick; 4, Bath; 5, Star of India; 6, St. Michael and St. George; 7, Indian Empire; 8, Victoria and Albert; 9, Crown of India. There are NINE Orders of Estate (Archbishops and Bishops, Dukes, Marquises, Earls, Viscounts, Barons, Baronets, Knights, Esquires and Gentlemen).

To conclude with literature. Are there not nine books of 'De Augmentis Scientiarum' of Lord Bacon? and in the Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy are there not certainly at least nine points in favour of Lord Bacon's authorship of Shakespeare? viz.:

1. The travelled experience of Lord Bacon as against Shakespeare.

2. The geography of the plays. Bacon's home, St. Albans, is named in the plays twenty-three times; Stratford-upon-Avon, Shakespeare's native place, not once. St. Albans is the scene of Cymbeline. No play is localised at or near Stratford-upon-Avon. And as pointed out in 'Shakespeare Dethroned,' Pearson's Mag., 1897, "York Place" in London where Bacon was born is "tenderly referred to in Henry VIII;" but there is no mention in the plays of any house or place that we know to have been dear to Shakespeare. So Bacon's fall in 1621 is mirrored in Wolsey's fall in Henry VIII, and Wolsey addressing the King is

made to use words actually written by Bacon to James, but omitted from the letter as printed and sent.

3. The Promus Argument, being the wonderful note-book of Lord Bacon, 'The Promus of Formularies and Elegancies,' containing phrases from the Bible, and Virgil and Erasmus, an unmistakable commonplace book for the plays.

4. The Philosophy of Lord Bacon as apparent in the plays.

5. The fact that Sir Edward Coke was a rival of Bacon at the Court, in the profession of the law, and in *love*, both men being suitors for the hand of Lady Hatton; accordingly we find Coke lampooned in the plays.

6. The known classical knowledge of Lord Bacon as against what Ben Jonson called "Small Latin and less Greek" of Shakespeare.

7. The facts of the debts and difficulties of Lord Bacon and his relief therefrom by his brother Anthony, seemingly shown in "The Merchant of Venice" by the relief of Bassanio by Antonio (even the names almost the same).

8. The known legal training of Lord Bacon at Gray's Inn, &c., and the Latin words (nearly 500) in the plays.

9. The Argument from "the Anagram" discovered by Dr. Platt, of Lakewood, New Jersey, viz. that "Honorificabilitudinitatibus," put into the mouth of Costard the Clown in 'Love's Labour Lost,' is to be interpreted "Hi ludi, tuiti sibi, Fr. Bacono nati" ("these plays intrusted to themselves proceeded from Francis Bacon"). It is a

perfect anagram practically agreeing with the word "Honorificabilitudino" written on the outer leaf of the famous Northumberland MS. which indisputably belonged to Bacon. The explanation of this anagram is, however, sought to be combated by E. Marriott in her recent pamphlet 'Bacon or Shakespeare: an Historical Enquiry,' as follows:

"It is not necessary to enter fully into what Mr. Bucke calls the history of the word. But we may just mention that when referring to the scene in 'Love's Labour Lost,' in which the full word occurs (Act v, sc. 1), he quotes 'are you not lettered? Yes, yes; he teaches boys the hornbook. What is a, b, spelt backward with a horn on his head?' The answer to that of course is 'Ba, with a horn added.' 'Now Ba,' continues Mr. Bucke, 'with a horn added, is Bacornu; which is not, but suggests, and was probably meant to suggest, Bacon.'

"This precious specimen of ingenious argument leads up to, and we must do Dr. Platt the justice to acknowledge is improved upon, by the discovery he thinks himself so fortunate to have made, that the exact twenty-seven letters of the full word 'Honorificabilitudinitatibus' would render up *hi ludi tuiti sibi, Fr. Bacono nati,* a specimen of Latin composition which it would scarcely have flattered its supposed author to have fastened upon him, and the English construing is upon the same linguistic level. 'These plays entrusted to themselves proceeded from Fr. Bacon.' The results of several well-known anagrams are not only ingenious, but really very interesting; such, for instance, as the 'Cras ero lux' ('To-morrow I shall be light'), to which Charles I is said to have given utterance when, on the night before his execution, his eye fell upon the 'Carolus Rex' inscribed beneath his own portrait at Whitehall! And again, 'Honor est a Nilo,' from Horatio Nelson, and from 'La Révolution Française,' 'Ôtez le

mot veto et il nous reste un Corse la finira.' But till it shall be thought proof of a prophetical spirit in Lord Nelson's sponsors, when in answer to 'Name this child' they pronounced a name designedly indicating the battle destined to win an earldom for the infant then presented at the font; or again, of a providentially ordained connection between the birthplace of the first Napoleon and the anagram just quoted, Dr. Platt and his admiring friends must excuse us from accepting 'Honorificabilitudinitatibus' for authentic evidence as to the authorship of the Plays."

It may be remarked that "Queen Victoria's Jubilee Year" may be rendered as an anagram, "I require love in a subject," but it may not be the only possible rendering.

I have but touched upon the threshold of my subject "No. 9," which it may be that I do but apprehend and not comprehend (as I agree with Dr. Chenevix Trench that one can comprehend Goldsmith but can only apprehend Shakespeare), and I pause *in limine* with No. 9 as a factor for your consideration, having mentioned, as I conceive, some of its salient points, with neither its fame deposed nor its notoriety increased in the year 1899.

THE LETTERS OF HORACE WALPOLE.

BY SAMUEL DAVEY, F.R.S.L.

[Read April 12th, 1899.]

THE correspondence of Horace Walpole, extending over a period of more than sixty years, from 1735 until 1797, cannot be better described than in the words of the noble author himself. "These letters," he says, "are 'gossiping gazettes.' They contain something of the fashions, customs, politics, diversions, and private history of several years." Walpole may have been overpraised when he was called "the prince of letter writers," although Sir Walter Scott, no mean judge, describes him as "the best letter writer in the English language," and Lord Byron, in praising Walpole as an author, declared his letters "incomparable." But critics, as perhaps some of us know, rather differ in their judgments upon the merits and demerits of an author. Thus Wordsworth calls Walpole "a cold, false-hearted, Frenchified coxcomb."

Macaulay, in the critical spirit of that review which adopted the sanguinary motto of "Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur," gives the following summary of Walpole's character:—"The faults of Horace Walpole's head and heart are, indeed, sufficiently glaring. His writings, it is true, rank as high among the delicacies of intellectual

epicures as the Strasburg pies among the dishes described in the *Almanach des Gourmands.* But as the *pâté-de-foie-gras* owes its excellence to the diseases of the wretched animal which furnishes it, and would be good for nothing if it were not made of livers preternaturally swollen, so none but an unhealthy and disorganised mind could have produced such literary luxuries as the works of Walpole. He was, unless we have formed a very erroneous judgment of his character, the most eccentric, the most artificial, the most fastidious, the most capricious of men. His mind was a bundle of inconsistent whims and affectations. His features were covered by mask within mask. When the outer disguise of obvious affectation was removed you were still as far as ever from seeing the real man." We do not think that the present generation will endorse these ill-natured though clever criticisms of Macaulay. In the High Court of Appeal to Posterity, how frequently have the judgments of sapient reviewers and contemporary critics been reversed! We are now beginning to be somewhat sceptical of the damnatory clauses of the critic's creed.

After such a sketch of Walpole's character made by so eminent a critic as Macaulay, it may be as well in these days of minute biographies to try and learn something of the real character of Walpole from his own correspondence. Cardinal Newman said that his life would be found in his correspondence, and nowhere else. The same might be said of Walpole. Yet it is very difficult in his case to fix, as it were, his character. Like Montaigne, he was

constantly writing about himself, yet how little we know of the inner self of either—"that buried life," as Matthew Arnold calls it, of which we often know the least ourselves! Yet Walpole is never obscure, nor does he ever lose himself in a maze of periphrases. But there is so much playful banter and delicate irony displayed through his correspondence, that it is difficult to know when he is really serious. He once said that "the world is a comedy to those who think, and a tragedy to those who feel;" but he saw the incongruities of human life both in comedy and in tragedy, and with a strange inconsistency he would often write with seriousness upon the most trifling subjects while he trifled with the most serious, but it was not the seriousness which proceeds from absolute sincerity. Of himself he does not pretend to know more than the knowable. "I know nothing but about myself, and about myself I know nothing." Yet when suffering from the effects of gout, a more subdued nature would sometimes show itself, though generally in an evanescent way. Like Heine, he would take a sudden turn after expressing his gravest thoughts, and end in some facetious quibble or smart epigram. In one of his letters he writes: "Poor human nature, what a contradiction! to-day it is rheumatism and morality, and sits with a death's head before it; to-morrow it is dancing." Then he would give an instance like the following in his lightest manner:—"My neighbour Townshead has been dying; she was woefully frightened, and took prayers, but she recovered even of her repentance."

We have ample proof that Walpole was sincere and generous in his friendships. According to Miss Berry, "his affections were bestowed on few for in early life they had never been cultivated." In one of his letters in 1771, writing on the death of Gray, Walpole says, "I thought that what I had seen of the world had hardened my heart, but I find it had formed my language, not extinguished my sentiment. In short, I am really shocked, nay—I am hurt at my own weakness, as I perceive that *when I love anybody it is for my life;*" and this was illustrated by his long friendship and correspondence with Sir Horace Mann, from whom he was parted for nearly half a century. Of such a unique friendship he wrote to Mann not long before his death, "Shall we not be very venerable in the annals of friendship? What Orestes and Pylades ever wrote to each other for four-and-forty years without meeting? A correspondence of near half a century is not to be paralleled in the annals of the post office."

Of his generosity we have ample evidence. When he was a young man, his friend Harry Conway was in somewhat straitened circumstances, and he showed his sympathy for him not only in word, but in deed, like the old Quaker on 'Change who felt £5000 for a friend in misfortune. Addressing Conway, he said, "By living with my father I have little real use for a quarter of my fortune. I have always flung it away, all in the most idle manner. But, my dear Harry, idle as I am and thoughtless, I have sense enough to have real pleasure in denying myself baubles, and in saving a very good income to make a man happy, for whom I have a just

esteem and a very sincere friendship. . . . I am sensible of having more follies and weaknesses and fewer good qualities than most men. I sometimes reflect on this, though I own too seldom. I always want to begin acting like a man and a sensible one, which I think I might be if I would. Can I begin better than by taking care of my fortune for one I love? You have seen (I have seen you have) that I am fickle and foolishly fond of twenty new people! but I don't really love them. I have always loved you constantly." Again in 1764, twenty years afterwards, he reiterates his offer and writes to Conway, after that distinguished man was dismissed from his regiment and deprived of his place in Court, "Let me beg of you, in the most earnest and the most sincere of all professions, to suffer me to make your loss as light as it is in my power to make it. I have £6000 in the funds; accept all, or what you want, do not imagine I will be put off with a refusal. The retrenchment of my expenses, which I shall from this hour commence, will convince you that I mean to replace your fortune as far as I can." A similar offer Walpole made to Madame du Deffand, when she was threatened with the loss of her pension.

In a letter addressed to George Montague, dated August 20th, 1758, we gain some insight into the various whims and moods of his eccentric character. "You cannot imagine," he says, "how astonished a Mr. Seward was, a learned clergyman who came to Ragley while I was there. Strolling about the house he saw me first sitting on the pavement of the lumber-room with Louis, all over cobwebs and

dirt and mortar; then found me in his own room on a ladder writing on a picture; and half an hour afterwards lying on the grass in the court with the dogs and the children, in my slippers and without any hat. He had some doubt whether I was the painter or the factotum of the family; but you would have died at his surprise when he saw me walk in to dinner, dressed, and sit by Lady Hertford. Lord Lyttleton was there, and the conversation turned on literature. Finding me not quite ignorant added to the parson's wonder; but he could not contain himself any longer when after dinner he saw me go to romps and jumping with the two boys; he broke out to my Lady Hertford, and begged to know who and what sort of a man I really was, for he had never met with anything of the kind."

Walpole was, as Macaulay describes him, "a bundle of inconsistent whims and affectations," and these idiosyncrasies of his character gave a peculiar charm to his writings. Like many other original minds, Walpole could not endure commonplace, impotent people; he had a horror of being bored, and, like Stendhal, we think he would have preferred a knave to a fool. Writing in one of his early letters, he says of the people around him, "They tire me, they fatigue me; I don't know what to do with them; I don't know what to say to them. I fling open the windows and fancy I want air; and when I get by myself I undress myself, and seem to have had people in my pockets, in my plaits, and on my shoulders. I find this fatigue worse in the country than in the town, because one

can avoid it there and has more resources; but it is there too. . . . They say there is no English word for *ennui*. I think you may translate it most literally by what is called 'entertaining people' and 'doing the honours,'—that is, you sit an hour with somebody you don't know and don't care for, talk about the wind and the weather, and ask a thousand foolish questions, which all begin with 'I think you live a good deal in the country,' or 'I think you don't love this thing or that.' Oh, 'tis dreadful." And again he writes, "Oh, we are ridiculous animals; and if angels have any fun in them, how we must divert them!" How well he describes the mere fashionable callers or loungers who spend their lives in laboriously doing nothing, but waste other people's time! "I had a crowd of visits, but they all come past two o'clock, *and sweep one another away before any one can take root.*"

Like Charles Lamb, Walpole's delight was in town life. "Were I a physician," he says, "I would prescribe nothing but recipe ccclxv. drachm. Londin. Would you know why I like London so much? Why, if the world must consist of so many fools as it does, I choose to take them in the gross, and not made into separate pills, as they are prepared in the country. Besides, there is no being alone but in a metropolis; the worst place in the world to find solitude is the country. Questions grow there, and that unpleasant Christian commodity, neighbours. Oh! they are all good Samaritans, and do so pour balms and nostrums upon one."

Like Schopenhauer, Walpole seems to have

looked upon Society as composed of so many human porcupines who prick each other in close contact. "The moderate distance which they at last discover to be the only tolerable condition of intercourse, is the code of politeness and fine manners, where, although there is very little warmth, people do not get pricked, and those who transgress are roughly told—in English phrase—to keep their distance." Although Walpole so bitterly inveighed against Society he was never happy out of it. He professed to be almost a Republican at heart, to hold in contempt the mere paraphernalia and outward forms of Royalty, yet when he entertained the Queen and some of the members of the Royal Family at Strawberry Hill, he could even outdo the courtier by his facile obsequiousness and elaborate politeness. Although he affected to despise the ceremonies of court etiquette, yet with all his scepticism, he would occasionally sacrifice a cock to Esculapius, and no doubt like Montaigne he would have kissed the Pope's toe and railed against the practice afterwards. Walpole's sympathies were neither wide nor intense. He could not understand Dr. Johnson, or any of his literary contemporaries (except Gray), for they lived in different mental and ideal worlds. In more senses than one, we make the world we see around us, and the inhabitants of another planet could not be further apart from us than those who live as it were in different mental climates, separated by "odd perversities, and antipathies" either of race, religion, temperament, or education. The world of St. Paul, how different it was from that of Nero! The Pope

sees and inhabits a different sphere from that of Herbert Spencer, and Carlyle breathed another mental atmosphere from that of Dr. Pusey. We talk of an unbiassed opinion; is there such a thing in the world?

In making a selection from Walpole's voluminous correspondence, consisting of nearly 3000 letters, we shall refer especially to those portions which illustrate the social life and manners of society, rather than the politics and general history of the time.

To Walpole the writing of these letters was not the "mere frivolous work of polished idleness," it was, as far as it could be, the serious work of his life, for his chief occupation was in pouring out his mind upon paper and holding conversations by letters with his friends. "Mine," he once said, "is a life of letter writing." The social and literary life of the last century had a large element of anecdote in it. Walpole's correspondence is a perfect storehouse of the best gossiping stories, witty sayings, the latest news, the talk of the town; in fact, it is a running commentary upon the times in which he lived. He casts his search light over society, and we are shown the wits, statesmen, and men of pleasure about town. We are also admitted into the inner select circle of the fashionable world, to the *bas bleu* meetings, and other assemblies where we are surrounded by the beaux and the rakes, the flirts and prudes of these tea-cup days. They are dressed in the antique fashions, and have the stately manners of our great-grandfathers and grandmothers, and we can hardly realise that they

have passed away like shadows and phantoms, fo[illegible]o they seem to be alive and talking to us.

Walpole was an eye-witness of some of the im[illegible]m-portant events of his time. He gives an accoun[illegible]nt of the various occurrences in high life, of th[illegible]he births and christenings of princes and princesses, [illegible] a royal funeral, a royal marriage, and a coronatio[illegible]on, the doings of the Pretender, the trials and exec[illegible]u-tions of the rebel Lords, the Gordon Riots, &c[illegible]; also criticisms on the opera, the theatre, the Pa[illegible]r-liamentary debates, the rise and fall of minister[illegible]s, the American war. All these accounts are inte[illegible]r-spersed with anecdotes and diversified with t[illegible]he humours, amusements, and minor incidents of ever[illegible]y-day life. Walpole lived in an artificial world [illegible] of fashion, and he wrote according to his enviro[illegible]n-ment. Few men, if their correspondence of near[illegible]ly a lifetime were published, would come out as we[illegible]ell as he. Although a great deal of trivial matte[illegible]er and much of the drivel of fashionable life found [illegible] a place in his letters, they are not smutched [illegible] by licentiousness, or titillating innuendos; we a[illegible]re indeed sometimes introduced into the very best [illegible] of bad company, of men high in the peerage of d[illegible]le-bauch, who raised infamy and immorality to a kin[illegible]nd of fame. Everything around him was corrupt i[illegible] i[illegible] religion, morals, and politics. Fast living wa[illegible]a in vogue, and men bloated with gluttony an[illegible]n drunken with the devil's wine "hungered an[illegible]n thirsted after unrighteousness." Of this fashio[illegible]o able existence, miscalled life, George Selwyn was a[illegible] example, who after a night's debauch, on surveyin[illegible] himself in the glass next morning, exclaimed, "[illegible]

look and feel villainously bad, but hang it, it is life, it is life!" No one saw through the shams, follies, and fashions of society more clearly than Walpole; and although with cynical good nature and with a certain tincture of laziness he joined in the diversions, and contributed to the fêtes and galas of his time, he could not help quizzing and making sport of what was going on around him. How he satirized the ignorance and vanity of the upper classes! Never was pride of birth more felicitously ridiculed than in the following extract from one of his letters. Speaking of a family known to the French Ambassador, he says, "They have brought with them a cousin, a Monsieur de Levi. You know how they pique themselves much upon their Jewish name, and call cousins with the Virgin Mary. They have a picture in the family where she is made to say to the founder of the house, 'Couvrez vous, mon cousin!' He replies, 'Non pas, ma très sainte cousine, je scai trop bien le respect que je vous dois.'" This ridiculous story was confirmed by Lord Dover, who added a note in the first edition of Walpole's correspondence with Horace Mann, in which he informs us that there was another picture in the same family, in which Noah was represented going into the ark carrying under his arm a small trunk on which was written "Archives of the house of Levis." This family evidently would have agreed with Heine, "that a man cannot be too careful in the selection of his parents." By the side of this story may be well placed one recorded of the Proud Duke of Somerset, whose conceit was in his high rank and long line of fore-

fathers. This erratic nobleman once declared that he sincerely pitied Adam because he had no ancestors.

Of the ignorance of the aristocracy in Walpole's time we have many ludicrous examples. In a note appended to one of the letters concerning a notorious adventurer and gambler, Sir John Germain, it states that this nobleman was so ignorant that he is said to have left a legacy to Sir Matthew Decker as the author of St. Matthew's Gospel. He tells a good story also of the Dowager Duchess of Bolton, who, when she was told by Whiston that the world would come to an end in three years, said that she was determined to go to China. "Lord William Poulett, though often chairman of committees of the House of Commons, was a great dunce, and could scarcely read. Being to read a bill for naturalising Jemima Duchess of Kent, he called her Jeremiah Duchess of Kent. Having heard south walls commended for ripening fruit, he showed all the four sides of his garden for south walls. A gentleman writing to desire a fine horse he had, offered him an *equivalent*. Lord William replied "that the horse was at his service, but he did not know what to do with an *elephant*."

Walpole tells many curious stories of the sporting, gambling, wagering, and other fashionable follies of his time, when men believed in that blind goddess, chance or luck, rightly named the providence of fools. In one of his letters to Horace Mann, dated April 9th, 1772, he writes, "I went to the House of Commons the other day to hear Charles Fox, contrary to a resolution I had made of never

setting my foot there again. It is strange how disuse makes one awkward. I felt a palpitation as if I were going to speak there myself. The object answered. Fox's abilities are amazing at so very early a period, especially under the circumstances of such a dissolute life. He was just arrived from Newmarket, had sat up drinking all night, and had not been in bed. How such talents make one laugh at Tully's rules for an orator, and his indefatigable application!"

In another letter written about a year afterwards he says, "Lord Holland has given Charles Fox a draft of £100,000, and it pays all his debts, but a trifle of £30,000, and those of Lord Carlisle, Crewe, and Foley, who being only friends, not Jews, may wait."

The following stories may illustrate the brutal coarseness of the time, when bets were made on nearly every event and occurrence of the day, whether serious or trivial. "A man dropped down dead at the door (of White's) and was carried in. The club immediately made bets whether he was dead or not, and when they were going to bleed him the wagerers for his death interposed, and said it would affect the fairness of the bet." At another time, Lord Rockingham and Lord Orford, Walpole's nephew, made a match of £500 between five turkeys and five geese to run from Norwich to London.

One of these gambling stories has a touch of pathos in it. "General Wade was at a low gaming-house and had a very fine snuff-box, which on a sudden he missed. Everybody denied having taken

it; he insisted on searching the company. He did; there remained only one man who had stood behind him, but refused to be searched, unless the General would go into another room alone with him. There the man told him that he was born a gentleman, was reduced, and lived by what little bets he could pick up there, and by fragments which the waiters sometimes gave him. 'At this moment I have half a fowl in my pocket; I was afraid of being exposed, here it is! Now, sir, you may search me.' Wade was so struck that he gave the man a hundred pounds."

Walpole's descriptions of the idle dissipations of the society of his day recall a passage which Lord Byron wrote in one of his letters some years afterwards, "Deplorable waste of time and something of temper, nothing imparted, nothing acquired, talking without ideas. Heigho! and in this way London passes what is called life." In one of Walpole's letters to Miss Berry he describes how "one of the empresses of fashion, the Duchess of Gordon, uses fifteen or sixteen hours of her four-and-twenty. I heard her journal of last Monday. She first went to Handel's music in the Abbey. She then clambered over the benches and went to Hastings' trial in the hall, after dinner to the play, then to Lady Lucan's assembly, after that to Ranelagh, and returned to Mr. Hobart's faro table, gave a ball herself in the evening, or of that morning, in which she must have got a good way, and set out for Scotland the next day. Hercules could not have achieved a quarter of the labours in the same space of time."

Walpole was very severe upon the monstrosities

of the ladies' head-gear, "which," he said, "was so high that their heads seemed in the middle of their bodies." This huge erection was kept together with pins, paste, meal, and pomatum, so as to retain its position for some weeks without the trouble of re-dressing. Thus the natural grace and beauty of a lady adorned with lovely tresses was changed into the fashion of a tower-crowned Cybele. Writing to Lord Hertford in 1764, he said, "Lady Harriot Vernen has quarrelled with me for smiling at the enormous head-gear of her daughter, Lady Grosvenor. She came one night to Northumberland House with such a display of friz, that it literally spread beyond her shoulders." Again, at a later date, he writes to Mann, "Some centuries ago the clergy preached against monstrous head-dresses, but religion has no more power than our Queen, it is better to leave the mode to its own vagaries; if she is not contradicted, she seldom remains long in the same mood. She is very despotic, but though her reign is endless her laws are repealed as fast as made."

As Walpole anticipated, this monstrous fashion passed away, to be followed by one which, in the Irishman's phrase, was "an improvement for the worse." In 1776–83 there were "heads" or "pompons" a yard high, upon which were displayed ribbons, lace, butterflies in spun glass, even it is recorded "a sow with a litter of pigs." Hannah More gives a humorous description of this absurd fashion. "Some ladies," she says, "carry on their heads a vast quantity of fruit. The other night we had eleven damsels here, of

whom I protest I hardly do them justice when I affirm that they had among them, on their heads, an acre and a half of shrubbery, besides slopes, grass-plots, tulip-beds, clumps of peonies, kitchen-gardens and greenhouses. Some of them added four or five ostrich feathers of different colours hung from the top." To this incredible folly Garrick put an end by appearing in the character of Sir John Brute, dressed in female attire, with his cap decorated with a profusion of every sort of vegetable—an immensely large carrot being dependent from each side.

Of the great social movements of our time, of natural and experimental science, political economy, or of any society having for its object the happiness or improvement of the species, there is but little indication in this correspondence. Yet the nineteenth century was casting its shadows before, and we hear at times the mutterings of that loud tornado of vociferation called public opinion. We read of trade unions and of a strike among Walpole's own workpeople. In 1762 he wrote to Sir Horace Mann, "I am in distress about my gallery and cabinet; the latter was on the point of being completed, and is really striking beyond description. Last Saturday night my workmen took their leave, made their bow, and left me up to my knees in shavings. In short, the journeymen carpenters, like the cabinet-makers, have entered into an association not to work unless their wages are raised."

Though Walpole belonged more to the age that was going out than to the age that was coming

he was in some respects in advance of his generation through his love of liberty and freedom. His sympathies were generally on the side of the oppressed, and he was one of the first to make a protest against the African slave trade. Nor did "his Christianity admire the propagation of the Gospel by the mouth of cannon." He did not believe from the first in the subjugation of the Americans; and in the midst of our calamities, when he saw British troops defeated and France joining the colonists and threatening England with invasion, he began to be apprehensive that we should "moulder piecemeal into our insignificant islandhood." Writing in 1774 to Sir Horace Mann, he says, "Don't tell me I am grown old, peevish, and supercilious; name the geniuses of 1774, and I submit. The next Augustan age will dawn on the other side of the Atlantic. There will be, perhaps, a Thucydides at Boston, a Xenophon at New York, and in time a Virgil at Mexico and a Newton at Peru. At last, some curious traveller from Lima will visit England, and give a description of the ruins of St. Paul's, like the editions of Balbec and Palmyra; but am I not prophesying, contrary to my consummate prudence, and casting horoscopes like Rousseau? Yes! well, I will go and dream of my visions." You will probably note the similarity of this quotation to the celebrated reference of Macaulay's traveller from New Zealand, who, in the midst of a vast solitude, takes his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's. This well-known passage was written by Macaulay in 1840; whereas the latter

part of Walpole's correspondence with Mann was not published until 1843, so that it seems hardly probable for the New Zealander to have been acquainted with the Peruvian, unless, indeed, Macaulay had seen some of Walpole's unpublished MSS. at Holland House, where he was a frequent visitor. For it is well known that these papers were a long time in the possession of Lord Holland, to whom they were lent by Lord Waldegrave.

Walpole took very little interest in party politics. His letters reveal the frightful corruptions of his time. He could well say with the old Greek poet Theognis—

> "Fame is a jest, favour is bought and sold,
> No power on earth is like the power of gold."

In one of his early letters (1774) he writes, "You will wonder what has become of me; nothing has. I know it is above three weeks since I wrote to you, but I will tell you the reason. I have kept parliamentary silence, which I must explain to you. Ever since Lord Granville went out, all has been suspense. The leaders of the Opposition immediately imposed silence upon their party; everything passed without the least debate—in short, all were making their bargains. One has heard of the corruption of courtiers, but, believe me, the impudent prostitution of patriots, going to market with their honesty, beats it to nothing. Do but think of 200 men of the most consummate virtue setting themselves to sale for three weeks! I have been reprimanded for saying that they all stood like servants at a country statute fair to be hired."

Three years afterwards he wrote to Conway, "I am writing to you in all tranquillity while a Parliament is bursting about my ears; you know it is young to be dissolved. . . . They say the Prince has taken up £200,000 to carry elections, which he won't carry. He had much better have saved it, to buy the Parliament after it is chosen. A new set of peers are in embryo to add more dignity to the silence of the House of Lords." Again, in 1765, he writes to the Earl of Hertford his contempt of politics and politicians. "The individuals of each party are alike indifferent to me, nor can I at this time of day grow to love men whom I have laughed at all my lifetime. When one has seen the whole scene shifted round and round so often, one only smiles. . . . Think what a Government is sunk when a Secretary of State is called in Parliament to his face 'the most profligate sad dog in the kingdom,' and not a man can open his lips in his defence." In the same year, writing from Paris to Geo. Montague, after an attack of gout, which may in some measure account for his splenetic humour and pessimistic mood, he says, "I desire to die when I have nobody left to laugh with me. I have never yet seen or heard anything serious that was not ridiculous. Jesuits, methodists, philosophers, politicians, the hypocrite Rousseau, the scoffer Voltaire, the encyclopedists, the Humes, the Lyttelton, the Grenvilles, the atheist tyrant of Prussia, the mountebank of history, Mr. Pitt*—are all to me but impostors in their various ways.

* He afterwards changed his opinion with reference to that great statesman.

Fame and interest are their objects; and after all their parade, I think a ploughman who sows, reads his almanack, and believes the stars but so many farthing candles, created to prevent his falling into a ditch as he goes home at night, a wiser and more rational being, and I am sure an honester than any of them. Oh! I am sick of visions and systems that shove one another aside, and come over again like the figures in a moving picture. Rabelais brightens up to me as I see more of the world; he treated it as it deserved, laughed at it all, and, as I judge from myself, ceased to hate it, for I find hatred an unjust preference."

This letter may be regarded as an epitome of Walpole's best and worst style and manner, when he is writing from the vantage-ground of assumed superiority.

In these days of the Primrose League it is interesting to note the part which ladies took in elections in Walpole's time. Writing to Mann in 1784, he says, "Politics have engrossed all conversation, and stifled other events, if any have happened. Indeed, our ladies, who used to contribute to enliven correspondence, are become politicians, and, as Lady Townley says, 'squeeze a little too much lemon into conversation.'" Again, in announcing the dissolution of Parliament, "All the island will be a scene of riot, and probably of violence. The parties are not separated in gentle mood; there will, they say, be contested elections everywhere; consequently vast expense and animosities. . . . Politics are all in all. I question whether any woman will have anything to do with a man of a different

party. Little girls say, 'Pray, Miss, of which side are you?' I heard of one that said, 'Mamma and I cannot get papa over to our side!' We read of the part the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire took in the Westminster election, where it is said she purchased the vote of an obdurate butcher by a kiss, and it would be difficult to find a higher compliment ever paid to a beautiful woman than that of the Irishman when he spoke of this same duchess, 'I could light my pipe at her eyes.'"

It may not be out of place to notice here one of the most prominent characters of Walpole's time, the notorious Dowager Duchess of Marlborough, of whom there are many characteristic stories related. That aged termagant from all accounts seemed to have defied everybody and everything, even death itself. She possessed a tireless and untamable tongue, which she well knew how to use in bullying every one around her. In her old age she took a malicious delight in living,—not that life gave her any pleasure, but merely to torment and disappoint those who were longing for her death, and a share of her great fortune. Walpole, in one of his letters, writes of her, "Old Marlborough is dying, but who can tell? last year she had lain a great while ill without speaking. Her physicians said, 'She must be blistered or she will die;' she called out, 'I won't be blistered and I won't die.' It is unnecessary to say that she kept her word."

We are sorry that space will not allow us to give more fully Walpole's description of some of the important events he witnessed. He gives an interesting account of the troublous times of the Pre-

tender. He was present at the trials of Lord Kilmarnock and Balmerino, also of that arch rebel, Lord Lovat. In one of his letters to Mann, dated March 20th, 1747, he writes, "I have been living at old Lovat's trial; it lasted seven days; the evidence was as strong as possible; and after he had denounced, he made no defence. The old creature's behaviour has been foolish, and at last indecent. I see little of parts in him, nor attribute much to that cunning for which he is so famous; it might catch wild Highlanders; but the art of dissimulation and flattery is so refined and improved, that it is of little use now where it is not very delicate. His character seems a mixture of tyranny and pride in his own villainy. I must make you a little acquainted with him. In his own domain he governed despotically, either burning or plundering the lands and houses of his open enemies, or taking off his secret ones by the assistance of his cook, who was his poisoner in chief. He had two servants who married without his consent; he said, 'You shall have enough of each other,' and stowed them in a dungeon that had been a well, for three weeks. When he came to the Tower, he told them that if he were not so old and infirm they would find it difficult to keep him there. They told him they had kept much younger. 'Yes,' said he, 'but they were inexperienced; they had not broke so many gaols as I have.' At his own house he used to say that for thirty years of his life he never saw a gallows but it made his neck ache. His last act was to shift his treason upon his eldest son, whom he forced into the rebellion. He told Williams on

the Lieutenant of the Tower, 'We will hang my eldest son, and then my second shall marry your niece.' He had a sort of ready humour at repartee not very well adapted to his situation.

"The first day, as he was brought to trial, a woman looked into the coach and said, 'You ugly old dog, don't you think you will have that frightful head cut off?' He replied, 'You ugly old ——, I believe I shall.' The two last days he behaved ridiculously, joking, and making everybody laugh, even at the sentence. He said to Lord Ilchester, who sat near the bar, 'Je meurs pour ma patrie, et ne m'en soucie guères.' When he withdrew he said, 'Adieu, my Lords! we shall never meet again in the same place.' Who does not remember Hogarth's immortal sketch of this monster of turpitude taken just before his trial?"

Walpole gives a very graphic description of the funeral of George II, also of the marriage and coronation of George III. In a letter to Mann on September 28th, 1761, he writes, "What is the finest sight in the world? A coronation. What do people talk most about? A coronation. Indeed, one had need to be a handsome young peeress not to be fatigued to death with it. After being exhausted with hearing of nothing else for six weeks, and having every cranny of my ideas stuffed with velvet and ermine, and tresses, and jewels, I thought I was very cunning in going to lie in Palace Yard, that I might not sit up all night in order to seize a place. The consequence of this wise scheme was that I did not get a wink of sleep all night; hammering of scaffolds, shouting of

people, relieving guards, and jangling of bells was the concert I heard from twelve to six, when I rose; and it was noon before the procession was ready to set forth, and night before it returned from the Abbey. I then saw the hall, the dinner, and the champion, a gloriously illuminated chamber, a wretched banquet, and a foolish puppet-show. A trial of a peer, though by no means so sumptuous, is a preferable sight, for the latter is interesting. At a coronation one sees the peerage as exalted as they like to be, and at a trial as much humbled as a plebeian wishes them. I tell you nothing of who looked well; you know them no more than if I told you of the next coronation. Yes, two ancient dames, whom you remember, were still ornaments of the show—the Duchess of Queensberry and Lady Westmoreland. Some of the peeresses were so fond of their robes, that they graciously exhibited themselves for a whole day before to all the company their servants could invite to see them. The heralds were so ignorant of their business, that, though pensioned for nothing but to register lords and ladies, and what belongs to them, they advertised in the newspapers for the Christian names and places of abode of the peeresses. The King complained of such omissions and of the want of precedent; Lord Effingham, the Earl Marshal, told him it was true there had been great neglect in that office, but he had now taken such care of registering directions, that *next coronation* would be conducted with the greatest order imaginable. The King was so diverted with this *flattering* speech that he made the Earl repeat it several times.

"On this occasion one saw to how high-water mark extravagance is risen in England. At the coronation of George II my mother gave forty guineas for a dining-room, scaffold, and bedchamber. An exactly parallel apartment, only with a rather worse view, was this time set at 350 guineas—a tolerable rise in thirty-three years. The platform from St. Margaret's Round-house to the church door, which formerly let for forty pounds, went this time for £2400. Still more was given for the inside of the Abbey. The prebends would like a coronation every year. The King paid £9000 for the hire of jewels; indeed, last time it cost my father £1400 to bejewel my Lady Orford. A single shop now sold £600 sterling worth of nails, but nails are risen, so is everything, and everything adulterated. If we conquer Spain, as we have done France, I expect to be poisoned."

The awkward observation of Lord Effingham may be well placed by the side of a story Walpole tells us of the beautiful Lady Coventry. "The King (George II) asked her if she was not sorry that there were no masquerades this year. She said no, she was tired of them, she was almost surfeited with most sights; 'there was but one that she wanted to see, and that was a coronation.' The old man told it himself at supper to his family with a great deal of good humour."

Among the amusing passages in Walpole's correspondence are his continual references to the weather. He professed to regard an English summer as a fiction, or an illusion of the poets. As with Byron, though in a more literal sense, his years

were "all winters." Writing to Mr. Montague in June, 1768, he says, "I perceive the deluge fell upon you before it reached us. It began here but on Monday last, and then rained near eight-and-forty hours without intermission. My poor hay has not a dry thread to its back. I have had a fire these three days. In short, every summer one lives in a state of mutiny and murmur, and I have found the reason; it is because we will affect to have a summer, and we have no title to any such thing. Our poets learnt their trade of the Romans, and so adopted the terms of their masters. They talk of shady groves, purling streams, and cool breezes, and we get sore throats and agues with attempting to realise these visions. Master Damon writes a song, and invites Miss Chloe to enjoy the cool of the evening, and never a bit have we of any such thing as a cool evening. Zephyr is a north-east wind, that makes Damon button up to the chin, and pinches Chloe's nose till it is red and blue, and then they cry, 'This is a bad summer,' as if we ever had any other." Like Lord Byron, he never could find a sun done exactly to his taste. "The best sun," he says, "we have is made of Newcastle coal, and I am determined never to reckon upon any other." And again he writes, "We have no summers, I think, but what we raise, like pineapples, by fire."

Walpole was never weary of writing about the earthquakes which frightened the people of London in 1750–56 and in 1783. We think that Lady Sale when in India must have had Walpole in mind when she coolly made in her journal the simple entry, "Earthquakes as usual." In a letter to

ace Mann (1750) he says, "You will not wonder nuch at our earthquakes as at the effects they e had. All the women in town have taken them upon the foot of *judgments*, and the clergy, who e had no windfalls of a long season, have driven se and foot into this opinion. There has been a ver of sermons and exhortations. Secker, the nop of Oxford, began the mode. He heard the nen were all going out of town to avoid the t shock, and so, for fear of losing the Easter rings, he set himself to advise them to await l's good pleasure in fear and trembling." his frantic terror prevails so much, that within se three days 730 coaches have been counted sing Hyde Park Corner, with whole parties, re-ving into the country. . . . Several women have de earthquake gowns, that is, warm gowns to sit of doors all the night." In 1783 he again gossips out earthquakes, and describes one shock "which o. Montague said was so tame that you might ve stroked it."

Before the daily press was established, and the nost hourly post, letters were almost the only ans of communication. Newspapers were few l far between, and there were no leading articles save people the trouble of thinking for themselves. lpole had a certain contempt for the newspapers his day, and he said that the reading of news-pers was one of the chronical maladies of his age; verybody reads them, nay, quotes them, though erybody knows they are stuffed with lies or nders. How should it be otherwise? If any raordinary event happens, who but must hear it

before it descends through a coffee-house to the runner of a daily paper? They who are always wanting news are wanting to hear they don't know what." As an illustration he writes to Horace Mann in 1742, "that when the Duchess of Rutland was told of some strange casualty, she said, 'Lucy, child, step into the next room and set that down.' 'Lord, madam,' says Lucy, 'it can't be true!' 'Oh! no matter, child, it will do for news into the country next post.'" In one of his letters there is a notice of the 'Times' newspaper, 1789, one year after the paper had been established; he writes to the Countess of Ossory, "Have you seen Mr. Cambridge's excellent verses called 'The Progress of Liberty'? They were printed in a newspaper called 'The Times,' but they are ascribed to a young lady."

Our morning papers have expanded since Walpole's time, "from the size of a dinner napkin to that of a breakfast tablecloth," and with all their defects we are and ought to be proud of them in comparison with those of any other nation.

In Walpole's time London passed through a series of panics, arising partly from a morbid love of sensation and exaggeration, as well as from credulity and apprehension accentuated by rumours, "surmises, jealousies, and conjectures" of all kinds floating about, in the absence of reliable news. For nearly all panics, commercial or otherwise, arise from ignorance, suspicion, and excess of fear. "Fear," says Cervantes, "has many eyes;" it also has large ears, a long tongue, and swift feet. An account of these panics arising from reports of wars, rebellions,

invasions, earthquakes, highwaymen, &c., read strangely to us in the nineteenth century. During the Gordon riots one of these excitements reached its height, when the incendiary mob, after releasing the prisoners in Newgate, threatened to let loose the lions in the Tower and the lunatics in Bedlam. There were constant panics arising also from rumours of French invasion. Writing to Geo. Montague in 1760 during the hard winter, Walpole says, "To think what a campaign must be in such a season! Our army was under arms for fourteen hours on the 23rd, expecting the French, and several of the men were frozen when they should have dismounted." In 1774 Walpole describes another panic. "Our roads," he says, "are so infested by highwaymen that it is dangerous stirring out almost by day. Lady Hertford was attacked on Hounslow Heath at three in the afternoon. Dr. Eliot was shot at three days ago without having resisted, and the day before yesterday we were near losing our Prime Minister, Lord North; the robbers shot at the postillion and wounded the latter. The ladies of the bedchamber dare not go to the Queen at Kew in an evening." During this time we read of ladies carrying purses containing bad money to deliver to the highwaymen.

In 1782 Walpole writes, "It would be impossible, in this region, to amass a set of company for dinner to meet them. The Hertfords, Lady Holdernesse, and Lady Mary Coke did dine here on Thursday, but were armed as if going to Gibraltar; and Lady Cecilia Johnston would not venture even from Petersham—for in the town of

Richmond they rob even before dusk—to such perfection are all the arts brought." When condemned to death these highwaymen, especially if they were handsome, were treated as heroes, and they went in triumphant procession to the gibbet. When McLean, the highwayman, was under sentence of death in Newgate, he was a great attraction to the fashionable world. "Lord Mountford at the head of half White's went the first day. . . . But the chief personages who have been to comfort and weep over this fallen hero are Lady Caroline Petersham and Miss Ashe." Surely this waste of sympathy might be compared to "pouring rose water over a toad."

Perhaps some of the greatest social scandals in Walpole's time arose in consequence of the irregular marriages at the Fleet and in certain exempt churches and chapels, "where no license, banns, or formalities of any kind were required." In the fashionable locality of May Fair was a chapel in which one Keith presided, who advertised in the newspapers, and made according to Walpole "a very bishopric of revenue." Walpole in a letter to Montague, in 1748, tells the following story of one of these ill-starred marriages. "You must know, then—but did you know a young fellow that was called Handsome Tracy? He was walking in the park with some of his acquaintance, and overtook three girls; one was very pretty. They followed them, but the girls ran away, and the company grew tired of pursuing them, all but Tracy. He followed to Whitehall Gate, where he gave the porter a crown to dog them; the porter

hunted them,—he the porter. The girls ran all round Westminster, and back to the Haymarket, where the porter came up with them. He told the pretty one she must go with him, and kept her talking till Tracy arrived, quite out of breath, and exceedingly in love. He insisted on knowing where she lived, which she refused to tell him; and after much disputing went to the house of one of her companions, and Tracy with them. He there made her discover her family, a butterwoman in Craven Street, and engaged her to meet him the next morning in the park; but before night he wrote her four love-letters, and in the last offered her two hundred pounds a year to her, and a hundred a year to Signora la Madre. Griselda made a confidence to a staymaker's wife, who told her that the swain was certainly in love enough to marry her, if she could determine to be virtuous and refuse his offers. 'Ay,' says she, 'but if I should, and should lose him by it!' However, the measures of the cabinet council were decided for virtue; and when she met Tracy the next morning in the park, she was convoyed by her sister and brother-in-law, and stuck close to the letter of her reputation. She would do nothing; she would go nowhere. At last, as an instance of prodigious compliance, she told him that if he would accept such a dinner as a butterwoman's daughter could give him, he should be welcome. Away they walked to Craven Street, the mother borrowed some silver to buy a leg of mutton, and kept the eager lover drinking till twelve at night, when a chosen committee waited on the faithful pair to the minister of May Fair.

The doctor was in bed, and swore he would not get up to marry the king; but that he had a brother over the way who perhaps would, and who did." The Fleet Registers, like those of May Fair, contained a large number of titled brides and bridegrooms. Among them was the following:

"February 14th, 1752, James, Duke of Hamilton, and Elizabeth Gunning."

Walpole gives an amusing description of this marriage in a letter to Mann in 1752. "The event that has made most noise since my last is the extempore wedding of the youngest of the two Gunnings, who have made so vehement a noise. . . About a fortnight since, at an immense assembly at my Lord Chesterfield's, made to show the house, which is really most magnificent, Duke Hamilton made violent love at one end of the room, while he was playing at faro at the other end; that is, he saw neither the bank nor his own cards, which were of three hundred pounds each; he soon lost a thousand. . . . Two nights afterwards, he found himself so impatient, that he sent for a parson. The doctor refused to perform the ceremony without license or ring; the Duke swore he would send for the Archbishop. At last they were married with a ring of the bed-curtain at half an hour after twelve at night at May Fair chapel." In 1753 Lord Hardwicke's Marriage Act, a measure for the prevention of clandestine marriages, was passed, and came into operation on March 26th, 1754. In another letter to Mann, 1752, Walpole writes, "The world is still mad about the Gunnings. The

Duchess of Hamilton was presented on Friday; the crowd was so great that even the noble mob in the drawing-room clambered upon the chairs and tables to look at her. There are mobs at their doors to see them get into their chairs, and people go early to get places at the theatres when it is known they will be there." The two Miss Gunnings referred to in the former part of this letter were daughters of Irish parents, and though poor were of good family; they went to London in 1751, and were declared to be the handsomest women of the day. Walpole said that "they could not walk in the park or go to Vauxhall, but such mobs follow that they are generally driven away." Maria, the elder, married the Earl of Coventry. The marriage of the youngest to the Duke of Hamilton we have already described; this lady, after the death of her first husband, married Colonel John Campbell, afterwards Duke of Argyll. She was the mother of two Dukes of Hamilton and two Dukes of Argyll.

As Walpole increased in years, and when "upon the lonely summit of fourscore," though he considered himself "a forlorn antique," yet he seemed in spite of his bad health to enjoy his life, but "he could not make the present time present to him." During the latter part of his life his correspondence was principally addressed to ladies. His letters to Lady Ossory are written in his best style, and are, we think, superior to those addressed to the Miss Berrys. His acquaintance with these ladies, "his two sweet Berries," as he called them, seemed to have warmed the cold embers of his heart and rejuvenated him.

Walpole, after his fortieth year, suffered frequently from severe attacks of gout, yet he lived to the good age of eighty years. The peculiar habits of his life did not tend to ameliorate his painful complaint, for in all weathers after leaving the hottest rooms at midnight, or early in the morning, he would ride with the windows of his coach open. He never wore an overcoat or hat; he would sit in draughts and damp rooms, and go out in his slippers on the wet grass; if he felt a twinge of gout in his face he dipped his head in cold water, "which always cured it." Yet he wondered how it was that he was subject to this "alderman distemper when he could show no title to it." We are in his case irresistibly reminded of Charles Lamb, who in one of his frolicsome humours complained of his inability to cure a cold. "How is it," he says, "that I cannot get rid of this cold? It can't be from a lack of care. I have studiously been out all these rainy nights until twelve o'clock, have had my feet wet constantly, drunk copiously of brandy to allay inflammation, and done everything else to cure it, and yet it won't depart."

Walpole's correspondence will increase in interest as time rolls on. Boswell, in his biography of Johnson, has depicted the literary life and character of his age; while Walpole has shown the passing humours, fashions, follies, and occurrences of society of the same period. In spite of many defects, arising chiefly from a cynical humour, which inclined him to look at the worst rather than the best side of human nature, and to see the ludicrous and the ridiculous more than the humorous aspect of things,

has given the best *surface* history of his time. s sprightly letters, faultless in style and com-sition, will always be entertaining. They are o valuable contributions to the social and poli-al history of the times in which he lived.

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THE RISE, PROGRESS, AND DECAY OF THE ART OF PAINTING IN GREECE.

BY DR. PHENÉ, F.S.A., V.P.R.S.L., F.R.G.S., F.R.I.B.A., V.P. CITY OF LONDON COLLEGE, V.P. BRITISH ARCHAEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION, F.G.S., ETC.

[Read May 10th, 1899.]

THE Persian war had ended—

The Lacedaemonians had signed the thirty years' truce—

Athens, by its naval supremacy, had become the unchallenged mistress of the Aegaean.

She had removed, 465 years B.C., her immense wealth in gold from the sacred depository at Delos to her own temples. Her tributary revenue from the Aegaean islands was enormous.

In this prosperity the Athenians showed wisdom, their levity was of a later date, and instead of seeking new enemies, or oppressing their tributaries, they instituted an age of art which surpassed in glory all their previous conquests, and to this day has served to refine and civilise mankind—a picture not unlike that of Great Britain and her colonies, arts and manufactures.

The temptations which came before Alexander, of Macedonia, were almost similar, after he had obtained supremacy in Greece. But he left to

posterity merely a sounding name, and the history of a sea of blood. While the monuments of the Athenians, though in ruins, exist to this day as unique evidences of supremacy of the mind, exciting the love and admiration of mankind.

The destruction by Xerxes had been so complete that restoration was impossible; while the magnitude and unequalled beauty of the works of the Athenians made this the beginning of the real art era.

I have selected two places, one in Greece and one in Ionia, in Asia Minor, to avoid entering into the general subject of Graeco-Asian art in painting, to which this sketch may fairly act as an introduction.

To attempt in a single reading to give a general description of Eastern art would be simply to frame a catalogue of names of men, places, and works of art produced by the one or at the other, as the case might be, and which, however useful as a reference, would be dull reading for an hour.

That the cradle of such works, as in modern times are included in the term fine arts, was Greece, will hardly be questioned; but its painters and schools of painting are less known to us than its sculptors and its *ateliers*, the *ergasteria*—ἐργαστήρια of the Greeks. Of the sculptures there are examples; of the paintings it is generally supposed there are none. A careful examination of the subject, following it step by step, materially reduces this conclusion; and I propose to lay before you the course I have followed to arrive at this. I shall therefore select painting as an exponent of

Greek art, as in it are recorded its detailed progressions, which may be taken as examples of those of other arts.

My investigations have been personal, and extend over many years. They were not planned, nor even intended to embrace this subject, but one so closely allied to it that it became impossible to dissociate them. And although at first the feature of painting simply came in incidentally, because it could not be overlooked, it so grew on the memory and filled the mind with fascinating thoughts, that, while closely associated with the matter of investigation out of which it grew, it gradually formed a distinct subject, and led to separate investigations through the peculiar interest it aroused.

The original intention was to follow the localities of Greek mythology to search for indications which might have caused the mythologists to invest certain localities with a sacredness which led to the dedication of such peculiar places to one or other of the Greek divinities; so that temples were erected in them to the special deities so selected, and the worship of such deities concentrated locally by the rites and attributes assigned to any special deity worshipped there.

It was a curious and inspiring pursuit, and although started with no systematised conditions, soon so adjusted itself that, commenced without rule, the latter speedily governed the investigation with a force which proved the influence the localities in question must have exercised upon minds subjected by reverential awe, poetic joyance, and love of the beautiful which characterised the Greek

nationalities in particular, and elevated them as a nation above all those of Oriental antiquity.

The magnificence of the Parthenon faded before the temples of Nature's formation; the one is an exhibition of Man's power, the others of God's. Certain natural intelligences are necessary to appreciate this.

The mind must be fixed upon the subject. It must be capable of entering into the hallowed precincts of Nature's temples. It must comprehend her exposition of the beautiful.

The inquirer must be *alone*, and capable of comprehending the voices of Nature.

Then, as at Delphi, Tempe, Olympos, he becomes initiated. No need for the darkened caverns of Eleusis, he is initiated into the visible light, airy scenes of living wonders of the spiritual in NATURE. He feels he can converse with her, he knows her voice, and henceforth there is the interchange, not of words, which often curtail instead of expanding ideas, but of thought, which, contrary to the τέκνον of Nature, as shown by the descent of rivers from mountain summits, flows upwards with a force more overpowering than that of descending cataracts. The one may whirl away and annihilate the body, the other carries up the soul on impalpable and indestructible wings of happiness.

So influenced, the conviction that the intellectual Greeks who became architects, sculptors, and poetical designers—for the poetry of beauty is in their works—must have painted, not only as *graphees* (γραφέες), but as colourists, is inevitable. The crowning glories of their *acropoleis*, the snow-white

fanes, with columns on which rested the heavenward pointing pediment against the deep azure sky, could not have failed to impress. The rich and evergreen groves could not have failed to contrast. The solemn sacrifice and pontifical processions must inevitably have been so retained upon the retina that models were hardly wanting for the graphic delineations. In short, they existed in living pictures of soul-stirring beauty and poetical surroundings. Let the rich colouring in Dean Stanley's description of the local atmosphere drape the whole, and an ethereal picture rises of beauty as purely local to Greece as art was native to the Greeks themselves. Stanley says, with that vigour of description and appreciative pleasure which characterise his pen pictures, while dwelling with delight upon its charms of contrast in its pellucid atmosphere, "The brilliant colouring of an Athenian sky; the flood of fire with which the marble columns, the mountains, and the sea are all bathed and penetrated by an illumination of an Athenian sunset." The "violet"-coloured background of Hymettus throwing up like a jet of volcanic incandescence "the glowing furnace of the rock of Lycabettus, and the rosy pyramid of Pentelicus."

Ovid also in his description mentions the "purple hills of Hymettus" which back the picture.

This description is to bring out the fact that while they must have been painters, perforce their productions must have been beautiful, for nothing but beauty from that of solemn grandeur to airy phantasy surrounded them.

There seems to be an impression that because their works were early, so also they must have had the crudity found in productions by students. But the perfection of their structures in abstruse mathematical proportions; in studied and accurate knowledge of materials, location, and effect; in the solidity of their formations as fabricians,—the unapproachable perfection of grace, symmetry, harmony in the contour of their all but divine, godlike representations of their celestial figures, being unsurpassed because unsurpassable, prove the impossibility of their being capable of producing any but works of perfection on surface areas for depiction of Art.

It is essential to determine this if any interest in the subject of their paintings is to be felt; as, unless it be understood that these works were really works of art, the matter dies of inanition. But one question should settle that point.

Is it possible that the constructors of the almost spiritual temples, which were enriched by sculptures surpassing the beauty of the natural figures they portrayed, could have placed any paintings on the walls of those temples except such as would enrich by harmony the museums their temples became?

These museums were sacred depositories of enormous wealth; national banks, in short, which, in consequence of their sacredness as Temples and Oracles, as Delphi, Delos, &c., were supposed to be secure. Is it possible that with the most costly Art treasures, representing their deities in gold, silver, bronze, ivory, marble, of the most exquisite finish

of their perfect arts, they would allow amongst them any objects of a crude or indifferent description, to destroy the effect of their beautiful collections?

Nor were their painters isolated as unworthy creators of the beautiful. Evidences crop up showing that there was an intermingling of painters and dramatists, the former aiding the force of the latter's works by scenic effects. That the picture needlework, which must have been designed by painters, was priceless in value, being composed of fine threads of gold, which extant examples show were formed of 360 strands or finer threads twisted into one. That a superb work of gold sent to the Persian kings was attributed to Pheidias and Polycleitus, and that Pheidias, the greatest of Greek sculptors, belonged to a family of painters, and was a painter previous to his becoming a sculptor. Had their painting been inartistic it never could have produced by its study the greatest sculptor of the world, whose unparalleled chryselephantine sculptures were clearly invented by him from his draping and pose of models for figure paintings.

The cost and risk of conveying sculpture would prevent competitive contests in it at the great games of the Olympia and elsewhere, hence art contests are less recorded than those of poets and dramatists; but the painter and poet were sometimes united, as we have an example of a successful competitor in painting recording his triumph in a poem before the audience at the games, which had voted him his triumph.

Once more, could men as designers and executers

of these finished works of art of every description permit their works to stand side by side with inartistic works of *any* kind? Or could such keen judges of art, which had become a sacred as well as a national acquisition, study and delight; and in which, whether in literature, music, sculpture, architecture, and every art of the highest class in which perfection of acquisition had been obtained, the general voice of the nation approved or condemned, consent that incorrect imitations of colours of nature surrounding their sacred fanes, or of the temples themselves, or of the celebration of the processional sacrifices, or other sacred rites should debase the whole? Or cease to condemn what would destroy the beauty and the harmony of all around, in which their souls delighted and their nation's pride and competitive honour in excelling in those points over other states or nations was the one great feature at stake?

It was impossible.

Let the subject be advanced a stage by examining their *modus operandi.*

The process was, in each case, the same as that in use now. First, the delineation in outline; rotundity, light and shade followed, and colour completed the picture. This is known, as each was a separate introduction, and in *this* order; and the painter who introduced each one is specially credited with its adoption. The advance from archaic to finished work is as carefully noted in sculpture.

As to the first—outline.

Diodorus Siculus describes this as being one of the strictest mathematical elementary processes as

applied to delineation of the human figure. So rigid were the rules that a drawing or other subject being bisected, or equally divided, and the two parts sent to different operators to complete, two exact figures would be produced, even of the human form, by placing the two halves together. It may be therefore confidently assumed, that in representing objects of still life, architectural or other decorations or designs, whether for attire, gold work, drapery, or other purpose, the method would be identical with the present one of proceeding; as in the case of a cornice, a dress, a mural decorative pattern, a gold chalice, decorative armour, &c., *i. e.* after defining the proportionate dimensions; to fill in the space with only so much of the design as would exhibit the designer's pattern, leaving the process of repetition to the simple manual delineator on a plain surface.

So, too, in matters of relievo, the διάπτυξις of the Greeks, the section would determine the amount of projection, as well as the form of the pattern, and if an *intaglio*, the depth of that.

It is not established, I think, whether the sculptor used the process of pointing, as now practised, but the mathematical precision, already referred to, as given by Diodorus, was probably, in carving, whatever the material might be, a refined though laborious study, now superseded by the pointing apparatus.

On the other hand, it may have been the same, the mathematical calculations regulating the depth to which, in lieu of the present mechanical pointing tool, the sinking should penetrate. In any case it

is essential to consider this to avoid the idea of very forced *technique*, which is not probable in face of the mathematical feature which disposes of it. Though as Diodorus does not describe the process of producing the other half of the statue or other object, and the expertness of the Greeks in ceramic art and modelling being known, a clay model might have been attached by the sculptor to the existing half of the object, and manipulated into the form of the opposite or "other hand" absent counterpart before the sculptor carved it.

The Egyptian statues are, however, so painfully uniform in position and feature that they seem to indicate exact measurements. The statement by Diodorus is also merely as to a possibility, as no advantage could accrue from making a statue in two halves; but under pressure of time half-models in clay may have been sent to indicate the whole figure. This sculpture, from Memphis, shows that the Aegyptians could make portraits in stone, unless it is by a Greek hand, as the portraits from Aegypt now in the British Museum are. It is of the twenty-sixth dynasty.

The question of Aegyptian art is brought prominently forward in the case of the paintings at Beni-Hassan. These paintings are not only unusually brilliant in colour, but much more freely drawn than Aegyptian paintings in general. The grouping is good, but perspective is wanting. They retain the hard outline characteristic in the figures in the hieroglyphics, though the trees are natural. The brilliancy of the colouring is due to their not having been removed from the preserving atmo-

sphere of their original locality, but the style of grouping betrays the Greek influence, and even the hand of the Greek artist, made subservient *to* the general style of the Aegyptian hieroglyph, to humour the lovers of the native portrayal.

It is beyond question that the process for enlarging and reducing the size of paintings was precisely that in modern use. On a tomb at Thebes this is exactly delineated, and as Aegyptian art must have had no slight influence on the earlier Greek art, this may be looked on as an example of "the survival of the fittest." In using this term, however, I in no way adopt the idea of evolution in art. Progress and advancement of course, but excellency in art was a national feature of the Greeks, in sculpture and the drama. Had it been evolutionary, it would have continued, but with the cessation of the Greek nation, as a nation of art freemen, came a decadence in the arts made by Greece her own, from which such arts (of which undoubted examples are extant in architecture and sculpture) have never recovered.

That such a change was inevitable, even had the Greeks remained free, is obvious, as the efflatus which stirred the Greek mind to almost superhuman excellence was the impression that in surpassing the earthly they revealed the heavenly semblance of their gods. This is clear even in their matchless buildings, which evoked the comparison of one of the greatest thinkers of his day, when he described a temple as "a building of God, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Again, where mere uniformity was not sought,

but the extreme beauty of the human form was demanded, the exact method in use by modern masters was adopted. Not only were living models resorted to, but they were selected for the special beauty of some one part of the figure in particular. The face, attitude, hand, eye, foot, arm, and general contour was, in each case where perfection was desired, copied from a separate model, supplied, regardless of cost, by the persons wishing to possess such examples of perfection in art. In all minor details the means were the same as in modern use,—easels, palettes, colours in boxes with divided compartments, brushes, the camel's-hair pencil in particular, and so forth.

The point of which we know the least is that of colour. But that colours were used, and of the most refined and delicate nature, is not a question, as beautiful examples remain in exquisitely coloured statues of the finest marble. This puts crudity altogether aside. In the use of colours a refinement paralleled with their taste in sculpture is shown by the examples still existing.

This refinement is found for the most part in the drapery of female figures.

At this point two features present themselves. There is the colouring of the drapery, and the exquisite elegance of the drapery itself.

We can realise the perfection of the temples; of the sculptured human figures, both nude and draped; so beautiful that another great thinker drew a metaphor from them, as "living and lively stones built up a spiritual house;" and of the colouring of the sculptures also,—all these have been

dilated on by writers on art, but the drapery *per se* has attracted less attention. It is, however, a most important factor in the inquiry. The cast of its grace arises from the fine texture of the material; no robes would fall into the minute and graceful folds of those of the Greek figures but such as were of the most delicate textures. Showing at once that the Greeks of the *artistic age* either made or imported fabrics of the finest materials. In any case, that they were made in that age and highly appreciated by that people. Moreover it is clear that the delicate colouring on the sculptured robes was the colouring of the attire of their potential women.

You have, then, with these facts an easy realisation of Athens in its grandest art features. By sea and land equally imposing. The gradual slope from the Peiraeeus, terminated by the abrupt, but evidently truncated, wild-looking mount, covered with the supremacy of man's art, the snow-white mansions of the gods, on its Acropolis. The superb Parthenon, with its majestic figure of Athena, towering into the azure sky. The graceful Erechtheium. The Propylaea and other structures, the whole studded with statues in bronze and gold rising from marble altars, amidst palm and olive trees in imported gardens and orchards,* with effigies of the attired noble women, and graceful details of their surroundings, even to the colours of their dresses.

* The figures lately found in excavating the *débris* on the Acropolis all hold an apple in the hand. The love of artificially placed gardens is an Oriental feature in history. Athena's olive tree on the Acropolis was a sacred tree.

Add to all these the wondrous atmosphere and the surroundings already quoted as described by Dean Stanley, by Leighton and others, and the picture is complete.

Before entering these dwellings of perfection in Art, let the question be put once more. Would they, or could they have allowed ill-drawn, inappropriate, miscoloured objects, by whatever names called, to destroy by their presence such perfection of artistic beauty? It is *impossible.*

Entering, then, the, to them, sacred precincts, what glories would meet the beholder! Statues of the highest perfection in gold, silver, ivory, and bronze. The paraphernalia of their ceremonials in the golden furniture of their temples. Superb gifts, and votive offerings, from all the crowned potentates of the earth. The wonders of art workmanship from every known country. And the walls, not covered with mural paintings, but with pictures on panel, by painters who became princes in fortune, from the excellency of their works. Is it possible to think that amidst all this art beauty, painting alone was vile? Had it been so it would not have been admitted.

But there is no need to go upon supposition. Accounts, meagre as they are, crop up on investigation quite sufficient to satisfy the genuine inquirer.

The contests between painters of the greatest eminence, as well as between the poets and dramatists of Greece, took place at the Olympian and other games. National emulation between the different artistic states led to this; but particularly at

Delphi paintings are mentioned as forming parts of the exhibitions to which visitors were admitted.

The probation to which deputations and devotees were subjected was long in the oracular and initiatory districts, years and months succeeding each other according to the wealth of the visitors; every luxury was provided, and the aromatic groves were filled with statues, shrines, and enticing beguilements; and the wealth-laden delegates were detained till their gold and jewels were exhausted; absorbed by the oracular authorities.

Galleries in the temples were not only specially allotted to picture exhibitions, but were actually so named; as the Pinacotheca of the Propylaea on the Acropolis at Athens, and the Pinacotheca in the temple of Samos; the choicer works being located in the more sacred parts—the light, according to Vitruvius, being from the north, as now used.

The paintings therefore, as well as the sculptures, and the figures of Greek deities in gold gemmed with costly jewels, superb cameos, and intaglios cut in precious stones; records, oracular inscriptions, historical trophies, tapestry in gold and coloured needlework, representing fights and sieges of cities, the arms of heroes, the diadems and sceptres of mighty kings; enormous enamels, as the shields of Hercules and Achilles, on which the dragons seemed to move from their lifelike appearance; bronze vases of immense dimensions as described by Herodotus; cups of Dodonean brass, of apparently *repoussé* work, as described by Virgil. Superb robes of State, worked in gold and rich

colours and jewellery of the finest work, became sacred treasures of the oracular temples. These paintings must have been works of high merit in the artistic eyes of the national judges, to be looked upon as sacred treasures of the religious emporium of the world, to exhibit the beauty for which special galleries were appointed, and the charms of which were the baits to beguile the tedium of what was really official religious imprisonment.

But the painters and their works must be individually referred to,—their skill and special attainments, their reputation, estimation in which their works were held, and the enormous prices paid for them.

Before investigating these points it will be well to note why all this description is given before any reference to the places first mentioned has been made.

Athens was then as it is now the centre of Greek life, of Greek art, and Greek beauty, on a scale of magnificence not capable of comparison with the present age. To-day our choicest art exhibitions are collections of treasures of the past, as well in antiques in art, as in mere objects of antiquarian interest, from every place under heaven, as in all the magnificent museums of Europe, culling from the past every fragment of their choicest works.

There were antiques then, but the love of rapine in war, the studied annihilation of conquered nations' relics, the greed with which every object worked in the precious metals, was reduced again to its value in weight by the furnace, continued to the present

day by the remorseless melting-pot, destroyed all the finer works, while the habit of burning the palaces of kings, and even the temples sacred to the gods, would destroy paintings, more particularly those on panel, so completely as to leave a doubt in men's minds as to whether such things had ever existed.

In the days when Greek art was at its highest, Athens, having removed its great sacred treasures from Delos, was the centre of the world of art; science as then known, which embraced philosophy and mathematics; architecture; sculpture; poetry; the drama; music; occupied the minds of the cultivated. While the populace was entertained with gladiatorial shows, horse racing, athletic contests, and florid ceremonials, terminated by hecatomboian sacrifices which became feasts to the people, while the upper classes revelled in costly and luxurious banquets, equalling their draughts of mental refinement.

There was no time for the past. Such historic antiques and relics as the Greeks had would be sent to the sacred oracle fanes of Delphi and Delos. All in Athens was of the then—to-day. The Athenians, and all the strangers that were there, met together to "hear or to say *some new thing*."

The temples on the Acropolis and other temples which had galleries, were, from being marts for sale, perpetually changing exhibitions. The most prominent places, the walls, were devoted to the exhibition of paintings.

The whirl of fashion and society would put the exercise of thought out of the question, and the

execution of paintings of merit impossible. Athens had its painters, but their studios were more show places for their finished pictures than *ateliers*.

The secluded ports of Sicyon, Aegina, Epidaurus, were no doubt the work-places for the painters of Athenian repute. Painters, because the risk of removal of sculpture, would explain the localisation of Athenian sculptors, whereas the transmission of paintings could be much more easily accomplished.

Corinth was a second Athens so far as levity of life and occupation went, but the mere levity of life in Athens was worse in Corinth, from its chief temple being dedicated to Aphrodite, so that the city was a mart of debauchery. Still Corinth had its painters, who, with those of Athens, would have places of retirement for the execution of their works, as the Athenian painters had. Sicyon itself, like our Universities, was a sacerdotal city, through its suburban sacred hill city—Cleonae.

My first ramble in the Peloponnesus was from Corinth to Sicyon; I am not able to forget it if I wished. And it was impressed on me not only from ascending the Acro-Corinthus when it was covered with snow, but making the whole journey from Corinth to Cleonae in a snowstorm. I was disappointed at this, but it had good results, for the snow putting research out of the question, caused a desire, to satisfy which I was obliged to make journey after journey from Mykenae, Argos, and Corinth, to investigate this very interesting place.

Without the oracular mysticism of Delphi, Cleonae is the best example extant of a purely sacerdotal Greek city. Its construction is most peculiar. At

Delphi the present dwellings stand upon the early terraces, artificially cut to a great extent, on the hill ascending towards Parnassus, in regular tiers without—as far as I could perceive—any spiral connection. But at Cleonae, although the former buildings can only be traced by their foundations, or rather, cuttings in the rock to form level sites, in which the wooden upright timbers of the dwellings would be placed and braced together internally, similar to the rectangular levels cut in Arieopagus at Athens, yet their ascent in a continuous spiral way wanted only ordinary technical knowledge to follow, as in the *remains* of the spiral ascent on the north side of the Acropolis at Athens. Cleonae was the hill set apart for the dwellings of the priests, who officiated in the solemn ceremonies of the Sicyonic festivals called Nemea, originating in the contest of the warriors in the expedition of "The Seven against Thebes," through whom a royal infant was slain by a Draconic priest while his nurse left him to show the warriors a well at which to drink. On their return finding the dead infant, they retaliated by the death of the priestly murderer, to commemorate which event they constituted a fraternity, which either took possession of the existing abodes of the priests of the former worship, which was prevalent throughout the district, or selected Cleonae as a site for their officiating in the newly introduced faith, which was heliacal, or sun-worship. So great was the sacredness of the area, that the Nemean games ranked as one of the four great festivals of Greece, and the district even bore the title of the "dwelling-place of the blessed."

Although Sicyon itself is not imposing, its investiture with these special rites, and the establishment of the milder worship in lieu of the immolation of human victims in the former prevailing one, made it a place of great note; so much so that the little town of Cleonae became honoured as an independent state, and shared with Corinth and Argos the umpireship in judicial decisions. To the north was, across the Corinthian Sea, the ascending and sacred way to Delphi; above that, Parnassus, with its fane sacred to Apollo and the nine Muses, amid the most fragrant and beauteous groves, which still exist, towered against the sky.

There could be no better place for the inspiration a painter seeks—Nature in its beauty as well as its grandeur. And here Greek art made its first grand advance.

In the priestly city Cimon of Cleonae, Κίμων in Greek, introduced into Grecian painting foreshortening, represented muscular articulation, with that the most graceful attitudes of the human figure. Authors differ as to his date, but the more approved opinion is that he lived in the time of Solon, upwards of 500 years B.C.

His merit was soon recognised, and the sums paid for his paintings were larger and proportionate with his improvements in the art to any before paid to Greek painters.

Previous to the time of Cimon, Sicyon had been noted for its painting on vases and ceramic work in general. The value of these rested not only in the skill the artist displayed upon them, but in their portability. They served, moreover, to per-

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BEAUTIFUL BUT EFFEMINATE ASIA.

Sketch of a Sculptured Ornament.

petuate pictorially the mythological legends and historical traditions of the Greeks, and great commercial value, in days when barter was the general mode of payment, attached to them.

Cimon, by elevating painting from its rigid condition of *technique*, stimulated the Greek mind to activity in this art. It was followed up within about a generation by Polygnotus, who raised the reputation of Athens by still further excellences; but here again the painter was not an Athenian, but a man of Thasos. It was the seclusion of the islands of Aegina, Thasos, Samos, &c., that encouraged the mind to dwell on the great feature of portrayal by painting, just as the capitals became immediate places of exhibition and commercial profit to the painters.

The schools of Asia were, up to the period of Polygnotus, much in advance of Greece in diversity and style of art.

It will be well to turn to these before treating of art, as it soon became of equal merit in these two countries, or rather their dependent islands.

If this were merely a picturesque lecture, I could please myself and amuse you by a pen-and-ink sketch of Athens in its highest glory, not only with its special works of art, but with the *dramatis personae* of its places of assembly, in politics, philosophy, and its schools and disciples of law, rhetoric, drama, poetry, music, &c., selecting the most famous philosophers, their special scholastic robings, the ceremonies of ostracism, initiation, procession, and sacrifice, and proceedings in the great games, ceremonies of the Panathenaia,

Thargelia, Hecatombia, and the endless way in which they whiled away the times of peace; as well as their military spectacles. But it is a subject relating to the special purpose under consideration, and although all these may be looked upon as sections of it, yet they are less definitely so than that of painting, which also is less familiar even to painters, to say nothing of amateurs. I therefore propose to take a primary glance at the condition of art in Asia.

Ephesus was, in all the essential features described as pertaining to Athens, a second Athens, except that its physical features were reversed.

The great Temple of Diana which was successively destroyed (mostly by fire, and again rebuilt for eight consecutive times) was founded in the mythical ages, hoar with antiquity, but instead of the lordly elevation of the Athenian Acropolis, the temple of Ephesus was in a swamp—not improbably as infested with malaria then as it is now.

Above the temple rose the not very lofty mount now known as Ayasaluk, and from ancient foundations around the present Turkish buildings, and also beneath them, this appears like Cleonae, the place of residence of the priests of the temple, a sacerdotal hill city of the priests of Artemis. In each case, apparently for health, dedicated to the beneficent sun, whether as Apollo, Helios, Herakles, or any other name. In each case the land or temenos about Cleonae and the Ephesium was unhealthy, one of the reasons no doubt for the frequent celebration of the Nemea in the winter, *i. e.* during a healthy frost. It is obvious how the

dragon of the swamp became associated with the Heliacal worship, and how, whether at Delphi, Cleonae, or Ephesus, the health restorer was worshipped on the rising hill, while the sun deity was said to slay the dragon or python. I reserve, perhaps for a future occasion, reference to this architectural wonder of the world, because the subject being that of painting there is no time for it; and also because I recently gave a *vivâ voce* sketch of it on the columns of Ayasaluk, now located at Virginia Water.

It is remarkable that both of these places have vast semblances of the serpent form. The summit of Phlius bore the name Tricarános, three-headed; the three parts seen being the three highest parts of a serpentine form. Ayasaluk is a mount approached, as at Pergamos (called "Satan's seat"), by an undulating incline which Turkish engineering has reduced to a steadily ascending road, the former undulations being still prominent.

It was in the cavern in the head of this mount that persons were initiated into the mysteries of Demeter, who was worshipped at both places.

The Ephesium was a second Parthenon, so far as its art treasures went. There is less direct information as to the contents of its museum. Writers did not refer much to art, still less to paintings as artistic treasures, till this part of Asia was reduced by the Persian conquest, and its treasures taken in spoil. Later on it had a celebrated picture by Apelles.

On the other hand, Ionia and its people, the Greeks of Asia, practised fine art of every description before the Greeks took up the subject on systema-

tised grounds. Fine art had, to all intents and purposes, died in the main land of Asia from the time of the Persian invasion.

Notwithstanding this, the subject is clearly defined. Taking the Ephesium as a museum of all the fine arts, which appears to me indicated by the peculiar mammiform appearance of the Ephesian Diana, as the mother of all gifts to mankind, it may certainly be assumed that it was one of the richest, as it was one of the largest, if not the largest in the world. But, as in the case of Athens, its painters and studios were not *in*, and apparently very few were *of* Ephesus. After the destruction of Troy it was the mart of the world of Western Asia, and its commercial importance as one of the greatest seaports between Aegypt, Greece, Magna Grecia, or South Italy, and its connection with all the Carthaginian places of commerce would have brought merchant princes in abundance to purchase examples of the fine arts as well as matters of ordinary commerce.

All this is plain, but it has already been seen that these bustling places of fashion and resort were not, as we all know, suited for mental study and creative thought.

Ephesus was in this respect an exact counterpart of Athens. Its painters and their workshops were in the adjoining islands; Samos, Cyprus, Rhodes took the lead, as they, as to their art treasures, were apparently unmolested by the Persians.

In working up this part of my researches I found so many hindrances through want of communication between the islands and with the mainland that in

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POMPEIOPOLIS.

From a Sketch by the Author in his First Tour in Asia Minor, 1854.

order to follow it I was compelled to have a yacht of my own. Thus provided, and with bilingual contracts, and charts in Greek and English, and a Greek captain well recommended by the British vice-consul, I passed many months in investigations in all the islands, enjoying the most delightful scenery, the most picturesque incidents of Greek island life, and seeing and learning more of the island inhabitants, their relics, habits, and ideas, than could possibly have been obtained in any other way; while I revelled in the luxurious views and delights which inspired their painters and designers in every art.

I found the younger men in the Greek priesthood, pretty good antiquaries and fairly read in real Greek, though the modern Romaic is the language spoken and understood by the people.

Not a little unscientific digging has been going on since the excavations by Schlemann and Cesnola. The extreme difference in the exhumed treasures proving how totally distinct Greek life in the islands was and still is as compared with the other islands and with the main land of either Greece or Asia. The special dialects and traditions of each once independent island being still traceable in old MSS. in their secluded monasteries.

It was in these islands that the painters of the Ionic school lived, worked, thought, and succeeded in laying that foundation of the art of painting that culminated in the glories of Grecian art. For, on the Asiatic temples and museums being plundered, and the marts for sale and exhibition destroyed, they migrated to Greece; and Sicyon became

the most famous Greek school for painting, not only from its care and improvement in art, but from the purity of its style, and the high moral feeling of its productions.

Influenced undoubtedly by proximity to the sacred precincts of Delphi, and the unequalled beauties of Parnassus; nauseated with the levity of the Athenians, and the gross immorality of the Corinthians, the priestly retirement of Cleonae would regulate their lives. And, as many of these men relieved their minds by interchange of thought on the momentous questions then agitating mankind, whether philosophical, literary, or otherwise, they would become a select community, enjoying the history of the former land of their forefathers; reviving its traditions, its Homeric poems, its glorious heroism, and matchless art, in their paintings. How would such men petition Minerva, goddess of wisdom, for inspiration to depict these subjects! How would not the local traditions of Nemea, Cleonae, Phlius, Mykenae, Argos, the scenes of Agamemnon's grandeur and piteous decease, live in them with the actual scenes and monuments all around! Ancient times, remote history even in those days, but supported by the stupendous evidence of Tiryns; the wonders of Cyclopean art of the mountain fastness of Mykenae; the charms of the Heraeon and its museum inviting to moral purity. The temple of the instituter of Marriage, Hera, guardian of Argos, from whose city those seven reformers started to annihilate the man-slaying orgies of Oedipus, and halted on their crusade to wipe out the same enormities at Nemea.

All these places within a pleasant day's walk. Every foot of ground they trod on being sacred to Hera or to Zeus. And as they passed along, the crowning Corinthus towering in the sky, till the orange and lemon groves of Epidaurus intoxicated them with their delicious perfumes and almost celestial views. These were the scenes in which the earliest skill in Grecian art was awakened. These the scenes in which the purest *morale* of the Greeks lingered, hoping against hope, against despair, till the Roman Aedile Scaurus, 58 B.C., had all the paintings then at Sicyon taken to Rome, for Sicyon was bankrupt.

But it was not to Greece only that the painters of Asia fled for employment. The Carthaginians, the people of South Italy, *Magna Grecia,* with its luxurious cities of Crotona, Sybaris, and Tarentum, received and encouraged them for a time. Aegypt under Ptolomy Soter, Ptolomy III, and Ptolomy Philopater, all encouraged painting and Greek painters till Alexandria was described as more Greek than Aegyptian. The paintings at Beni-Hassan were probably Greek secreted from Roman plunder. For Rome despoiled Asia, Greece, Carthage, Sicily, and every school of art of its paintings, till the once princely artists of the Greek and only perfected school of painting of the past, had no place left in the earth, and painting was taken up by slaves.

All the great collections in Rome were destroyed. And as Rome had plundered and destroyed all the schools and museums of art throughout the Mediterranean, so she was now condemned to see her

stolen goods despoiled by the bardaric tribes of the North, destruction by contending factions and religious dissensions followed, and Art died. The Greeks created painting, Rome destroyed Greece and her Art.

Then the dark ages threw a pall over the deceased nation of heroes, poets, dramatists, musicians, painters, architects and sculptors, and workers in gold, ivory and gems,—hiding the ghastly picture. And modern students work on a new creative art, not dissimilar to that of Greece, whose pictures were entirely, in one form or another, of water-colour painting, which is becoming the characteristic of English art, as being the highest if not the only school of its kind of modern times as compared with the Continental ones. Nor is she, England, deficient in heroes, poets, or dramatists, equal to those of ancient Greece.

The Greek spirit revived in Italy in painting in oil, hardly, if at all, used in Greece, and in the same way; the paintings being of Christian divinities and saints. The Greeks produced an effect of oil painting by wax and glazing with varnish.

It was stated, at the outset of this reading, that a catalogue of places, pictures, and painters in Greek art would be avoided on the ground of tediousness. But it is impossible to treat a great subject entirely in this general way. To those who have not made it a study, it might seem that the description was one of imagination; to those who have, the omission of the names of the leading painters of the Greek school would be deemed a serious mistake.

Without, therefore, cataloguing names or pl
a few prominent ones will be mentioned, and t
will be selected of persons noted either for
improvement in the Art, or having the reput
of some special excellence in it.

It has been pointed out that Cimon of Cle
introduced foreshortening and muscular articula
That Polygnotus improved on these, adopted
ing, studied composition, and action, all perfe
by Apelles, each introducing in his day a fea
so admired, that increasing sums were given
their productions. Enormous amounts were
for what public opinion decreed as great in pain
so that a picture was sometimes valued at the
of a town. Polygnotus, who has been referre
painted men as of a somewhat spiritual cla
beings, or rather, selected for his subjects
persons whose purity of soul and refinemen
mind was revealed by their noble features
bearing.

That such persons are still to be met wit
must all have experienced. And when eager
uncorrupted youth glows with the ardour of
and the maintenance of right, we have all
countenances bearing an angelic stamp.

The difficulty of seizing the fugitive effe
great, but this painter seems to have possess
in a peculiar degree; and one of his critics, Arist
describes him as painting men better than they
compares him with one who painted men w
than they are, and with another who painted
as they are. This was not a question of
attitude, or detail, each of these points the

writer describes separately; but for this soul or ethical feature he calls him ἠθογράφος, the ethical painter. His monetary success attracted others, of whom were Dionysius, Pleistaenetus, and Panaenus, but none of them possessed this special power, which no *technique* could give. Also Pheidias and Micon.

Some of these were specially noted for painting portraits, one for horses. Timagoras defeated Panaenus in a painting contest at the Pythian games. Apollodorus and Zeuxis are noted for their works, but both made scene-painting also a pursuit.

Parrhasius of Ephesus, Eupompus of Sicyon, and Timanthes of Cythnus were of this school and date, and were all noted painters. To this school was attributed the invention or introduction of what is called tone, or ἅρμογη, and the introduction of the shadow of the object painted; ἅρμογη (ἁρμονία), harmony, meant more than tone. It meant beauty, sweetness as in the sister art of music, perfection, and must have included composition, chiaro-oscuro and perspective.

The Helen, painted by Zeuxis for the people of Croton, was executed from five models, selected from the most beautiful virgins of the city. This picture was highly valued.

Parrhasius crowned himself the king of painters. He had a contest with Zeuxis and was successful. His works were good, but he debased art by immoral subjects. He was defeated by Timanthes, in a public contest, at the Delphian games.

The Greek art was perfected through a sentence.

A student, consulting Eupompus of Sicyon as to whose style he should follow, was told in reply, "Let nature be your model, not an artist."

Chiaro-oscuro does seem to have been an evolution; its appearance is not clearly defined as introduced by any individual artist, but arose in the Sicyonic-Athenian school.

A great evidence of the success of painting in a commercial sense lies in the fact that the Greek islands where the artists worked, and in which their paintings were collected, had a gold coinage long before the main land of Greece itself had, which indicates great international commerce. The Persian coinage was current in Asia till the Lydian coinage. Early Greek coins had no device, which carries back the unstamped gold coins found in Cornwall to a very remote traffic with Britain.

As each stage of advance was made the works of preceding painters would show deficiency, and would decline in value.

Works of Art in Greek museums if ranged in order of date would show each advance in Art, and would be of great value to students and of interest to visitors. The sculptures would exhibit mythological deities, from the serpent-shaped men found in the Theseum to the models and studies of Pheidias.

It is not probable that the large sums paid out of the national treasuries for works of each step of advance in painting would be lost by the removal and destruction of the works so purchased.

The enormous sums expended in their picture galleries shows their estimation of the contents;

thus the Propylaea, devoted almost entirely to art exhibitions, cost nearly half a million of our money. Apelles paid a talent to become a painter student at Ephesus, and later on, a similar sum to pursue his studies in painting at Sicyon. Talents differed in value, but at the value of the lowest these fees were enormous.

Time will not permit much, but some few special points of artistic acquisition may be quoted as illustrative of individual excellence of certain painters. Zeuxis, as has been shown, selected living models for one or other personal beauty. He is also noted for painting fruit and flowers so perfectly that the birds would come to eat the fruit. Eupompus so improved the school of painting at Sicyon, that the former classification of the schools of painting into the Greek and Ionic were in his time classed as three, viz. the Ionic, the Sicyonian, and the Attic. Apollodorus became the head of the Attic school, Eupompus of the Sicyonian. He taught the master of the great perfecter of art, Apelles; the latter enjoyed the friendship of Alexander the Great, and is even said to have rebuked him when in conversation the king exhibited his ignorance of art. Apelles on visiting the studio of Protogenes in the island of Rhodes, finding the latter abroad, filled his time by drawing on a large panel in the studio an extremely narrow lineal outline. On the return of the owner of the studio he at once recognised the outline as the work of Apelles, who had gone away. Protogenes then drew a line on this, so fine that it bisected the fine line of Apelles, and went out. Apelles returned

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APHRODISIAS, NEAR ADALIA.

From a Sketch by the Author in his Fourth Tour in Asia Minor.

and drew a third outline, so extremely delicate that it bisected the outline of Protogenes. The painting was taken to Rome, and formed an exhibition of the wonderful power and accuracy of Apelles.

The great point of interest to many persons is, are there any examples of such paintings still existing?

I can answer this from some of my own researches, and also from several discoveries of such works.

In examining the paintings in the tombs of Etruria, and the catacombs in the Campania, a close inspection showed, in both cases, that the original paintings had been restored, in some instances more than once. Atmospheric effects and friction had, here and there, removed the later pigments, which had been prepared and laid on in an inartistic manner. In several cases these causes had revealed brilliant colouring of a very superior kind, and execution of a high class of art; mural painting was looked on as beneath the attention of the great Greek painters when art was in its prime. But these paintings were not only by Greek hands, but when even high-class painters had to seek a lower level for a living such distinction would have died out. Again, the great Greek mural painters prepared their plaster grounds in so perfect a way, that they were impervious to damp, and so hard that panels of the paintings could be cut from the walls, and were like slabs of marble for durability, and several such paintings exist. The material was precisely that used in the damp courses, tiles of the roof, and other parts of the Etruscan temple I exhumed from under White Hall, *white*

and extremely hard. Greek paintings on wooden panels, brought from Aegypt, are in the British Museum and other national buildings. An original, well-preserved Greek painting on their white cement was discovered on the Esquiline in Rome, and is now at the Vatican. The figures, drawing, colours, and composition are highly spoken of. And five or six paintings, of undoubted Greek work and excellent execution, are in the National Museum at Naples. I have examined all of these, but the opinions I quote are those of others. These facts were obtained from personal observation in travel, and an examination of the works of classical writers, of whom many give references, as Herodotus, Diodorus Siculus, Pausanias, Strabo, Livy, Plutarch, the elder Pliny, Vitruvius, Cicero, Aelian, Aristotle, De Quincey, whose splendid work I exhibit, and others.

These writers are, however, mostly consulted for historical data, and not for art. Little being known of painting, from the general destruction of works of art, and the classics having for some time ceased to be fashionable reading, the subject seems one of the past. But the intense freshness which comes with the fascination of following it up, step by step, on the old classic ground of Greece itself, with the evidences of location and wondrous surroundings at every hand, rewards a method, I think, never before adopted.

The unexpected gleams of light which pour in upon the mind from such a course are as numerous as they are surprising and delightful, giving charms

o the country that no verbal or literary description can produce.

While one seems to live again in the history of the past, the untouched magnificence of nature in the distant views of Olympos, Parnassus, the Acropoleis of Corinth, Athens, Argos, Sparta (Mistra), Bassae, Messenia, Ithomé, Phigalia, Mykenae, Pergamos, Patmos, Samothrace, and the other islands unaltered from the original beauty they bore when the poets, painters, sculptors, pictured the men and times of the heroic ages, when Homer extolled war and Hesiod peace, recall without a cloud the very scenes they saw, of which a nearer view shows the glory is departed. But apart from that, these scenes are still the same as those which led these men of thought to become those poets, painters, and sculptors on their road to appreciative enjoyment, and the conferring of refined delight on their race and age, and on posterity.

MAHA-BHARATA, THE ILIAD OF ANCIENT INDIA.

BY PROFESSOR ROMESH DUTT, C.I.E., F.R.S.L., BARRISTER-AT-LAW, LECTURER ON INDIAN HISTORY, UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

[Read June 14th, 1899.]

AMONG the many brilliant discoveries in the different departments of human knowlege for which the present century will always be remembered in the history of mankind, the discoveries in the sphere of Archæology and Ancient History are by no means the least brilliant or the least important. The successful researches of scholars and explorers in Egypt and in Babylonia, in India and in China, have effected a complete revolution in our knowledge, have widened the horizon of human history, and have broadened our ideas of the destiny of the human race. There are not a few of us, present here to-night, who were taught in our early school days to look for the origin of human civilisation, of philosophy, arts, and religion, in the annals of Greece and Rome, some six or seven hundred years before the birth of Christ.

But we have revised these early impressions, and we now trace the origin of civilisation from a period, not some hundred years, but some thousands of

years before the birth of Christ. It almost seems as if an impenetrable mist which bounded the horizon of our knowledge has suddenly lifted, and beyond that mist, which marked the extreme limit of our historical knowledge, we now perceive for the first time long vistas of human civilisation stretching back through endless cycles and ages. This wonderful extension of our historical knowledge, almost within our lifetime, may be not inaptly compared to the experience of many a traveller who visits lofty mountains for the first time in his life. It often occurs to a traveller in the Himalayas, as it occurred to me some twelve years ago at Darjeeling, that during the first few days of his visit he sees nothing before him but the lower ranges of hills, rising to a height of eight or ten thousand feet; and he admires these graceful ranges in all their wild beauty. Suddenly one fine morning the mists clear up, and the traveller turns his admiring eyes from the lower ranges, which bounded his horizon before, to the loftiest mountains in the world—the wonderful peaks of the snow-covered Himalayas—rising to a height of 28,000 or 29,000 feet. The first sight of this lofty array of stupendous peaks strikes him speechless with wonder, and creates in him, as it created in me, an impression never to be forgotten in life. It is with something like this feeling of wonder that we turn from the civilisation of Greece and Rome to the hoary antiquity of Egypt and Babylon, of China and of India, which has now been revealed to us.

So far as we know now, the edifice of human civilisation was first reared in these four gifted

lands, and curiously enough it was reared by the four great families of men of the old world. The Semitic race developed their earliest civilisation in Babylon, the Hamitic race in Egypt, and the Turanian race in China; and the great Aryan race who now rule the best portions of Europe, Asia, and America, developed the earliest form of their civilisation in India.

The early civilisation of India must necessarily have a greater interest for all of us than the civilisation of other ancient countries, not only because India and England are at the present moment bound together by political ties, and are proud to own the sovereignty of the beloved Queen whose eightieth birthday we have recently celebrated, but also because early Aryan thought and culture must always have a deeper interest for all Aryan nations. We cannot fix the earliest date of Indian civilisation, but we know from records which have been unearthed in Babylon and Egypt, that some two or three thousand years before Christ, a Sanscrit-speaking nation, *i. e.* the ancient Hindus, lived on the banks of the Indus, and exported cotton and other products and manufactures of their land to Babylonia and to Egypt. For many centuries the Hindus lived in the Punjab, and it was there that they composed those beautiful hymns in their beautiful Sanscrit language, some of which are still left to us and are known under the collective name of the 'Rig Veda.' The period during which the Hindus lived in the Punjab is therefore known as the Vedic Age, and extended from some unknown date, two or three thousand years before Christ, to

about fourteen or fifteen hundred years before the Christian era.

But to-night I wish to speak—not of the remote Vedic Age—but of the next succeeding age, the Epic Age of ancient India, extending from fourteen or fifteen hundred years B.C. to about a thousand or eight hundred years B.C. You will, therefore, perceive that the Epic Age of India partially corresponds in point of time with the Epic Age of Greece, and that the great war of the 'Maha-Bharata' was contemporaneous, within a century or two, with the Trojan War. But while the Epic Age of Greece was the very infancy of Greek civilisation, the Epic Age of India is a comparatively recent period of Indian history, and comes after a long period of an anterior and remote civilisation. India was old in her civilisation in the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries before Christ, when Greece was in her early infancy, receiving her first nourishment from the East.

In this Epic Age, extending, roughly speaking, from 1500 to 1000 B.C., the whole of Northern India had attained a high state of civilisation, and was parcelled out into small states and kingdoms, flourishing side by side, bound together by a common language, a common civilisation, and a common religion, and thus forming a great confederation of cultured Hindu nations. Among these nations there were four which distinguished themselves above the rest by their prowess, arts, and civilisation. Two of these nations, the Kurus and the Panchalas, lived along the upper course of

the Ganges, and their great war is celebrated in the great epic, the 'Maha-Bharata,' which may justly be called the Iliad of ancient India. Two other nations, the Kosalas and the Videhas, lived in the tracts of the country now known as Oudh and North Behar, and their supposed deeds are celebrated in another old Indian epic, the 'Ramayana,' which may be called the Odyssey of ancient India. These are the two great epics of ancient India, and it is of the first of these, the Iliad of India, that I wish to give a brief account to-night.

The 'Maha-Bharata' is a vast and encyclopædic work, and is, in fact, the growth of ages. Its subject is a great war of the Kurus or Bharatas—hence the name 'Maha-Bharata,' which means the great Bharata nation,—and the authorship of the work is ascribed to a saint, Vyasa, who is supposed to have lived at the time of the war. But apparently the work has grown with the lapse of centuries. Songs and ballads relating to the war were composed and recited in the courts of Northern India during the centuries immediately succeeding the event, and thus the war became the centre of a cycle of poems, traditions, and legends, a thousand years before Christ, even as Arthur and Charlemagne became the centres of legends and songs in Europe a thousand years after Christ. The real facts of the war were obliterated by age; legendary or mythological heroes became the principal actors, and thus an imaginary account of an historical event grew up and became the national epic of the great confederation of ancient Hindu nations. Every succeeding generation of poets had something to

add, every distant nation of Northern India interpolated some account of its deeds in the old national chronicle, every preacher of a new creed sought to have in it some sanction for the truths he promulgated. Legal codes and rules of caste were interpolated, and all the floating mass of tales, traditions, legends, and myths, for which ancient India was always famous, found shelter under the expanding wings of this wonderful epic. By the first centuries after Christ the epic had grown to nearly its present proportions, a poem of over ninety thousand couplets, in which the crystal rill of the epic itself is almost lost in a sea-like delta of religious and didactic episodes, legends, and myths, tales and traditions.

To ancient Indians this storehouse and encyclopædia of Indian thought and tradition was suitable, because it was the study of their life-time. But the modern reader has a wider field of knowledge and a greater variety of subjects before him; he has to economise his time and to arrange and classify his subjects; and in order to judge the great Indian epic he has to sift it from the mass of superincumbent matter in which he finds it embedded. Fortunately this is still possible. The leading incidents and characters of the 'Maha-Bharata' are still clearly discernible, uninjured by the mass of foreign matter in which they lie covered, even as the immortal marbles of ancient Greece and Rome remained embedded in earth or amidst ruins for centuries, and have now been recovered, and form the most valuable treasures of the museums of modern Europe. It is in this manner that the leading story of the

ancient Indian epic has to be recovered, and to be judged as an epic, and as a work of art.

Judged in this way the Indian epic will be pronounced one of the greatest works of art the human mind has ever conceived. And it is in that highest form of art—the delineation of human character and the development of human incidents—that the 'Maha-Bharata' takes its pre-eminent place among the master works of the world. No work of the imagination, except perhaps the Iliad, is so rich and so true as this Indian epic in the portraiture of the human character—not in torment and suffering as in Dante, not under strong and overwhelming passions as in Shakespeare, but human character in its calm dignity, in healthy action and in healthy repose.

As we read this venerable, ancient poem, the first epic of the Aryan race, the characters live and move round us, act and suffer amid us, distinct and lifelike, and with all the simplicity and truth of ancient life. The old monarch of the Kurus, sightless and feeble, but majestic in his ancient grandeur, is the Priam of the Indian Iliad. The venerable Bhishma, righteous and truthful and unconquerable in war; the doughty Drona, a warrior priest and a Brahman fighter; the proud and fiery Karna—each of them has a distinct character of his own.

The righteous and pious Yudhishthir, the stalwart and "tiger-waisted" Bhima, and the accomplished and "helmet-wearing" Arjun, are the Agamemnon, the Ajax, and the Achilles of the Indian epic. The Kuru prince Duryodhan is proud and jealous, vindictive and relentless, and as a character of flesh

and blood, as a man of undying hatred and unyielding determination, has no superior in the epic of any nation. And Krishna possesses a character higher than that of Ulysses; unmatched in human wisdom, ever striving for justice and peace, he is unrelenting in war when war has begun. And the women of the Indian epic possess characters equally marked and pronounced. The stately and majestic Kuru queen Gandhari; the doting and loving mother Pritha; the proud and scornful Draupadi, nursing her wrath till her wrongs are fearfully revenged; and the bright and brilliant and sunny Subhadra—these are distinct images pencilled by the hand of a true master in the realms of creative imagination.

Such is the opinion which is formed from the study of the epic as an epic, separated and recovered from the mass of foreign matter in which it lies embedded.

I may perhaps be permitted to mention here that I have myself recently ventured to attempt this task, and to translate into English verse those portions of the 'Maha-Bharata' which narrate the leading incidents of the real epic. My plan is very simple; I have added nothing to the original, and, except in the description of the actual war itself, I have condensed very little. I have simply selected those passages which tell the leading incidents of the epic, separated them from all episodical matter, and have placed them before the English reader in an English metre which best preserves the rhythmical movement, the sweep and majestic flow of the Sanscrit *Sloka*. I have generally rendered each Sanscrit couplet into a corresponding English

couplet, thereby making my translation tolerably faithful; but I have not attempted a literal, word for word translation, but have rather sought to convey the spirit and the full import and significance of the original in my English version. I may be pardoned for making these few remarks about my own work; it was necessary to do so, as in the brief narration of the story of the epic which I am about to undertake it will be necessary to read a few passages from my own translation. I may add that while the selected passages which I have translated virtually tell the whole story of the real epic, they tell the story within the reasonable limit of about 2000 English couplets, instead of 90,000 couplets as in the original work. With these remarks I now turn to the story.

According to the epic, Pandu was the king of the Kurus or Bharatas, but died early. His brother Dhrita-rashtra became king, and brought up the five sons of Pandu along with his own hundred sons. The jealousies and wars between these cousins, *i. e.* between the five sons of Pandu and the hundred sons of Dhrita-rashtra, form the subject of the epic.

Yudhisthir, the eldest son of Pandu, was a man of truth and piety. Bhima, the second son, was a stalwart fighter, and, as I have said before, is the Ajax of the poem. Arjun, the third son, is the hero, the Achilles of the poem. On the other side, Duryodhan, the eldest son of the Kuru king, was renowned for his strength of character and his undying hatred for his cousins.

The princes were all instructed in arms, and a

great tournament was held, in which the five sons of Pandu and the hundred sons of Dhrita-rashtra showed their proficiency in arms. Arjun, the third son of Pandu, excelled all others, until suddenly an unknown warrior, Karna, entered the arena, and then Arjun met his equal and his lifelong rival. The rivalry between Arjun and Karna is the leading thought of the Indian epic, as the rivalry between Achilles and Hector is the leading thought of the Greek epic.

I will quote only a few lines describing the first advent of these great rivals—the real heroes of the epic—on the field of tournament.

The Advent of Arjun.

Gauntleted and jewel-girdled, with his bow of ample height,
Archer Arjun, pious-hearted, to the gods performed a rite;
Then he stepped forth proud and stately in his golden mail encased,
Like the sunlit cloud of evening with the radiant rainbow graced;
And a gladness stirred the people all around the listed plain,
Beat of drum and blare of trumpet rose with *Sankha's* festive strain!
"Mark the gallant son of Pandu, whom the happy Pritha bore;
Mark the heir of Indra's prowess, matchless in his arms and lore;
Mark the chief of dauntless valour, peerless in his skill of arms;
Mark the prince of stainless virtue, decked with grace and varied charms!"

*Pri*tha heard such grateful accents borne aloft unto the sky,
*Mil*k of love suffused her bosom, tear of joy was in her eye!

* * * * *

Now the voices of the people died away and all was still;
Arjun to his proud preceptor showed his might and matchless skill,
Towering high or lowly bending, on the turf or on his car,
With his bow and ample quiver Arjun waged the mimic war.
Targets on the wide arena, mighty tough or wondrous-small,
With his arrows still unfailing, Arjun pierced them one and all;
Wild-boar shaped in plates of iron coursed the wide extending field,
In its jaws five glist'ning arrows sent the archer wondrous skilled;
Cow-horn by a thread suspended was by winds unceasing swayed,
One and twenty well-aimed arrows on this moving mark he laid;
And with equal skill his rapier did the god-like Arjun wield,
Whirling round his mace of battle ranged the spacious tourney field!

The Advent of Karna.

Now the feats of arms are ended, and the closing hour draws nigh,
Music's voice is hushed in silence, slow disperse the passers by,
Hark! like welkin-shaking thunder wakes a deep and deadly sound,

Clank and din of warlike weapons burst upon the tented ground!
Are the solid mountains splitting? is it bursting of the earth?
Is it tempest's pealing accent whence the lightning takes its birth?

Thoughts like these alarm the people, for the sound is dread and high,
And upon the lofty gateway turns the crowd with anxious eye!

* * * * *

Pale, before the unknown warrior, gathered nations part in twain,
Conqueror of hostile cities lofty Karna treads the plain,

In his golden mail accoutred, in his rings of yellow gold,
Like a moving cliff in stature towering comes the chieftain bold!

Like a tusker in his fury, like a lion in his ire,
Like the sun in noontide radiance, like the all-consuming fire,

Lion-like in build and muscle, stately as a golden palm,
Blessed with every manly virtue, peerless, dauntless, proud and calm!

Karna then showed his proficiency in arms, rivalling the hitherto unrivalled Arjun. The crowds applauded him with acclamation, and Prince Duryodhan, who hated his cousins the sons of Pandu, embraced Karna as his friend and supporter. Arjun was fired by a dark but natural jealousy on meeting this new rival, and angry words were spoken. And a fight between the two rivals was about to ensue, probably ending in the death of one of the combatants; but the day was

ended. Evening fell, and the combatants parted—to remain rivals ever after in life and unto death.

The jealousy between the five sons of Pandu and the hundred sons of Dhrita-rashtra increased from day to day, and at last the Pandavs, *i.e.* the sons of Pandu, were exiled. Prince Duryodhan laid a dark scheme to kill them. They were sent to a house in a distant town, and at the appointed time fire was set to this house. But the Pandavs with their mother escaped the conflagration, and travelled unknown in distant lands in the guise of Brahmans.

In course of time they heard of the approaching wedding of the princess of the Panchala kingdom—the renowned Draupadi, the heroine of the epic. Princes and suitors came from all lands, and it was ordained that whoever could hit a distant target through a revolving disc would win the bride. The five Pandavs came to the assembly dressed as Brahmans. After days of rejoicing and feasting the bride Draupadi appeared on the scene. Her brother led her by the hand amidst the assembled suitors, and introduced them to her, one by one, thus:

DRAUPADI AND HER SUITORS (*condensed*).

"Brave Duryodhan and his brothers, princes of the Kuruland,
Karna, proud and peerless archer, sister! seek thy noble hand;
And Gandhara's warlike princes, Bhoja's monarch true and bold,
And the son of mighty Drona, all bedecked in gems and gold!

King and prince from Matsya kingdom grace his noble wedding feast,
Monarchs from more distant regions north and south and west and east,
Tamralipta and Kalinga on the eastern ocean wave,
Pattan's port, whose hardy children western ocean's dangers brave!
From the distant land of Madra car-borne monarch Salya came,
And from Dwarka's sea-girt regions Valadeva known to fame,
Valadeva and his brother, Krishna, sprung from Yadu's race,
Of the Vrishni clan descended, soul of truth and righteous grace!
This is mighty Jayadratha come from Sindhu's sounding shore,
Famed for warlike feats of valour, famed alike for sacred lore;
This is fair Kosala's monarch, whose bright deeds our heralds sing;
This is sturdy Sisupala, Chedi's proud and peerless king!
This is mighty Jarasandha, come from far Magadha's land;
These are other princely suitors, sister! eager for thy hand.
All the wide earth's warlike rulers seek to shoot the distant aim;
Princess, whoso hits the target, choose as thine that prince of fame!"

All the princes and suitors then tried to hit the target, and all failed one after another. Then Arjun, concealed in the guise of a Brahman, rose and performed the feat, and the father of the bride gave

away the princess to the victor. The disappointed suitors could stand it no longer. Their humiliation and rage were redoubled when they saw a youth, apparently of the Brahman or priestly caste, win the bride whom the kings of the Kshatra or warrior caste had failed to win. And in a moment of anger they rose in tumult, determined to kill the bride's father in their wrath. I read a few lines here, as the account of the disappointed suitors in the 'Maha-Bharata' reminds one of a well-known passage in Homer's Odyssey.

The Rage of Disappointed Suitors.

Spake the suitors, anger-shaken, like a forest tempest-torn,
As Panchala's courteous monarch came to greet a Brahman-born:
"Shall he like the grass of jungle trample us in haughty pride,
To a prating priest and Brahman wed the proud and peerless bride?
To our hopes like nourished saplings shall he now the fruit deny?
Monarch proud who insults monarchs, sure a traitor's death shall die!
Honour for his rank we know not, have no mercy for his age,
Perish foe of crownèd monarchs, victim to our righteous rage!
Hath he asked us to his palace, favoured us with royal grace,
Feasted us with princely bounty but to compass our disgrace?

In this concourse of great monarchs, glorious like a heavenly band,
Doth he find no likely suitor for his beauteous daughter's hand?

And this right of *swayamvara*, so our sacred laws ordain,
Is for warlike monarchs only, priests that custom shall not stain!

If this maiden on a Brahman casts her eye, devoid of shame,
Let her expiate her folly in a pyre of blazing flame!

Leave the priestling in his folly, sinning through a Brahman's greed,
For we wage no war with Brahmans and forgive a foolish deed;

Much we owe to holy Brahmans for our kingdom, wealth and life,
Blood of priest or wise preceptor shall not stain our noble strife;

In the blood of sinful Drupad we the righteous laws maintain,
Such disgrace in future ages monarchs shall not meet again!"

Spake the suitors, tiger-hearted, iron-handed, bold and strong,
Fiercely bent on blood and vengeance blindly rose the maddened throng!

On they came, the angry monarchs, thirsting for revengeful strife,
Drupad 'midst the holy Brahmans fled in terror of his life!

Like wild tuskers of the jungle rushed the suitors on their foes,
Calm and bold, against the suitors, Bhima and proud Arjun rose!

The passage reminds one of the scene in the

Odyssey in which the suitors of Penelope turned on her unknown husband, and Ulysses and his son were a match for them all. But in the Indian epic this tumult was not followed by actual bloodshed; Krishna, the friend and kinsman of the Pandav brothers, pacified the enraged suitors, and Arjun led away the bride. Here Krishna appears for the first time on the scene as a peace-maker, as a wise and gifted chieftain who strove for right and justice, and throughout the epic he retains this character.

A curious incident here follows, which is somewhat discordant with the customs and manners of the Hindu nation. It is said that the five brothers returned with the bride to a potter's house where they were living on alms, according to the custom of Brahmans, and they reported to their mother, "We have received a great gift to-day." Their mother, not knowing what the gift was, replied, "Enjoy the gift among you in common." And as a mother's mandate is holy in India, and cannot be disregarded, Draupadi became the common wife of the five brothers. The custom of brothers marrying a wife in common prevails in Thibet and among some hill tribes in India, but has never prevailed among the Aryan Hindus in ancient or modern times, and this legend in the Hindu epic is therefore inexplicable.

Judging from the main incidents of the poem, Draupadi might be regarded as wedded to the eldest brother Yudhisthir, though won by the skill of the third brother Arjun. For Bhima, the second brother, had already mated himself to a female in a

forest, and had by her a son who distinguished himself afterwards in the great war. Arjun, too, married the sister of Krishna, and had by her a son who also distinguished himself later in the war. On the other hand, the eldest brother Yudhisthir took to himself no wife save Draupadi, and she was crowned with Yudhisthir at the imperial sacrifice which shortly followed. Notwithstanding the legend of the communal marriage, therefore, Draupadi might be regarded as the wife of the eldest brother Yudhisthir, and this assumption would be in keeping with Hindu customs and laws, ancient and modern.

After this marriage, the five brothers came out of their disguise and demanded a share of the Kuru kingdom, and their demand could no longer be gainsaid. The kingdom was divided; Prince Duryodhan retained the best portion on the Ganges, and his cousins got a wild tract of country on the Jumna. They cleared the forest, built a capital on the site of modern Delhi, and performed a great imperial sacrifice at which all the neighbouring kings, including Duryodhan himself, were present by invitation.

The cousins thus ruled two neighbouring kingdoms in peace for many years, but Duryodhan's hatred and jealousy were undying. Yudhisthir, with all his virtues and piety, had one failing—a besetting sin of the age,—viz. a passion for gambling. Duryodhan knew this weakness; he challenged Yudhisthir to a game of dice, and defeated him unfairly, using loaded dice. As Yudhisthir lost game after game he was stung with his losses,

and with the recklessness of a gambler. staked everything and lost everything. He staked his newly acquired kingdom on the Jumna; he staked his brothers' and then his own liberty; and lastly he staked his wife Draupadi and lost her. One of the most stirring passages in the whole poem is the scene where the proud Queen Draupadi is dragged to the Council Hall as a slave woman, and insulted.

Draupadi insulted.

"Silent all? and will no chieftain rise to save a woman's life,
Will no hand or voice be lifted to defend a virtuous wife?
Lost is Kuru's righteous glory, lost is Bharat's ancient name,
Lost is warrior's warlike prowess, lost is monarch's kingly fame!
Wherefore else like painted warriors tamely view this impious scene,
Wherefore gleam not righteous weapons to protect an outraged queen?
Bhishma, hath he lost his virtue? Drona, hath he lost his might?
Hath the monarch of the Kurus ceased to battle for the right?
Wherefore are ye mute and voiceless, councillors of mighty fame,
Vacant eye and palsied right arm watch this deed of Kuru's shame?"
Spake Draupadi slender-waisted, and her words were stern and high,
Anger flamed within her bosom and the tear was in her eye!

And her sparkling speaking glances fell on Pandu's sons like fire,
Stirred in them a mighty passion and a thirst for vengeance dire!

Lost their empire, wealth, and fortune, little recked they for the fall,
But Draupadi's pleading glances like a poniard smote them all!

Darkly frowned the ancient Bhishma, wrathful Drona bit his tongue,
Pale Vidura marked with anger insults on Draupadi flung!

Fulsome word nor foul dishonour could their truthful utterance taint,
And they blamed Duryodhan's action when they heard Draupadi's plaint!

But brave Karna, though a warrior—Arjun's deadly foe was he—
On the humbled sons of Pandu hurled his wrath in scornful glee:

"'Tis no fault of thine, fair princess! fallen to this servile state,
Wife and son rule not their actions, others rule their hapless fate!

Thy Yudhisthir sold his birthright, sold thee at the impious play,
And the wife falls with her husband, and her duty—to obey!

Live thou in this Kuru household, do the Kuru princes will,
Serve them as thy lords and masters, with thy beauty please them still!

Fair One! seek another husband who in foolish reckless game
Will not stake a loving woman, will not cast her forth in shame!

For they censure not a woman, when she is a menial slave,
If her woman's fancy wanders to the young and to the brave!
For thy lord is not thy husband, as a slave he hath no wife,
Thou art free with truer lover to enjoy a wedded life!
They whom at the *swayamvara*, thou hadst chose, Panchala's bride,
They have lost thee, sweet Draupadi, lost their empire and their pride!"

* * * * *

Madness seized the proud Duryodhan, and inflamed by passion base,
Sought the prince to stain Draupadi with a dire and deep disgrace,
On the proud and peerless woman cast his wicked, lustful eye,
Sought to hold the high-born princess as a slave upon his knee!
Bhima penned his wrath no longer, lightning-like his glance he flung,
And the ancient hall of Kurus with his thunder accents rung:
"May I never reach those mansions where my fathers live on high,
May I never meet ancestors in the bright and happy sky,
If that knee by which thou sinnest Bhima breaks not in his ire,
In the battle's red arena with his weapon dread and dire!"
Red fire flamed on Bhima's forehead, sparkled from his angry eye,
As from tough and gnarlèd branches quick the crackling red sparks fly!

A tumult was obviated, and the five brothers and Draupadi were spared further insults by the inter-

vention of the blind old King Dhruta-rashtra. He restored to them their liberty, but they were banished to forests for twelve years, to be succeeded by a year of concealment. It was agreed that if they were discovered during this year of concealment they would have to undergo another twelve years of exile by the terms of the sentence.

The hard conditions were faithfully observed. The five brothers with Draupadi spent twelve years in forests, and then passed one year in concealment as menial servants of Virata, king of the Matsya. Arjun, who was so well known, had to disguise his sex and to hide himself in the women's apartments teaching dancing and music to the females of the royal house. A year passed away thus.

Cattle-lifting was a favourite occupation with ancient Indian chiefs as with those of Homer, and it so happened that Duryodhan came on a cattle-lifting expedition to Matsya-land where the Pandava brothers were concealed. Arjun, a true warrior in his instincts, could not stand this. He issued forth from his concealment among the women of the house; he recovered the cattle; but he was discovered. But the year of concealment had expired, the discovery brought no penalty with it, and the five brothers, having faithfully observed the conditions of exile, now boldly demanded their lost kingdom on the Jumna.

One of the most remarkable portions of this remarkable epic is the Council of War which was held by the five brothers and their many friends to determine on the course to be followed. Each chief rose and made a speech which is truly Homeric in

fire and spirit, giving his views as to the plan which should be adopted to recover the lost kingdom. Krishna spoke first, asking the assembled chiefs to give their advice.

KRISHNA'S SPEECH.

" Known to all, ye mighty monarchs! May your glory ever last!
True to plighted word Yudhisthir hath his weary exile passed,
Twelve long years with fair Draupadi in the pathless jungle strayed,
And a year in menial service in Virata's palace stayed,
He hath kept his plighted promise, braved affliction, woe and shame,
And he begs, assembled monarchs, ye shall now his duty name!
For he swerveth not from duty kingdom of the sky to win,
Prizeth hamlet more than empire, so his course be free from sin.
Loss of realm and wealth and glory higher virtues in him prove,
Thoughts of peace and not of anger still the good Yudhisthir move!
Mark again the sleepless anger and the unrelenting hate
Harboured by the proud Duryodhan driven by his luckless fate,
From a child, by fire or poison, impious guile or trick of dice,
He hath compassed dark destruction, by deceit and low device!
Ponder well, ye gracious monarchs, with a just and righteous mind,
Help Yudhisthir with your counsel, with your grace and blessings kind.

Should the noble son of Pandu seek his right by open war,
Seek the aid of armèd monarchs and of chieftains near and far?
Should he smite his ancient foemen skilled in each deceitful art,
Unforgiving in their vengeance, unrelenting in their heart?
Should he rather send a message to the proud unbending foe,
And Duryodhan's haughty purpose seek by messenger to know?
Should he send a noble envoy, trained in virtue, true and wise,
With his greetings to Duryodhan in a meek and friendly guise?
Should he claim his ancient kingdom on the sacred Jumna's shore?
Either king may rule his empire as in happy days of yore!"

Krishna's brother then rose and advised peaceful negotiations, deprecating war. Satyaki, a fiery chieftain, rose and counselled instant war. At last the venerable king of the Panchalas, the father-in-law of Yudhisthir, rose and advocated that policy which has always been found to be the soundest foreign policy in ancient as in modern times. His advice was: "Endeavour to maintain the peace, but be prepared for war." He concluded thus:

DRUPAD'S SPEECH.

"Therefore let our many envoys travel near and travel far,
Seek alliance of all monarchs in the great impending war,

Unto brave and noble chieftains, unto nations east and west,
North and south to warlike races speed our message and request,
Meanwhile peace and offered friendship we before Duryodhan place,
And my priest will seek his kingdom—seek to win Duryodhan's grace,
If he renders back our kingdom, peace will crown the happy land,
Or our troops will shake the empire from the east to western strand."

Priests and Brahmans were sent in vain; Duryodhan would not render back the old kingdom to his cousins, and at last Krishna, the wise and righteous peace-maker, went personally to the court of the Kurus to plead for peace before the sightless old monarch, the father of Duryodhan. There is something touching and sublime in this last eloquent appeal for peace on the eve of the most disastrous war of ancient times in India.

I will quote only a few lines from Krishna's long appeal:

KRISHNA'S SPEECH.

"Ponder yet, O ancient monarch! Rulers of each distant state,
Nations from the farthest regions gather thick to court their fate,
Father of a righteous nation! save the princes of the land,
On the armed and fated nations stretch, old man, thy healing hand!

Say the word, and at thy bidding leaders of each hostile
race,
Not the gory field of battle, but the festive board will
grace,

Robed in jewels, decked in garlands, they will quaff the
ruddy wine,
Greet their foes in mutual kindness, bless thy holy name
and thine!

Think, O man of many seasons! when good Pandu left this
throne,
And his helpless loving orphans thou didst cherish as thine
own,

'Twas thy helping, steadying fingers taught their infant
steps to frame,
'Twas thy loving gentle accents taught their lips to lisp
each name.

As thine own they grew and blossomed, dear to thee they
yet remain,
Take them back unto thy bosom, be a father once again!

Take their love, O gracious monarch! let thy closing day
be fair,
Let Duryodhan keep his kingdom, let the Pandavs have
their share!

Call to mind their noble suffering, for the tale is dark and
long,
Of the outrage they have suffered, of the insult and the
wrong!

Exiled into Varnavata, destined unto death by flame,
For the gods assist the righteous, they with added prowess
came!

Exiled unto Indra-prastha, by their toil and by their
might,
They upreared a mighty empire and performed a glorious
rite!

Cheated of their realm and empire, and of all they called their own,
In the jungle they have wandered, in concealment lived unknown,
Once more quelling every evil, they are stout of heart and hand,
Now redeem thy plighted promise, and restore their throne and land!
Trust me, mighty Dhrita-rashtra! trust me, lords who grace this hall,
Krishna pleads for peace and virtue, blessings unto one and all!
Slaughter not the armèd nations, slaughter not thy kith and kin,
Mark not, king, thy closing winters with the bloody stain of sin!
Let thy sons and Pandu's children stand beside thy ancient throne,
Cherish peace and cherish virtue, for thy days are almost done!"

The ancient Bhishma, the warlike preceptor Drona, the wise Vidura, all advised peace. The father and mother of Duryodhan too pleaded for peace, but all in vain. Duryodhan was immoveable, and would not restore to his hated cousins their lost kingdom. His answer was plain and unmistakable, and in keeping with his character.

DURYODHAN'S SPEECH.

"What great crime or darkening sorrow shadows o'er my bitter fate,
That ye chiefs and Kuru's monarch mark Duryodhan for your hate?

Speak, what nameless guilt or folly, secret sin to me unknown,
Turns from me your sweet affection, father's love that was my own?

If Yudhisthir, fond of gambling, played a heedless, reckless game,
Lost his empire and his freedom, was it then Duryodhan's blame?

And if freed from shame and bondage in his folly played again,
Lost again and went to exile, wherefore doth he now complain?

Weak are they in friends and forces, feeble is their fitful star,
Wherefore then in pride and folly seek with us unequal war?

Shall we, who to mighty INDRA scarce will do the homage due,
Bow to homeless sons of Pandu and their comrades faint and few?

Bow to them while warlike Drona leads us as in days of old,
Bhishma greater than the bright-gods, archer Karna true and bold?

If in dubious game of battle we should forfeit fame and life,
Heaven will ope its golden portals for the warrior slain in strife!

If unbending to our foemen we should press the gory plain,
Stingless is the bed of arrows, death for us will have no pain!

If in past in thoughtless folly once the realm was broke in twain,
Kuru-land is reunited, never shall be split again!

Take my message to my kinsmen, for Duryodhan's words are plain,
Portion of the Kuru empire sons of Pandu seek in vain!

Town nor village, mart nor hamlet, help us righteous gods in heaven,
Spot that needle's point can cover shall not unto them be given!"

War, fatal war was the consequence, and into the many stirring incidents of the war, or rather the eighteen battles on eighteen successive days, I have not the time to enter. The unconquerable Bhishma led the Kuru forces for ten days and was then slain by an artifice; the warrior-priest, Drona, then led the troops for five days and was slain; and at last the command of the Kuru army fell on Karna. He held his own for two days; and the contest between the lifelong rivals Karna and Arjun is the crowning incident of the epic, like the contest between Hector and Achilles in the Iliad. Arjun and Karna were equal in prowess and skill, but Karna's chariot wheel sank in the earth; he was thus taken at disadvantage, and killed on the seventeenth day of the war.

The last and eighteenth day dawned, and the preceptor Kripa still advised Duryodhan to render back the Jumna territory to Yudhisthir and to make peace with him. A melancholy interest attaches to this last appeal for peace, and to Duryodhan's last and almost sublime refusal to make peace on the eve of his death.

Kripa's Last Appeal and Duryodhan's Reply.

"Bid this battle cease, Duryodhan, pale and fitful is thy star,
Blood enough of friendly nations soaks this crimson field of war!

Bid them live, the few survivors of a vast and countless host,
Let thy few remaining brothers live, for many are the lost!

Kindly heart hath good Yudhisthir, still he seeks for rightful peace,
Render back his ancient kingdom, bid this war of kinsmen cease!"

"Kripa," so Duryodhan answered, "in this sad and fatal strife,
Ever foremost of our warriors, ever careless of thy life,

Ever in the council chamber thou hast words of wisdom said,
Needless war and dire destruction by thy peaceful council stayed,

Every word thou speakest, Kripa, is a word of truth and weight,
Nathless thy advice for concord, wise preceptor, comes too late!

Hope not that the good Yudhisthir will again our friendship own,
Cheated once by deep Sakuni of his kingdom and his throne,

Rugged Bhima will not palter, fatal is the vow he made,
Vengeful Arjun will not pardon gallant Abhimanyu dead!

Fair Draupadi doth her penance, so our ancient matrons say,
In our blood to wash her insult and her proud insulters slay,

Fair Subhadra morn and evening weeps her dear departed
son,
Feeds Draupadi's deathless anger for the hero dead and
gone.
Deeply in their bosoms rankle wrongs and insults we have
given,
Blood alone can wash it, Kripa, such the cruel will of
Heaven!
And the hour for peace is over, for our best sleep on the
plain,
Brothers, kinsmen, friends, and elders slumber with the
countless slain.
Shall Duryodhan like a recreant now avoid the deathful
strife,
After all his bravest warriors have in war surrendered life?
Shall he, sending them to slaughter, now survive and learn
to flee,
Shall he, ruler over monarchs, learn to bend the servile
knee?
Proud Duryodhan sues no favour even with his dying
breath,
Unsubdued and still unconquered, changeless even unto
death!
Salya, valiant king of Madra, leads our armèd hosts to-day,
Or to perish or to conquer, gallant Kripa, lead the way!"

I confess that passages like this, of which the great Indian epic is full, disclose to me that deep insight into human feelings, and that true portraiture of human character, which mark the greatest poets of all ages and among all nations. For let it be remembered that Duryodhan is not a favourite of the Indian poet; he has been depicted as cruel, vindictive, and faithless. But nevertheless a true poet does not pile on colour on his

canvas like an unskilful painter; there is a certain consistency and true delineation of human impulses in all his characters. And Duryodhan, the wrong-doer and the faithless, almost commands our admiration on the eve of his death for the deep determination of his character—the unfaltering resolution of a great man, if not a good man.

The result of the day was fatal; the Kuru army was slaughtered, and Duryodhan at last ran from the field of battle and hid himself beside a lake, which is still pointed out to thousands of pilgrims in India who annually visit the scene of the battle.

Duryodhan's Death.

Far from battle's toil and slaughter, by a dark and limpid lake,
Sad and slow and faint Duryodhan did his humble shelter take;
But the valiant sons of Pandu, with the hunter's watchful care,
Thither tracked their fallen foeman like a wild beast in its lair!
"Gods be witness," said Duryodhan, flaming in his shame and wrath,
"Boy to manhood ever hating we have crossed each other's path.
Now we meet to part no longer, proud Duryodhan fights you all;
Perish he, or sons of Pandu, may this evening see your fall!"
Bhima answered: "For the insults long endurèd not forgiven,
Me alone you fight, Duryodhan, witness righteous gods in heaven!

Call to mind the dark destruction planned of old in fiendish ire,
In the halls of Varnavata to consume us in the fire!
Call to mind the scheme deceitful, deep Sakuni's dark device,
Cheating us of fame and empire by the trick of loaded dice!
Call to mind that coward insult, and the outrage foul and keen,
Flung on Drupad's saintly daughter and our noble spotless queen!
Call to mind the stainless Bhishma, for thy sins and folly slain,
Priest and proud preceptor Drona, Karna lifeless on the plain!
Perish in thy sins, Duryodhan! perish, too, thy hated name,
And thy dark life crime-polluted ends, Duryodhan, in thy shame!"

Bhima and Duryodhan fought, and Bhima kept the terrible vow he had taken and broke Duryodhan's knee by his mace. A midnight slaughter in the camp of the Pandavs ended the war, and Duryodhan died in the early morning.

The real epic ends with the war, and with the funerals of the deceased warriors piously ordered by the victor Yudhisthir for friends and foes alike. Yudhisthir then ascended the throne of the Kuru kingdom, and performed the ancient and august ceremony of the Sacrifice of the Horse. Afterwards, placing a grandson of Arjun on the throne, the five brothers and Draupadi retired to the Himalayas.

This is what is known as the Great Journey. Draupadi drops down dead, then Yudhisthir's brothers one by one. Yudhisthir proceeds to heaven in person.

There he meets Krishna, now in his radiant heavenly form, and he meets his brothers now Immortals in the sky. The god Indra then introduces him to his wife Draupadi, to the old monarch Dhrita-rashtra, to Karna, and to Arjun's son. Indra also introduces him to his father, and to the venerable Bhishma and Drona, in these verses which are the last that I shall quote.

Immortal Life.

"This, Yudhisthir, is thy father! by thy mother joined in heaven,
Oft he comes into my mansions in his flowery chariot driven,
This is Bhishma, stainless warrior, by the *Vasus* is his place,
By the god of heavenly wisdom teacher Drona sits in grace!

These and other mighty warriors, in the earthly battle slain,
By their valour and their virtue walk the bright ethereal plain!
They have cast their mortal bodies, crossed the radiant gate of heaven,
For to win celestial mansions unto mortals it is given!
Let them strive by kindly action, gentle speech, endurance long,
Brighter life and holier future unto sons of men belong!"

This is the briefest outline of the leading story

of the great epic of India, venerated in ancient times, venerated to the present day. The Hindu scarcely lives, as I have said elsewhere, man or woman, high or low, educated or ignorant, whose earliest recollections do not cling round the story of this ancient epic. The humble manufacturer and artisan of Bengal still spells out some modern translation of this undying tale. The tall peasantry of the North-West and the Punjab know of the five Pandav brothers and the righteous Krishna. The people of Bombay and of Madras cherish with equal ardour this sacred tale. Mothers in India know no better theme for imparting instruction to their daughters than this deathless tale. Elderly men know no richer work for narrating stories to children than this great epic with its endless episodes. The *Maha-Bharata*, together with the other epic, the *Ramayana*, is more truly the national property of the Hindus than is Homer in Greece, Dante in Italy, or Shakespeare in England. No work except the Bible has such influence in forming the character of men in Christian lands as the ancient epics in India. They have been our cherished heritage for three thousand years, they are the intellectual food of a nation of two hundred millions to this day. And unless I am very much mistaken in my estimate, the Indian epics, when they are better known in Europe, shall take their rank, along with Homer and Dante and Shakespeare, as undying works of art, left for all times, for all countries, and for all mankind.

POETRY—THE VISION AND THE FACULTY DIVINE.

BY ERNEST HARTLEY COLERIDGE, HON.F.R.S.L.

[Read October 25th, 1899.]

I AM about to hazard a few thoughts or suggestions of thoughts on the nature, or, as some would put it, the idea of poetry; to argue the question, does poetry reflect and represent the seen, or does it bring to light and present the unseen? It may be urged that in the last year (or is it the last year but one?) of the nineteenth century talk of this kind is, as Shakespeare says, "a week too late;" that if there is any life or meaning or use in such an inquisition the curiosity of mankind has been appeased, and the *mot d'ordre* is "For God's sake, gentlemen, pass on—pass on to what is actual, and so convertible into terms of definite and immediate value." Omar Khayyám, the Ecclesiast *de nos jours*, who speaks comfortably to a generation which has outgrown 'The Christian Year,' and smiles at the didactic optimism of "In Memoriam," was, it seems, impatient of abstract speculation:

> "Myself when young did eagerly frequent
> Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument
> About it, and about; but evermore
> Came out by the same door wherein I went."

But that is the gospel of despair—"Nothing is new, and nothing is true, and it don't matter"! There is a more excellent way, to wrestle with the "obstinate questionings," which assail and perplex the waking intelligence, until they yield not, indeed, a plain answer, which may be labelled as the conclusion of the whole matter, but some unexpected hint which necessitates and facilitates fresh thought and further inquiry.

I have intimated that the subject lies outside the domain of exact science, and that its consideration will not produce any definite results which may be tabulated and committed to memory for immediate use. It is all the more necessary that the method of inquiry should be as simple as possible.

I propose, in the first instance, by the citation of examples to look somewhat closely at poetry, to realise what it is and what it is not; and secondly, to search for its origin or cause, to examine the divine "faculty," to interrogate the divine "vision." If we may not hope to come out by "another door," we may perhaps discover that there is "another door"—an august portal before which it behoves us to stand and knock.

There have been many definitions of poetry. Milton laid down the law that it ought to be "simple, sensuous, and impassioned." Pope affirms that "the very foundation of poetry" was invention; and Johnson, following Pope, declares that "the essence of poetry is invention," and goes on to say that "poetry pleases by exhibiting an idea more grateful to the mind than things themselves afford." Wordsworth maintained that "poetry is the spon-

neous overflow of powerful feeling;" while Coleridge, by way of what he calls "a homely definition," avows that poetry is nothing more nor less than the "best thoughts in the best order," and, elsewhere, more eloquently if less precisely, proclaims that "poetry is the blossom and fragrance of all human knowledge, human thought, human passion, emotions, language." One gathers from these famous words of famous men that poetry is not very easily defined even by poets themselves, and that it passes their limit to bring it within the compass of any one single conception.

But if poetry cannot be defined, it may, for the nonce, be paraphrased as the *rhythmical expression of thought.* A poem, or some portion of a poem, must tell us what the mind thinks about a material object or actual event, or an emotion of the sensuous being, or of its own previous operations, its own abstractions; and it must say its say under certain conditions, and according to a particular form —it must express thought in rhythm, it must "exhibit an idea," and the words which embody the idea must be set to a kind of tune.

Now it is obvious that the poet's thought must either be his own, then and there born into the world, or a common and time-honoured thought which the poet makes his own by some immediate act of the imagination—there must ever be "a new song in his mouth"! We may, therefore, expand our paraphrase of poetry into *new or newly appropriated thought expressed in rhythm.* But poetry still evades us. It will be objected that there is thought new and old which cannot well or ade-

quately be expressed in rhythm, and that there is thought, essentially poetical thought, which finds an adequate expression without the aid of rhythm. In other words, poetry is not synonymous with thought, and poetic thought exists outside poetry. On the first head it is enough to say that thought, as distinct from the processes of thought, must sooner or later touch and be touched by feeling, by passion, and so find due expression in ordered verse; and, secondly, with regard to the vexed question of the difference between prose and poetry, a distinction of form rather than of essence, it is to be remembered that rhythm is not identical with metre, but includes or rather does not include the modulations and harmonies of impassioned prose.

Thus we apply the term "poetry," though with some reservation, to sentences where both thought and language are poetical, and only the metrical environment is wanting. Such a passage is that in Sir Philip Sidney's 'Arcadia:' "Her breath is more sweet than a gentle south-west wind, which comes creeping over flowery fields and shadowed waters in the heat of summer," which, long afterwards in another age, was gradually moulded into verse. The first draft ran as follows:

> "And sweeter than a gentle south-west wind,
> O'er flowery fields and shadowed waters creeping
> In summer's extreme heat."

But the transformation was not complete, and a final touch was added:

"And sweeter than a gentle south-west wind,
O'er willowy fields and shadowed waters creeping,
And Ceres' golden sheaves."
('Love's First Hope,' S.T.C.)

Both prose and verse are poetry. In the original sentence the absence of metre is felt to be accidental, and the transformation into verse an affair of chance rather than of choice.

Again, by way of analogy, we employ the word poetry as an honourable title to prose sentences of conspicuous dignity or exceptional pathos. Take the well-known aphorism, itself a poetical expansion of a dictum of Aristotle: "In wonder all philosophy began; in wonder it ends, and admiration fills up the interspace. But the first wonder is the offspring of ignorance; the last is the parent of adoration. The first is the birth-throe of our knowledge; the last is its euthanasy and *apotheosis*." Or that modest but noble self-assertion of Johnson's in the preface to his Dictionary, where he ventures to gratify the curiosity of indifferent or exacting readers by informing them "that the 'English Dictionary' was written with little assistance of the learned, and without any patronage of the great; not in the soft obscurities of retirement, or under the shelter of academic bowers, but amid inconvenience and distraction, in sickness and in sorrow." In both these passages thought touched with passion is expressed in rhythm, though not in metre.

Again, we use the word poetry loosely and by way of metaphor to denote the presence of ordered

beauty in works of art, or the reaction of natural objects on the mind and emotions, or the excitation of the feelings by the pathos of events. There is the poetry of architecture—"frozen music," as it has been called; there is and was poetry in the "silence that is in the starry sky," "the sleep that is among the lonely hills," before and since they inspired their august interpreter. There is poetry, too, in the solemn but ennobling thought of our heroic countrymen who even now are counting their lives as dust in the balance, not of glory, but of duty—a thought which, perhaps, casts a shadow of reproof on the entertainment of every other consideration.

But poetry in this wide and unrestricted sense speaks for itself. Our concern is with poetry which may be recited, and preserved from oblivion by the mechanical arts of writing and printing. And here, though we are indeed in the presence of something not ourselves, though there is an element of mystery, there is no question with regard to essence. The essence of poetry is thought.

Suppose that I wish to describe a mountain in verse, and take up my parable thus:

> "The mountain rears his crest sublime,
> The stormy winds around it blow;
> Hard task it were yon steep to climb,
> Methinks I'll mark it from below!"

Now here you have a very tolerable lilt. The vocalisation is correct; there is an agreeable hint of alliteration, but the result is not poetry. The

quatrain states one or more facts, but there is no evidence of thought.

Or take those well-known lines from the pen of a great master of verse, a poet *jure divino*—Sir Walter Scott:

"I climb'd the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn,
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleam'd misty and wide;
All was still save by fits when the eagle was yelling,
And starting around me the echoes replied.
On the right Striden Edge round the Red-Tarn was bending,
And Catchedicam its left verge was defending,
One huge nameless rock on the front was ascending
When I mark'd the sad spot where the wanderer had died."

Or those from Byron's 'Manfred:'

"Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains,
They crown'd him long ago
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow."

Now, unlike my quatrain, both these specimens of verse are the handiwork of poets, and betray the master's touch, but in neither is there any evidence of creative thought. They are pleasing rhythmical expressions of fact, but they are not poetry.

On the other hand, take the opening lines of 'Marmion:'

"Day set on Norham's castled steep,
And Tweed's fair river broad and deep,
And Cheviot's mountains lone;

The battled towers, the donjon keep,
The loophole grates where captives weep,
The flanking walls that round it sweep,
  In yellow lustre shone:
The warriors on the turrets high,
Moving athwart the evening sky,
  Seem'd forms of giant height;
Their armour as it caught the rays
Flash'd back again the western blaze,
  In lines of dazzling light."

What has not the poet accomplished for us? He says, let it be evening three hundred years ago, and let the setting sun be shining on a castle, and it is so! We are transplanted not by our imagination, but by his, and we see what he saw, not a picturesque ruin, but a feudal castle in the day of its use and pride. He has thought it out for us, and we enter into his thoughts—and this is poetry.

Or hear Byron's appreciation of Rousseau:

"His love was Passion's essence—as a tree
  On fire by lightning; with ethereal flame
  Kindled he was and blasted; for to be
  Thus and enamoured were in him the same.
  But his was not the love of living dame,
  Nor of the dead who rise upon our dreams,
  But of ideal Beauty, which became
  In him existence, and o'erflowing teems
Along his burning page, distempered though it seems—"

Here by the might of sympathy, guided by the insight of genius, Byron reveals rather than interprets the secret of a far-reaching influence, giving,

aps, more than he received. Not only does the f-torturing sophist" receive his due, but the age is re-delivered more clearly and more nasively than at its first utterance. And this, is poetry.

ffer me still further to interrogate the muse, may learn from her own lips her "nature and name," before we proceed to consider the ce of her inspiration. I have asserted that ry is the rhythmical expression of thought,—of ght, that is, in the eminent and particular sense, e the mind either conceives or evokes or pre- s an idea which otherwise would have missed ion. The thought which is to be married to e may be old and familiar, it may be the expres- of some primary instinct, it may remind us of s and sounds which we can scarcely forget; if it be poetical thought it will make us hear see as we have never heard and seen before—or thought may be a prophecy, the revelation of e hidden truth, which the poet has been the to tell out. Let me gather at haphazard a lful of those flowers of speech which smell sweet blossom everlastingly.

will begin with a quatrain from the 'Two tlemen of Verona.' Proteus has a moment since ived his first love-letter from Julia—"sweet , sweet lines, sweet life"—when he hears that s to take ship—from Verona to Milan—and join friend Valentinus, as his father calls him, at the rt of the Emperor, and it is thus that he brings e to us the swift transition from joyous hope to despair:

"O how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day,
Which now shows forth the beauty of the sun,
And by-and-by a cloud takes all away!"

Or the first stanza of the dirge in 'Cymbeline,' with its brief epitome of the tragi-comedy of our mortality:

"Fear no more the heat of the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages—
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust."

Hear now Milton on the beatific vision. He might have exclaimed with Sir Galahad, "My spirit beats its mortal bars," but hear him:

"Fountain of light, thyself invisible
Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sitt'st,
Throned inaccessible; but when thou shad'st
The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud
Drawn round about thee like a radiant shrine,
Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear,
Yet dazzle heaven, that brightest seraphim
Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes."

Or admire the consummate art, no less than the absolute fidelity to nature, in the closing lines of his great argument. It is the first night of the eternal exile, and he leaves the man and the woman to share their fate together:

"The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide;
They hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way."

Or, to make a long stride, take this single stanza of Gray's 'Elegy,' and note the tenderness and simplicity with which he alludes to death:

"For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?"

Or, by way of contrast, take Shelley's 'World's Wanderer,' that marvellous apostrophe in which he enlists and compels the fancy to the service of the imagination, presenting in a figure the passionate longing of the soul for rest:

"Tell me, thou star, whose wings of light
Speed thee in thy fiery flight,
In what cavern of the night
Will thy pinions close now?

"Tell me, moon, thou pale and grey
Pilgrim of heaven's homeless way,
In what depth of night or day
Seekest thou repose now?

"Weary wind, who wanderest
Like the world's rejected guest,
Hast thou still some secret nest
On the tree or billow?"

And now that we are at close quarters with poetry, not by virtue of definition, but of intuition,

that is a close beholding the likeness thereof, it behoves us to win from out her airy shell this *unseen influence* which "makes the ship to go." Now as we sound along the perilous way we are pretty sure to bump up against either the Scylla of Metaphysics or the Charybdis of Theology, and I doubt if there be any wax which is—what shall I say?—impermeable enough to seal our ears against the ambiguous chantings of the sirens of psychology. I can only hope when I have released you to be able to echo the concluding line of the Chelsea pensioner's apology—inscribed on a summer-house in the hospital garden: "Why, zounds! I've done my best!"

Now, as Matthew Arnold used to say, to "plain persons like ourselves," poetry is itself "an invisible thing, a voice, a mystery,"—it is itself the influence of the unseen. Of silence the children say, name it and you break it; but of poetry it may be said, name it and you make it. Without the influence of the unseen there may be verse, but there cannot be poetry. As the statue spake when the sun shone, so are the voice and the unseen presence simultaneous, "neither afore nor after each other." But my adversary, if such there be, will remonstrate that this unseen influence may be at work in poetry which deals with abstractions, with philosophical ideas or theological tenets, when it turns its back on the realities of life, but that the poetry which moves mankind, the poetry of love and war, or the lesser muse, the "Naiad by the shore of Grecian lake, or lady of the mere," or she "who walketh not unseen by hedgerow, elm, and hillock

green," draws her inspiration from the things that are seen, and attains to life and liberty only through obedience to the truth of nature. Let the immensities and the nebulosities fight it out among themselves, but give him the actual,—the actual "arrayed in all its glory" is good enough for him. But poetry cannot oblige my adversary. Love and war are no doubt provocatives of song; but poetry, the influence of the unseen, presents them to us not as they are, but as they seem to the Angel of the Vision, who sees only what concerns himself, and is blind to whatsoever hath no correspondency with the passion and the life that is within. Never yet was a war song, from the Song of Deborah to the "Charge of the Light Brigade," which is not at once other and more than a metrical record of actual events.

> "With the hammer she smote Sisera—
> She smote through his head;
> Yea, she pierced and struck through his temples.
> At her feet he bowed, he fell, he lay;
> At her feet he bowed, he fell—
> Where he bowed, there he fell down dead."

What magnificent poetry! But, according to the sacred narrative, Sisera was in a deep sleep, and must have laid himself down, or ever Jael came softly to him with the tent pin in her hand.

No, it is not the actual conflict, the confused struggle, the dread reality which the poet celebrates, but particular aspects and incidents of battle which awaken his enthusiasm and answer to the excitation of the spirit. One age may be nicer

than another in the mere naming of details, but it is to the gruesome foulnesses of modern French art, and not to the pages of Homer, that we must turn if we would escape the influence of the unseen. Or, as Mrs. Browning finely puts it, to "leap across the century hill-tops"—what is it but the shaping power of the imagination which has enabled Mr. Rudyard Kipling not merely to record in swinging metre his minute and sympathetic observations on Tommy Atkins, but to create a Tommy Atkins, a *Miles gloriosus*, who will transmit to posterity the heroism of Fuzzy Wuzzy in the Soudan, the divine patience of Gunga-din?

But surely in love poetry, in which modest excellence is so often attained and supreme excellence so rarely achieved, there is no need to look abroad for any influence. Has it not been a glance, a smile, or what Thackeray calls a "squeezekin of a handikin," from time immemorial? It is Rebekah by the well, it is Ruth among the sheaves, it is Juliet on the balcony, it is Julia fresh from Cherry Isle, it is Lucy beside the springs of Dove, it is a visible divinity who inspires the maker of love songs, though his method and his melody be as diverse as that of Robert Burns and Robert Browning.

Ah! surely no; the beauty of which the poet sings is perceived by the spiritual, not the sensuous eye! the romance is ever in the past though the past be no older than yesterday; and if the trysting-place be a "suburb lane" and not the "Birks of Aberfeldy," yet the lovers meet in the *old June weather*, and the realism (I am referring to Brown-

ing's well-known poem 'Confessions') which informs you "That they styled their house the Lodge," is but the cunning poet's artifice to lead and lure you blindfold to a visionary scene.

Or turn to these stanzas of Burns, fresh with the dew of the morning, do they present a genuine portrait of an actual Scottish maiden, a graphic sketch of a Scottish landscape? or do they not proceed from something far more deeply interfused with the spiritual being of the poet, an eradiation from the master-light within?

"Blithe, blithe and merry was she,
Blithe was she but and ben;
Blithe by the banks of Erne,
But blither in Glenturit Glen.

"Her looks were like the flowers in May,
Her smile was like a simmer morn;
She tripped by the banks of Erne
As light's a bird upon a thorn.

"Her bonnie face, it was as meek
As onie lamb's upon a lee;
The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet
As was the blink of Phemie's e'e.

"The Highland hills I've wandered wide,
And o'er the Lowlands I have been;
But Phemie was the blithest lass
That ever trod the dewy green."

Far be it from me to question the beauty or the pathos of actual romance which never finds its way into verse at all, or to insist on the necessity of the ethical sanction for all that passes in Arcadia, but if the phantasy or the passion of love is to form the sub-

ject of song, all that is purely material, which formal is and fugitive, must pass beneath the chrismal wave—must be buried in baptism—before it can breathe the diviner air of poetry. Let me illustrate my meaning both from superstition and from science. Our forefathers believed or fabled that a certain gelatinous substance which is found in damp places, the *Tremella nostoc*, had fallen from the sky in the shape of a shooting star—star jelly, they called it,—the actual, tangible, slimy realisation of the golden glancing creature which had shot through the heavens. This was all that was left of it. A while ago we learned that the mysterious X rays passed through the diamond, leaving it invisible, but that they failed to penetrate, and so betrayed the presence of the paste. I need not point the moral in respect of the right and the wrong treatment of love in poetry. Love should walk hand in hand with enchantment:

> "And on her lover's arm she leant,
> And round her waist she felt it fold,
> And far across the hills they went
> In that new world which is the old:
> Across the hills, and far away
> Beyond their utmost purple rim,
> And deep into the dying day
> The happy princess followed him."

Turn we last of all to the poetry of Nature. In her august presence the busy curious passions of man, the fantastic ape, should be shamed into abeyance. Let him read the book of nature, let him submit himself to the influence of the visible world,

and if he has aught to say about it in the way of poetry, let him tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. The less of himself, of his cobweb fancies, his vague and misleading associations that he intertrudes in his portraiture, the more valuable and convincing will be the likeness. Can he bring something out of himself which will improve on the mountain, on the cataract, the sunshine, or the flower? Has he comprehended the breadth of the earth, and will he readjust its proportions to his tiny scale? Yes, he will seek in the unseen the measure and the meaning of the seen! His teachers may be the woods and rills, but the influence, the inspiration, is the *silence* that is in the starry sky, the *sleep* that is among the lonely hills. And there is no silence save to him that hath ears to hear, and no sleep save to the wakeful and the weary. But I would bring the question to directer issue. There are three lines often quoted in Wordsworth's 'Peter Bell,' which contain the heart of the mystery. The hero of the story is a rough, unfeeling, unpoetical person, insusceptible of any unseen influence.

> "A primrose by the river brim,
> A yellow primrose was to him,
> And it was nothing more."

I feel that we here come to the parting of the ways. I am reminded of an historic scene when John Henry Newman, preaching before the University of St. Mary's, threw down the gage, and after stating an apparent discrepancy between the sacred narrative and the prevailing scientific authorities,

paused for a moment before he propounded his eirenicon. And the doctors, proctors, the masters, the bachelors, and the undergraduates all held their breath—for a time. I put the question to myself and you, what did Wordsworth see, what was there to see, in the primrose which was hidden from Peter Bell? In the first place I will make an admission. The immediate influence of the seen may have influenced Wordsworth, and might have moved Peter Bell in a remarkable and particular manner. The southern primrose grows in multitudinous clumps or groups in hedgerows, or on railway embankments, or in woods, more especially when the coppice has been cut down. "Gad," say we, for a troop cometh,—or with the Revised Version we may still say "Gad," which being interpreted is "Fortunate!" But in Westmoreland in late April or early May you may see by the beck-side a single primrose, a solitary flower, and it does no doubt invite the favourable attention of the passer by. Peter Bell observed it and disregarded it, but Wordsworth was filled with thoughts—it may have been too deep for tears. What was the thought or thoughts which some unseen influence suggested to the poet's mind? Was it the artistic beauty, the co-presence of simplicity with distinction that awoke his admiration? Was it the pathetic contrast between the fragile and perishable blossom with the hostile forces arrayed against it—the rain and wind, or the trampling hoof of man or beast? Or was it the sense of returning spring, the memory of the unreturning spring of youth and love, which the yellow primrose announced or re-

called? All these and something more. Wordsworth's primrose, like Milton's Hæmony, must be taken symbolically. It is the sacrament of natural piety, the outward and visible sign of the fellowship, the kinship of man and nature. There is something in common between him and the primrose, he cannot pass it by, he cannot disregard it as insignificant, or external to the sphere of his activity, but he hails it as a friend and fellow-guest. In fact, the poet who most of all lived face to face with nature, and questioned nature most closely, pays reverence to the seen in obedience to the overmastering influence of the unseen.

But I may be told that the specific excellence of the poets of the last hundred years is their accurate observation and faithful delineation of the works and moods of nature; that in place of the stock phrase, the ornamental epithet, the specious but inexact scenic effects, the modern poet has thrust authority and tradition aside and gone direct to nature, with a different object indeed, but a like spirit with the artist and the man of science. I shall be reminded of the felicitous aid which Dorothy Wordsworth afforded to her brother and her brother's friend—that it was she who noted the "one only leaf upon the top of the tree, the sole remaining leaf, danced round and round like a rag blown by the wind," which inspired the image of—

> "The one red leaf the last of its clan,
> That dances as often as dance it can,
> Hanging so light, and hanging so high
> On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky"—

the primrose that grew by Glowworm Rock—the crescent moon "with the auld moon in its arms"—the daffodils, that tossed and danced in Gowbarrow Park, on the margin of Ulleswater—that Coleridge, not the least imaginative of poets, actually took notes and jotted down memoranda for subsequent use by self and Wordsworth (especially Wordsworth), as, for example, "The thin grey cloud that covered but not hid the sky;" "The never-bloomless furze," which grew on Quantock's airy ridge; the "serpentining walls," the motionless torrents of stone in the gullies of the Crummock Mountains; that he computed the approximate proportion of silver sheen and ebon black, the glimmer and gloom on the surface of the lakes—nay, he would catalogue, as though the landscape was to be let furnished during the summer months, the configuration of the clouds and mists, and take measurements of the diminishing segments of the setting moon. Or, to come to our own times, accuracy of a somewhat different kind has been singled out for praise in the poetry of Tennyson. The black ash buds in spring; the smoking yew tree, as the March wind puffs out its tiny seeds; the chestnut when "the shell divides threefold to show the fruit within;" "The oat-grass and the sword-grass, and the bulrush in the pool," are quoted, and justly quoted as poetic images whose beauty is enhanced by their faithfulness to nature. They cannot, it may be argued, all be symbols—they cannot all point a moral, their worth must often consist not in any appeal to the mind, but in their verisimilitude. Common sense will admit

this much, but I venture to think that as a rule these touches of nature, in so far as they are not dexterous extensions and amplifications of artistic material and artistic opportunity, are presented "FOR OUR SAKES," to the end that the imagination may be heightened, not for the information of the intellect. At any rate, they should be introduced sparingly and in subordination to the general theme. There is a curious instance in 'Dejection—an Ode,' of the final excision of a minute observation, charmingly if somewhat fancifully expressed, which was felt to be an impertinence. The well-known passage which begins, "O Lady in this wan and heartless mood, To other thoughts by yonder throstle wooed," originally ran thus:

> "In this heartless mood
> To other thoughts by yonder throstle wooed,
> That pipes within the larch tree not unseen,
> The larch that pushes out its tassels green
> In bundled leafits; wooed by mild delights,
> By all the tender sounds and sights
> Of this sweet primrose month, and vainly wooed."

Nothing can be exacter, a more faithful rendering of a natural object than the "bundled leafits"—a pencilled memorandum of a close inspection of the larch bud; but it distracts the attention from the general motive of the ode, and fell to the pruning-knife.

I began by affirming poetry to be the expression of thought in rhythm, and I have endeavoured to show that poetical thought, though it may be evoked by the material and the actual, is not merely a holding up the mirror to nature, but a

transfiguration of nature wrought by the mind of the poet. From a poetical but by no means from an ethical or scientific standpoint, "we receive but what we give, and in our lives alone doth Nature live." The influence of the unseen is predominant. But what do we mean by this unseen, which is the fount and origin of poetry? That in all but the most limited sense is a vain question. For one might as well ask what is the unseen influence of thought. It is a combination of molecules, it is a participation in the universal reason, "it is the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world,"—and of these blank misgivings or fruitful assurances we have no call to speak. But we may, as an amusement in the *etymological* sense of the word, ask ourselves what is the intellectual or spiritual quality which distinguishes the poet from other master-minds; what is it that he comes and goes upon in his peculiar activity. I answer in the kind and quantity of thought-possibilities that lie beneath his consciousness, his reserve force of ideas. It takes one man, not perhaps altogether a fool, a long time to solve a problem in mathematics, or even to add up a long row of figures, and the odds are that he will miss the solution. But set a thief to catch—I mean set a mathematician to propound a bewildering "dance-the-hay" of number to a calculating boy, and he shuts his eyes and reels off the answer in less than no time. Why? Because the calculation is carried on spontaneously and below consciousness. So, too, the poet is born with, and under favourable circumstances constantly acquires a fund of observations, images, and ideas of which

he is not always conscious, but which from time to time leap to light and take shape and substance as poetic thought. In this storehouse of the invisible huddle—like the "souls under the altar"—an infinity of unborn thoughts—thoughts which have stirred within the soul, but were never clothed in words; half-thoughts—birds that wake by moonlight, which went a little way towards expression and then stopped short; and those other thoughts, the rarest, the most entrancing, the most disappointing, which all but reached the portal of light, but, like Eurydice before the reverted gaze of Orpheus, slipped back and were lost for ever.

And fainter, more unsubstantial still, there is an innumerable company of images and ideas, the comminuted fragments of a thousand dreams, which like the star-dust are for ever falling, to be lost in the abyss of the ocean, or found after many days in the shallow rock-pools on the mountain tops.

This is *the unseen*, the soul within the soul, the secret treasure-house from which the poets bring forth things both new and old.

> "Blessings be with them—and eternal praise,
> Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares;
> The poets, who on earth have made us heirs
> Of true and pure delight by heavenly lays."

TULLIA D'ARAGONA, A POETESS OF THE LATER RENAISSANCE.

BY WILLIAM E. A. AXON, F.R.S.L.,
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[Read November 22nd, 1899.]

TULLIA D'ARAGONA is one of the picturesque women figures of the later Renaissance. She was born at Naples about the year 1510, and was the daughter of the Archbishop of Palermo (Pietro Tagliavia d' Aragona), and a famous beauty of Ferrara, of whom the first name only—Giulia—is known. Her father was of royal but illegitimate descent. She was educated at Rome, and her father, who had broken his ecclesiastical vows in his amour with the fair Ferrarese, at least showed a fitting sense of responsibility in the care he bestowed upon the instruction of his daughter, and in the financial provision he made for her sustenance. Tullia was undoubtedly clever, and attained distinction both for music and for verse. She wrote Latin and Italian with equal grace and ease. In addition to learning she had the woman's privilege of beauty, and her admirers were many. Amongst them have been named Cardinal Ippolito de' Medici, Lattanzio Benucci, Ercole Bentivoglio, Filippo Strozzi,

Giulio Camillo, Piero Manelli, Benedetto Arrighi, Benedetto Varchi, and Girolamo Muzio.

"Far Vittoria una luna, e Tullia un sole,"

is one of Arrighi's compliments.* Nardi says that she inherited the eloquence as well as the name of Tully—a striking, though obvious compliment, when the Ciceronian cult of the day is remembered. This was said in the letter in which Nardi advised Gian Francesco della Stufa to dedicate to Tullia his edition of the oration 'pro Marcello.'†

Tullia was the child of unlawful love, and heredity and the easy morals of the time may perhaps be pleaded in extenuation of the scandals that contemporary gossip has attached to her name.‡ Her relations with Muzio were of the closest character. In 1547 he published her 'Dialogo dell' Infinita d' Amore,' and in the preface avows that he had done so without her permission. It had been written some years, for Aretino, writing on June 6th, 1537,

* The allusion is, of course, to the still more famous elder contemporary poetess, Vittoria Colonna. Posterity has not endorsed the judgment of Arrighi, which was perhaps not intended to be taken too seriously. There is an excellent English life of Vittoria by Mrs. Henry Roscoe. It is worth mentioning that when Ferrante d' Avalos was a prisoner of the French he soothed his captivity by the composition of a 'Dialogo d' Amore' for his wife, Vittoria Colonna. This is the subject which, some twenty years after his death, Tullia undertook. It is, however, a theme obvious and popular in every age of literature.

† The letter appears in the edition printed in 1536.

‡ The scandalous gossip classed her amongst the public courtesans. Her name appears in the 'Tariffa delle Puttane,' an exceedingly rare and objectionable book printed in 1535. It has been attributed to Pietro Aretino, who is not likely to have written it, and also, with perhaps more probability, to Lorenzo Veniero. See Passano, 'I Novellieri Italiani in verso' (Bologna, 1868, p. 117).

to Sperone, mentions that he had read the 'Dialogo,' which he praises in extravagant terms. It consists of a discussion in which Tullia and Varchi sustain the main, almost the whole part, but Lattanzio Benucci has also a small share at the end. The discussion is cleverly conducted, and the interlocutors are very courteous and complimentary to each other. We can glean from it an impression of the literary taste of the Italian Renaissance. The books specifically mentioned are the 'Cantica' of Solomon, and the 'Asolani' of Bembo. The other authors named and quoted are Aristotle, who is very frequently cited as an authority, Plato, Philo, Lucian, Marsilius Ficinus; and amongst the moderns Dante, Petrarca, Boccaccio, and Sperone. There is one passage which may be cited as of biographical value. Benucci is represented as saying that there are few distinguished men in arms, letters, or professions who have not loved and honoured the authoress, and that she was visited by so many gentlemen, so many men of letters of every kind, so many nobles, princes, and cardinals, that her house was a universal and honoured academy (p. 90). Tullia mentions also two remarkable cases of fasting. One was a Scot, who was at Rome in the days of Pope Clement. This would be John Scot, who abstained from food for thirty or forty days in 1539 at Holyrood, and after his experiences in the Eternal City came to England, was imprisoned by Henry VIII for sedition, and is then said to have fasted for fifty days. Spotswood thought him a knave, but did not doubt his fasting. The other instance was that of a maiden whom Tullia de-

scribes as then alive in 'Magna,' *i. e.* Germany. This was, perhaps, the fasting girl of Spires, who made some stir in 1539.*

In the same year, 1547, appeared also at Venice 'Rime della Signora Tullia d' Aragona, et di diversi a lei,' which was reprinted in 1549, 1557, 1560, etc. Although but a tiny volume, it is not entirely her own. Many of the sonnets in it are poetical messages sent by her to Cardinal Bembo, Molza, Varchi, Muzio, and Bernardo Ochino. There are sonnets addressed to her by Alessandro and Benedetto Arrighi, Lasca, Muzio, Varchi, Ippolito de' Medici, and others. It contains also 'La Tirrhenia' of Muzio, dedicated by him to Tullia in terms which, in spite of changing fashions of literature, can hardly be regarded as other than the warm language of an avowed lover. Lovers always desire, he says, "to be completely united to the beloved; and in addition to the desire I have that my soul and yours shall be indissolubly united, I have also ardently wished that our names shall be for ever read together, and that we may thus united live clear and immortal." Again, "Our love," he says, "has been my Helicon." Tullia is mentioned

* In this passage Varchi asks, "Ma ditemi: se io vi domandassi se si può vivere senza mangiare, che rispondereste voi?" To this Tullia replies, "O di bella domanda! che credete voi che io rispondessi? direi che no. Se già tutti gli uomini e tutte le donne non fossero fatte come quello Scozzese a Roma al tempo di Papa Clemente, o come quella fanciulla, che vive ancora oggi nella Magna senza mangiare: acciocchè non pensiate di cogliermi al boccone" (p. 38). It should be added that the 'Dialogo' was reprinted at Milan in 1864, and forms vol. xxix of the 'Biblioteca Rara' of G. Daelli. The editor was Carlo Téoli, who included in the volume the 'Breve Vita,' written by Alessandro Zilioli and annotated by Giammaria Mazzuchelli.

by a coarse and unmistakable word in Girolamo Razzi's 'Balia,' and her departure from Rome was lamented by Pasquino.* Muzio, in his 'Tirrhenia,' refers to her as a nymph beloved and adored by all the shepherds, and alludes to the circumstances of her birth. Tullia on the death of the man she had married at Rome, and of whom nothing is said, became a special favourite of Leonora di Toledo, Duchess of Florence, to whom she addressed one of her poems.

Here is a specimen of Tullia's verse:

"Voi ch' avete fortuna si nemica,
Come animo valor e cortesia,
Qual benigno destino hoggi v' invia
A riveder la vostra fiamma antica?

Muzio gentile, una alma cosi amica,
È soave valore al' alma mia.
Ben duolmi della dura alpestra via
Con tanta non di voi degna fatica.

Visse gran tempo l' onorato amore
Ch' al Po già per me v' arse. Et non cred' io
Che sia si chiara fiamma in tutto spenta.

Et se nel volto altrui si legge il core
Spero che in riva d' Arno il nome mio
Alto sonar ancor per voi si senta."

Another sonnet may be cited. It is selected by Rubbi as an example of her powers: †

"Amore un tempo in cosè lento foco
Arse mia vita, e sè colmo di doglia
Struggeasi 'l cor, che quale altro si voglia
Martir fôra vêr lei dolcezza e gioco.

* Tiraboschi, vii, 1172.
† 'Parnaso Italiano' (tomo xxx, p. 240).

Poscia sdegno e pietate a poco a poco
  Spenser la fiamma, ond' io più ch' altra soglia
  Libera da si lunga e fera voglia
Giva lieta cantando in ciascun loco.

Ma il Ciel nè satio ancor (lassa), nè stanco
  De' danni miei, perchè sempre sospiri,
    Mi riconduce a la mia antica sorte :

Et con si acuto spron mi punge il fianco,
  Ch' io temo sotto i primi empj martiri,
    Cadere et per men mal bramar la morte.'

Another of her sonnets may be cited for its biographical interest:

AL PREDICATOR OCHINO.

"Bernardo, ben potea bastarvi haverne
  Co 'l dolce dir, ch' a voi natura infonde,
  Qui dove 'l Re de' fiumi ha più chiare onde,
Acceso i cuori a le sante opre eterne.
Che se pur sono in voi pure l' interne
  Voglie, e la vita al vestir corrisponde,
  No huom di frale carne, et d' ossa immonde,
Ma sete un, voi, de le schiere superne.
Hor le finte apparenze, e 'l ballo, e 'l suono
  Chiesti dal tempo, e da l' antica usanza
A che cosè da voi vietati sono ?
  Non fôra santità, fôra arroganza,
Tôrre il libero arbitrio, il maggior dono,
  Che Dio ne diè ne la primera stanza."

An effort to render these three sonnets may now be submitted. The aim has been to give the thought, although the rougher English form may not reproduce the mellifluousness of the Italian original.

(AMORE UN TEMPO, ETC.)

Once with slow fire did love consume my heart,
And filled my life with bitterness and pain;
So sharp the sting, so strenuous the strain,
All evils else seemed sweet beside its smart.

But scorn and pity made that fire depart,
And gave me back my liberty again;
I carolled joyous song and glad refrain
Where'er my wand'ring steps might stay, or start.

But Fate has sorrow for me still in store,
I feel again the sting, the pain, the sigh;
I fear, but fearing may not Love deny,

And my lost liberty I now deplore;
I feel, alas! Love's tortures more and more,
And for respite I only wish to die.

(VOI CH' AVETE, ETC.)

You unto whom the Fates gave, when they came,
Hard fortune, but a brave and constant mind,
What freak of Destiny, benign and kind,
Brings you again to see your ancient flame?

Ah, gentle Muzio, well-remembered name,
What solace in thy spirit do I find!
But mourn the thorny path that thou must wind,—
Harsh is the road and steep that leads to fame.

Long lasted on the banks of kingly Po
The honoured love that then consumed thee so:
If in the face the inmost heart is read,

I do not think that love is wholly dead,
And hope my name by echo may be spread
Along the bank where Arno's wavelets flow.

(BERNARDO BEN POTEA, ETC.)

Be glad, Bernardo, by the Po's clear wave
  To turn men's hearts to holy thought and deed,
  With solemn words that truth gives force and speed
And sweetness, Nature's gift that thou mightst save.

Thy inmost earnest thoughts and wishes grave
  Are consonant with thy most solemn weed;
  And thus thy life is compact with thy creed,
Not fleshly frail, but heavenly pure and brave.

But why forbid the mask, the happy dance,
The sound of music in its sweet advance,
And all the season claims with joyful glance?

  So to forbid is not the heavenly plan,
  'Tis arrogance, not sanctity, to ban
  Free will, God's first and greatest gift to man.

The second of these sonnets, it will be noti[illegible]ed, is addressed to Muzio, and the third to the fam[illegible]us preacher Bernardo Ochino, a man who gained [illegible]he admiration of both Catholics and Protestants [illegible]by his talents, but incurred their suspicion and disl[illegible]ke by his instability. One of his books, first publish[illegible]ed in Bishop John Ponet's English translation, h[illegible]as recently been reissued.* Muzio and Ochino we[illegible]re engaged in the great theological controversies [illegible]of the day. In 1540 Ochino printed his 'Respon[illegible]io ad Mutium Justinopolitanum,' and in 1551 Mu[illegible]io published 'Mentite Ochiniane.' Such were t[illegible]he

* 'The Tragedy by Bernardino Ochino, reprinted from Bish[illegible] Ponet's translation out of Ochino's Latin MS. in 1549. Edi[illegible] with introduction and notes by L. E. Plumptre, London, 1899.' [illegible] is more probable that Ochino wrote in Italian, as he did not [illegible] Latin as a literary vehicle.

amenities of the Renaissance. This sonnet of Tullia's is not mentioned in the notice of Ochino in the 'Dictionary of National Biography.'

Rubbi says that she was a poetess of great fame, but that her 'Meschino' is read by few. This statement is certainly correct.

It was in 1560 that Tullia's longest, if not her best work appeared. Few indeed are the readers of 'Il Meschino' now, yet it was put forth with great promise and much hope, as may be seen by its ample title-page:

Il Meschino, altramento detto il Guerrino. Fatto in ottava rima dalla Signora Tullia d' Aragona. Opera nella quale si veggono et intendono le parte principali di tutto il mondo, et molte altre dillettevolissime cose, da esser sommamente care ad ogni sorte di persona di bello ingegno. Con Privilegio. In Venetia appresso Gio. Battista, et Melchior Sessa Fratelli, M.D.L.X. (4to 200 *ff. or sigs. A to* C C C).

The book is dedicated to Giulio della Valle, Gentiluomo Mantovano, by Claudio Riniero, who states that it came into his possession some years earlier, and was entirely in the handwriting of Tullia d' Aragona, who had at length consented that it should be made public. The dedication, which is in very laudatory terms, and refers to the praises bestowed upon this Mantuan house by Gerolamo Ruscelli, is dated August 3rd, 1560.

Tullia's own address to the reader is of greater interest. She is enthusiastic in praise of literature. Of all human pleasures, reading is the best and most advantageous. Of other enjoyments,

some must be taken in conjunction with other persons, and therefore can only be had or continued at their will; some pall with use, some are attended by peril and inconvenience. "In reading we need only to be governed by our own will, alone, in company, little, much, without cost, without danger, without trouble, but with full satisfaction and contentment for ourselves." Reading, she considers, is even better for women than for men, and refers for the demonstration of this thesis to Boccaccio's introduction to the first day of the 'Decameron.' But in writing the work he would have been wiser to choose one thing that he has avoided, and to have avoided one thing that he has chosen. He should have written in verse, which every one knows is pleasanter and easier to remember than prose; and he should have avoided those indelicate and licentious matters with which his book is filled. He spares no class, she exclaims, and is less reverent than thieves and robbers, who, as they call themselves Christians, make the sign of the cross when they hear the sacred name. As Boccaccio is held in such high esteem, is styled the "Tuscan Cicero," and is explained and annotated by such men as Dolce, Ruscelli, and "il mio Bembo," those who follow in his footsteps have imitated his licence as well as his style. Amongst the books named are 'Le Nanne,' 'Le Pippe,' 'Le Puttane Erranti,'* and a book which had caused great scandal in the city of

* 'La Puttana Errante' was written by Lorenzo Veniero, and is an attack on Angiola Zaffeta, whose name is linked with that of Aretino, and who is also the theme of Veniero's 'La Zaffeta.'

Siena.* Even great writers like Ariosto and Boiardo have not escaped the infection. In earlier years, Tullia declares, when she saw more of the world than now, from prudence, was the case, she had seen the bad results of licentious conversation, and still more of licentious books. The result is that not only nuns, maidens, widows, and married ladies, but even public women, do not care to have these books seen in their houses. It is not a new thing, Tullia declares, for a woman from necessity or from her evil fortune to fall into bodily sin; whilst it is equally displeasing for her, as for others, to be dishonest and corrupt in speech and in other matters.† Tullia had therefore looked about to find a book that should be at once interesting and innocent. At length a beautiful book in the Spanish language came into her hands, which treated of so many and so varied matters that she doubted if there could be one more agreeable to be found in any language. And it is so pure, she says, that the most saintly man and the most innocent maiden can read it. Only one thing was needed to make it perfect, and to give it this full completeness Tullia turned the Spanish prose into Italian verse. She ends by thanking God that He has given her grace to turn to Him, and desires

* This unnamed book is thus mentioned :—" Quel libro che ha per certo offesa troppo altamente la maestà della gentillissima Città di Siena, il sapersi che egli fosse fatto da persone nate et nodrite in essa." I have not identified this work.

† Her exact words are : " Non essendo però cosa nuova, che ad una donna per necessità, o per altra mala ventura sua, sia avvenuto di cader in errore del corpo suo, et tuttavia si disconvenga, non men forse a lei, che all' altre, l' esser disonesta, et sconcia nel parlare, et nell' altre cose."

that all others, both men and women, shall do the like, and she will do all that she can to that end.

What, then, is the story of Meschino?—the story which Crescimbeni has compared to the 'Odyssey'! Charlemagne, having liberated the kingdom of Naples from the Moors, leaves there as governors Guicciardo and Milone. Milone, because of the beauty of Fenisia, a princess in Albania, and in order to marry her, combats her brother Durazzo, whom he expels from that kingdom. The lady turns Christian, is married to Milone, and their son is Guerrino. But her brothers raise an insurrection, capture and imprison Milone and Fenisia, whilst the child is taken by its nurse, who enters a ship which is taken by Corsairs, and is sold in Constantinople. In the end the child is given to the Emperor, and receives the name of "Meschino," which may be translated "Poor." He grows up brave and expert in all feats of arms. Alessandro, son of the Emperor, is taken prisoner by King Astiladoro, but Meschino goes to battle and captures his sons. The result is an agreement to decide the victory by a combat of fifty knights on each side. Meschino's valour wins the day, but in consequence of some insulting phrases used by the Princess Elisena, Meschino decides to seek out his own country and parentage. The imperial astrologers are satisfied that he is of noble birth, but announce that he can only gain the desired information from the Trees of the Sun and Moon at the far end of the world. Meschino sets out upon his wanderings, travels through Tartary, kills a giant, his giantess of a wife, and their four gigantic children, who all

have a taste for human flesh. He then liberates a French knight and an Armenian priest, and in company they have many adventures. They go to Armenia, and thence to the city of Media, where the young queen pays them much honour. For her sake they conquer her great enemy, King Calidocor, and then the lovely monarch rewards Branditio by becoming his wife. Leaving the French knight thus happily settled, Meschino goes forward to Solta, where the king wishes to give him his daughter in marriage; but the prospect does not please the wanderer, who is thereupon imprisoned. The girl comes to him in his cell, and when he is taken from prison he plights his troth to her on the sacred books of the Mahommedans; and, as he does not believe in them, holds that the vow is not binding. He abandons his wife, and being pursued by her father kills him. Then follow many wanderings in India, whose marvels are described, as well as the hero's adventures in freeing places from serpents, lions, and griffins. He reaches Tigliaffa, whose king sends an army with him to the Trees of the Sun. From these arboreal oracles he learns in a confused fashion some intelligence as to his birth. The demon of the Trees tells him that his real name is Guerrino, and that he is the son of a great baron of royal blood. Further information he must seek in the West. After more travels and adventures he reaches Mecca, where he is greatly honoured by the Sultan, and overcomes a nobleman who had called him a liar. A daughter of the King of Persepolis comes to ask the aid of the Sultan on behalf of her father against King Galismarte.

Meschino heads the Persian forces to victory. To show that he is astute as well as brave, Meschino disguises himself and enters the enemy's district and learns his designs. Having killed Galismarte, the conqueror replaces Antinisca on the throne. This royal lady and Meschino are violently in love with each other, and the hero promises her with solemn oath that he will seek no other wife. After further conquests among the Turks he leaves his betrothed, in order to continue the search for his parents. After leaving heathendom he kills some giants, and in a fight with a dragon is himself almost overcome by its poison; but after a time he recovers, and reaches the land of Prester John, that fabulous mediæval monarch who was supposed to unite the functions of priest and king.* Meschino is shown the marvels of this kingdom, and made commander of the army sent out against King Galafar a giant, who challenged him to single combat. The cartel is accepted, and Galafar is slain. Meschino now leaves Prester John, and in Egypt sees the elephants, the Nile, the Holy Land,

* The fable of Prester John arose in the twelfth century, and the belief that there was an Asiatic Christian prince ready to co-operate in the war against Islam was no doubt an idea very gratifying to the Crusaders, and to those who had sent them forth. The letter which Prester John was said to have sent to Europe is a somewhat incoherent collection of unreliable geographical materials about the Eastern world. Mr. Baring-Gould thinks it has a Nestorian origin. Whether Prester John was a Tartar chief Unk-Khan, or was the King of Abyssinia, or whether the popular fancy transferred the attributes from the one to the other, is a matter of doubt. The Prester John myth had a share in promoting the geographical enterprise of the Portuguese, which resulted in the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope. (See 'Curious Myths of the Middle Ages.')

and "many other very delightful things." Not so delightful are the sheep-dogs, who in great numbers attack Meschino. He kills them, and thus gets into trouble with the shepherds, whom he puts to flight. He is taken prisoner by treachery, and only released by order of the great Sultan, who makes him the captain-general of the army against the Arabs. He receives aid from King Artilaso, who turns Christian. Afterwards they are besieged in the city by giants. Meschino in single combat kills one, but a blow from the other renders him unconscious, and he is carried off to the prison where Artilaso is already a captive. Meschino recovering from his swoon stabs the giant, releases the other prisoners, and retakes the city. King Validoro comes against them with a great army; but his sister Rampilla having heard of the valour of Meschino falls in love with him, and kills her brother in order to gain the favour of our hero. When Meschino reproves her for this treachery she commits suicide. Meschino now goes to Sicily in order to consult the Sibyl, of whom he has heard, and of whom he receives further intelligence from some holy hermits. Descending into the cavern, he remains a year in the underworld where the Sibyl dwells. She had prophesied the birth of Christ, and had therefore received the gift of perpetual beauty. Twelve centuries old, she has the aspect and charm of sweet-and-twenty. But though she had heralded the advent of the new religion, she remains the priestess of Apollo. Meschino remembering his betrothed resists her dangerous attractions, and is confirmed in his good resolutions by witnessing the transformation one day of the

Sibyl into a serpent, and of her attendants into other animals.* After showing him the punishments suffered by the damned in the inferno, the Sibyl, from whom he has learned the names and status of his parents, permits him to return to the upper world. As a good Christian Meschino feels that his stay with the heathen priestess needs some expiation, and he proceeds to Rome, where the Pope imposes on him as a penance that he shall visit St. Patrick's purgatory in Ireland. In that famous place he sees the souls in the cleansing fire, and through the gates of paradise has a glimpse of the glories of the heavenly city.†

* Readers of Mr. Rider Haggard will be reminded of the perpetual grace and beauty of "She."

† The fame of St. Patrick's purgatory was spread throughout all Europe in the Middle Ages. The account, written by Henry of Saltrey in the reign of Henry II, of the descent of the Knight Owen into purgatory was translated into French by the celebrated Marie de France, and into English under the title of 'Owain Miles.' The legend is that St. Patrick's heathen hearers demanded to see the wonders of the after world of which he had spoken. In answer to his prayer the saint was taken to a place where there was a secret opening in the earth. Whoever would spend there a day and a night escaped any further purgatorial penance. Owain, a dissolute knight, visits this place in expiation of his sins, sees the torments of hell and the pleasures of paradise, and, returning to the upper world, finishes his life as a pilgrim to the Holy Land. Lough Deargh was visited by many, including strangers from Hungary and Italy. St. Patrick's purgatory was destroyed, it is said, by order of Alexander VI in 1497. The subject is exhaustively treated in 'St. Patrick's Purgatory' (London, 1844) by a distinguished member of the Royal Society of Literature, the late Mr. Thomas Wright. See also Baring-Gould's 'Curious Myths of the Middle Ages,' and the 'Dictionary of National Biography,' vol. xxvi, p. 122. Mr. Wright regarded the Lough Deargh purgatory as a fraud, but Mr. Baring-Gould with more probability sees in the legend a survival of the myths of descents into the underworld which are to be

Then he returns to the Pope and gives him a faithful narration of what he has seen. The Pontiff sends him to Naples, where his uncle King Guicciardo welcomes him, and places him at the head of an army which he leads to victory in Albania, where he releases his father and his mother from the prison in which they had been so long detained. He recognises them from what he had seen in the vision at St. Patrick's well. Meschino now hears the whole story of his birth, to learn which he has gone through so many strange and miraculous adventures. He establishes his father on the throne of Albania, and, with his cousin Girardo at the head of a great army, drives the Turks from Greece, Macedonia, Bosnia, and other countries. This accomplished, Meschino and Alessandro disguise themselves as Turks and start for Persepolis. On the way they dispose of various robbers and giants who assail them. Even Meschino cannot always be successful, and at Camopoli they are treacherously imprisoned and condemned to death. In the nick of time comes Artibano, who had been kindly treated by Meschino's father and has become a Christian. Professing still to be a Pagan and a determined enemy of the prisoners, he finds an opportunity of killing Baraniffe, and releasing them. The three flee together and rout their pursuers. Finally they reach Persepolis, to the great joy of Antinisca and her people. But they are

found in so many heathen religions. Dante had predecessors, and he has had successors. A sympathetic investigator who would make a close and careful comparison of the extant reports of those who have seen the pains and blessings of the future life might confer a benefit both on the study of literature and of comparative religion.

soon in danger from the treason of Parvidas, but Meschino, Antinisca, Artibano, and Alessandro escape in disguise, and regain possession. Then after these many journeyings, battles, skirmishes, alarms, and adventures, both on earth and in the underworld, Meschino settles down to domestic happiness. Antinisca bears him three sons, and dies after twelve years of marriage. Meschino now settles his worldly affairs, becomes a hermit, and dies at the age of fifty-seven.

All these marvels are narrated in the simplest and most matter-of-fact manner. "Il Meschino" is in effect a compendium of the romantic spirit of the Middle Ages. The religious and chivalric elements are closely intermingled, and the odyssey of the knight-errant favours the introduction of the tales of many travellers as to the marvels of the lands beyond the sea, of—

> "Anthropophagi,
> And men whose heads do grow
> Below their shoulders."

The aristocratic creed is seen in the stress that is laid upon nobility of birth. The constancy of Meschino to the Princess of Persepolis is strongly emphasised, whilst his treacherous betrayal and abandonment of his Mahometan wife excites no reprobation, nor even astonishment.

Tullia claims no more credit than that of translator, who has turned Spanish prose into Italian verse. Apparently she had no knowledge of the literary history of the romance. There has been some controversy as to its original language.

Many hold that it was written in the fourteenth century by a Florentine, Andrea de Barberino, sometimes called A. Patrea. It was printed at Padua in 1473. The Italian is thought to have had a French original which he extended. The Spanish translation was made by Alonzo Hernandez Aleman. There is an abstract of the Spanish romance in Dunlop.* The poetess appears to have adhered closely to her original; but in one case, after giving the romancer's erroneous narrative of the life of Mahomet, she adds another scarcely less accurate.

The date of the death of the poetess is not given by her biographers. Her portrait represents a face of intellectual distinction, and her beauty appears to have been of an opulent, not to say voluptuous type.

It cannot be said that the literary baggage of Tullia d' Aragona is either very considerable or very precious. Her 'Dialogo' is easy, and at times even eloquent. Her sonnets are fluent, and sometimes excellent. Her greatest book is her dullest performance, and its good intentions have not saved it from a neglect that cannot be attributed to any perversity of literary taste. There is a piquancy in the fact of such a book being written by Tullia d' Aragona, but the piquancy is in the circumstances of its production, and not in the style or contents of 'Il Meschino.'

* 'History of Prose Fiction,' by J. C. Dunlop. New edition, by G. H. Wilson. London, 1888, vol. ii, pp. 271—280.

ON A REFERENCE TO THE EVIL EYE IN THE ANGLO-SAXON POEM OF BEOWULF.

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[Read November 22nd, 1899.]

THE subject of the Evil Eye has already occupied the attention of the Royal Society of Literature, as in 1854 Mr. James A. Davies contributed a learned and suggestive paper to the 'Transactions' (2nd series, vol. v, p. 187). My own aim is much humbler. It is to call attention to a passage in Beowulf which has escaped the attention of Mr. Frederick Thomas Elworthy, whose monograph on the Evil Eye, published by Mr. John Murray in 1895, is the great storehouse of information on this curious and recondite subject. The expression of human emotions by the eye is a universal fact which may help to explain the origin of the belief that from it both blessings and cursings may proceed,—the eye that cherishes and prospers, and the eye that bans and blasts. "Eat not the bread of an evil eye," is the warning of the Hebrew proverbialist (Prov. xxiii, 6), though his meaning is probably more restricted than that which after-

wards attached to the phrase. Mr. Elworthy records that many Anglo-Saxon coins bear a medusa's head, which was regarded as a prophylactic against fascination, and the two-horned helmet was intended in a similar way as a protection from evil; but he makes no reference to Anglo-Saxon literature.

Beowulf is a poem of great antiquity. The one MS. of it is assigned to the tenth century, but it is certainly a transcript of one much earlier. There are some definitely Christian elements, but these are all apparently interpolations, and their omission would not destroy the organic structure of the poem. Beowulf the hero slays a mysterious marsh-dwelling monster named Grendel; of this fiend the description includes, as one particular, that his eyes gave forth a hideous light.*

Later in the poem Hrothgar addresses Beowulf on the conduct of life, the duties of a leader of men, the uncertainty of fortune, and other matters which may be considered appropriate as the counsel of an aged prince to a younger hero. It includes a warning as to the transitory nature of all worldly power and possessions.

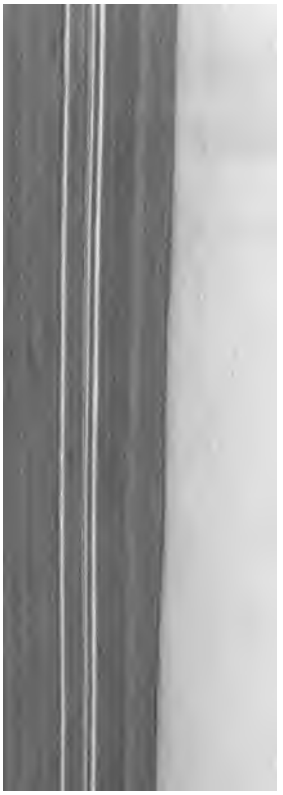
"Now for a time," he says, "is the flower of thy might, but eftsoons thy strength shall be severed from thee by disease, or the sword's edge, or the grasp of fire, or the whelm of flood, or falchion's grasp, or flight of arrow, or dire age; or the flash

* ". . . him of eágum stód,
lige gelícost leoht unfæger."
Thorpe, 5th edition (Oxford, 1855), lines 1457–9; Arnold's edition (London, 1876), lines 726–7.

of eyes will oppress and darken; suddenly shall it happen that thou, warrior, by Death shalt be overpowered."*

Both Thorpe and Arnold refer to Grimm, who, in his 'Deutsche Mythologie,' deals with the faith of the Teutonic races in the malign influence radiating from the glances of certain people. The editors of Beowulf recognise in *eágena bearhtm* a reference to a belief in the power of the Evil Eye, which is here classed as resembling in its dire efficacy the force of sword, fire, flood, and death.

* " . . . Nú is þines maegnes bléd
âne hwîle; eft-sona biš þæt þec
ádl oššе ecg eafošes getwǽfeš,
oššе fýresfeng, oššе flódes wylm,
oššе grípe meces, oššе gáres fliht,
oššе atol yldo, oššе eágena bearhtm,
forsiteš and forsworceš: semninga biš,
þæt þec, dryht-guma, deáš oferswyšeš."
Arnold, lines 1761–8; Thorpe, lines 3527–42.



o Browning.

;land·

)n a Personal Future Life.

Re-absorbtion.

:tynge al unto his propre welle
which it is dirryved.
Knight's Tale, line 3037.

Sleep.

We are such stuft
ams are made of and our little life
ıded with a sleep.
Tempest, *iv.*, 1.

pe and Vague Idea of a material heaven.

Yet one doubt
s me still, least all I cannot die;
that pure breath of life the spirit of man
cannot together perish
his corporeal clod;
Paradise Lost, *x.*, 781.

ıl heaven for all Penitents.

ıs they all shall meet in future days;
·er bask in uncreated rays,
. . . . . .
r hymning their Creator's praise.
Cotter's Saturday Night, *xvi.*

iniscences" point to higher Spiritual Life.

THE RELIGIOUS CONCEPTIONS OF THE POETS FROM CHAUCER TO BROWNING, AND THEIR SHARE IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT IN ENGLAND.

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[Read January 24th, 1900.]

The Work of a Poet.

A poet has many parts, but not least among these is the work of transmitting moral and religious conceptions through the envelope of musical intonations from the few great minds of a generation to the mass of only half-interested individuals, or even to the crowd. Every true poet is so by virtue of his sensitive nature, ever feeling the impulse of thought waves coming from every direction, and able to weave these thoughts into that elegant web of musical cadences that lays hold of the interest and affection of men by touching the sensitive note in their own constitution.

But whilst the poet is to a great extent a sensitive machine, he can only transmit thought on his own level; thus it comes about that the distinction between a poet and a great poet is that the latter

possesses amongst other things, side by side with the characteristics I have mentioned, a great intellect. Such a poet, being intellectually on a level with the best men of his period, is able to transmit the best and highest thoughts of his day in a form intelligible to less highly developed minds, as well as to draw aside the curtain sufficiently to enable the wise to take a further glance into truth. Such poets, however, are extremely rare. In our own literature they may be said to hardly exceed some dozen names. In such a gathering I should only be stirring up an interminable ground of discord were I to attempt to make an exclusive selection for the purposes of my subject. I propose only to consider a few prominent authors or leaders of representative groups, since any other course would involve the consideration of such details as could not fail to hopelessly entangle our subject. Roughly speaking, such writers as Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Burns, Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Browning will, for the purposes of a general examination, cover the subject of the special trend of that aspect of poetic force which we consider to-night.

Coleridge, Dryden, and Pope perhaps might be included, but the first is covered by Milton, the last is more of a destructive critic than a constructive teacher; and whilst Shelley, Keats, and Byron have each their strong feature, all the best of these characteristics are to be found in Tennyson and Browning. Need I offer any excuse for claiming the latter as one of the few great poets of English literature?

To a less cultured audience perhaps this might

be necessary, but those, to whom words are more than mere sounds, will be at one with me when I say that though Browning's style is rugged and sometimes obscure, his insight and intellect are such as to carry away those who read him to an age in advance of the present; and he succeeds, moreover, in bringing his readers into direct touch with the harmonies of existence.

The Literary Hiatus.

The period between Chaucer and Spenser is strangely bare of that strong vital poetry which is ever the companion of a nation's intellectual activity; and indeed that period corresponds exactly with the time of moral and religious decadence which existed between what are known as the first and second "primers." The end of Chaucer's life was simultaneous with the compilation of the first English Prayer Book, called the first primer, whilst the resumption of poetic continuity as found in the writings of Spenser follows almost immediately on the publication of the "Second Primer," as well as the first and second Prayer Books of Edward VI; both of these results being due, I would suggest, to a return into the line of direct progress from which the previous century and a half had been so curious and unfortunate a divergence. It is impossible for me in dealing with such a subject to avoid trenching to some extent on the domain of ecclesiastical history, as the range of usefulness, which belongs to the greatest teachers whether in Church or literature, must be one and the same.

It is, moreover, impossible to avoid dealing with such events as the Reformation, since that series of movements has built itself more firmly into the tower of poesy than any other circumstance in English history.

In the light of the greater scholarship of our times, leading men—such, for instance, as Dr. Creighton—are recognising that if at the Reformation men went to unwarrantable excesses, on the whole it was an honest as well as successful attempt to come back to the line of steady progress, and to throw off the narrowing chains that the degraded state of Continental religion had been forging around the freedom-loving hearts of Englishmen.

Religious life on the Continent was suffering from arrested development with all its necessary accompaniments of mortifying diseases. The contagion had spread to England, and for over 100 years held her back from progress and degraded her court and morals. With the publication of Tyndale's New Testament, quickly followed by Coverdale's and Matthews' Bibles, and finally by the "Great Bible," the new spirit arose in Scotland, and quickly spread to this land, a spirit which made it impossible for Britons to remain any longer the mere creatures of the past.

Yet this was not really a new spirit, it was but the resumption of that thoughtful, reverent, and critical spirit, which had been lying dormant, but which has ever been part of our national heritage, the spirit that recognises the Divine Spirit energising in all the events of the universe.

CHAUCER.

Even in Chaucer we cannot fail to notice the quiet satire of which he makes use in reference to some of the religious formalities of his day, as clearly shown by his account of the Archdeacon and the Sompnour in the 'Frier's Tale.' Of the former he says:

> "And small tithers weren foule yshent
> If any person wold upon him plaine,
> Ther might astert him no pecunial peine;
> For small tithes and small offering
> He made the people to piteously sing,
> For ere the Bishop caught hem with his hook
> They weren in the Archdeacon's book;
> And then had he through his jurisdiction
> Power to don on hem correction."

But whilst in this and many other instances there is much to show that the practical immorality of the Continental religious system was already beginning to arouse the animosity of thoughtful men in this country (if my view that a great poet *does* express the average thought of the best minds of his day be correct), there is ample evidence to show that below the surface the better minds even at that early date were possessed of no mean religious ideal; that the basic thoughts of all noble ideas were present, and indeed a high conception of the nature of the Divinity, for a passage in the Knight's Tale (line 2989) reads very like a bit of nineteenth century *fin de siècle* religious thought. I venture to trouble you with a rendering which I have taken from one of Mr. Lang's books.

The inscrutable First Cause of the universe knew well what He was about when he established the fair chain of love or of mutual attraction.

For with this chain He bound the elements, fire, air, water, and land, together in definite forms, so as not to fly asunder into primeval chaos.

In like manner He established certain periods and durations for all creation, beyond which nothing could pass; this needs no authority to confirm it, for it is proved by universal experience.

Men therefore by this order of the universe may easily discern that the laws of nature are fixed and eternal.

And anyone who is not a fool can understand that as every part is derived from a whole, nature cannot have originated from any part or parcel of a thing, but from something that is perfect and stable, passing by evolution from the homogeneous into the heterogeneous, until it becomes subject to change and corruption.

The Creator of the universe has therefore in His wise providence so established its order that definite pieces and progressions of things shall not be eternal, but come into existence and pass away in due succession.

Thus the oak, which grows so slowly and has so long a life, at last wastes away and dies.

Even the hard rock in time wasteth away; broad rivers dry; great cities decay and disappear; and all things have an end.

So also of the human race, all die; some in youth, others in old age; kings as well as commoners; some in their beds, some in the deep sea, some in battle-fields.

There is no help; all go the same way, all die.

What causeth this but the Ruler and First Cause of all things who draws back into his own essence all that was derived from it, against which decree it availeth no living creature to strive?

Therefore it seems to me to be wise to make a virtue of necessity, and make the best of that which we cannot

prevent; and that a man is a fool who grumbles at that which is the universal fate, and rebels against the law to which he is indebted for his own existence.

From the writings of Chaucer it would not be very difficult to gather that during the second half of the fourteenth century, whilst what may be called the Christianity of the day was undoubtedly much tainted with Italian ecclesiasticism, and thereby degraded to a mere cult, Religion (I use the word in its best sense) resulting from a high ideal of God was at least robust, and as far as the notion of the stronger and what I might call the most noble attributes of God are concerned, it is open to doubt whether any nineteenth century theologian has a higher conception than that which is given by Chaucer in the passage quoted. But any growth in the general character of the masses, which would otherwise have benefited largely from such an ideal, seems to have been smothered by the immense volume of false ideals that supervened; until, as I have pointed out, in the middle of the sixteenth century, mainly in consequence of the grand and elevating literature which was given to the people of England in the publication of the various English Bibles, a better spirit, the spirit of religious liberty and progress, the spirit of intellectual religious conception which had ceased for so long, was once more resumed.

Such a return to the better conditions of the past of course involved struggles and some excesses, doubtless, too, political and other conditions made the path easier, but that which made some such

reversion to the regular line of religious evolution a necessity; was I believe the law of progress within the mind of man struggling to fulfil the law of its own destiny.

SHAKESPEARE.

I know of nothing that so demonstrates the relationship of the best minds of our own land in the sixteenth century towards the religious condition of their time, than to read the moral and religious views expressed in Shakespeare, and to recognise in them the sequel to the religious thought of the Chaucer period. Who will fail to see the picture which presents itself, viz. that of a larger and grander conception of God tending to practical godliness, presenting itself in that collection of writings known as "Shakespeare's works?"

But whilst this is the case, there is (as a result of a reformation amongst the clergy as well as in religious thought generally) a change of attitude observable in the later author. There is of course in Shakespeare that shrewd care necessary amid the divided camps of the High and Low Churchman of his day not to prejudice a case that in his time was still to a great extent *sub judice*, but it is interesting to gather from these writings that the antagonism of the thinkers of his day was quite as much directed against excessive puritanism as it was against the "ecclesiasticism" of the Reformation period. "Shakespeare" was evidently an excellent specimen of his century's best thought.

Even if not Christian by open profession, as we

should now say, he evidences decided religious convictions; and whilst daring to look at Truth in his own way, that is in reference to practical utility, he maintains an honourable attitude towards the Church, and aims in his writings at raising the moral standard of the time. He never posed as a reformer, announced no creed, championed no special cause, and yet, as Guizot writes, "was the most profound and dramatic of moralists." No doubt Coleridge too is right when, in reference to Shakespeare's treatment of the priestly character as contrasted with that of Beaumont and Fletcher's, he says of his clerical characters, "they always carry with them our love and respect."

Whenever a holy subject is touched by this writer it is with a deep sentiment of unaffected reverence, and we cannot, I think, help agreeing with De Vere when he says of this author, "That he was a devout Christian no one who appreciates his poetry can doubt, though it is certain his religious tone has no sympathy with sect or conventicle."

For instance, Friar Lawrence in "Romeo and Juliet" throughout the play moralises as a shrewd human teacher rather than as an ascetic divine, and is the farthest removed from the professional cant. Shakespeare makes Lucio say to Isabella of the convent:

> "I hold you a thing enskied and sainted;
> By your renouncement an immortal spirit,
> And to be talked with in sincerity
> As with a saint."

But even to those who are not versed in theo-

logical subtleties the words of Isabella to Angelo, when pleading for her brother's life, point out that far as Shakespeare had gone in the fuller and larger idea of God's relationship to man, he had not come to realise any sense of the inherent oneness of God with man; to Shakespeare God is only the Judge.

In reference to the Shakespearian view of the future life, it is true that when Angelo says to Isabella:

> "Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
> And you but waste your words,"

her answer is—

> "Alas! alas!
> Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once;
> And He that might the vantage best have took
> Found out the remedy."

But this is inconclusive. I fail entirely to see how it was that Carlyle could find any comfort of immortal hope from Shakespearian song. There is, indeed, one sonnet—"Soul and Body"—from which something may be gathered.

> "Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
> Foiled by these rebel powers that thee array,
> Why dost thou pine within and suffer death,
> Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
> Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
> Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
> Shall worms—inheritors of this excess—
> Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?

Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
  And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
  Within be fed, without be rich no more.
So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men;
And death once dead, there's no more dying then."

But is this authentic? I fear the critics will not allow us to cling to it; and even if this were not so, this passage is strangely solitary. Against this we may set the words which are undoubted, viz. those which Prospero uses in his farewell address to the world; they point, as I think we should expect them to do at that early period, to a wise vagueness—an admixture of Pantheism with the Hindoo doctrine of "Maya:"

"And like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

MILTON.

In order to follow the development of thought which ensued during the first half of the seventeenth century, we must try to realise what had been going on in the various countries of Europe. Under the common title of Protestantism almost every phase of religious thought, from the dignified Churchmanship of England to the narrow Calvinism

of Geneva, was made the object of bitter and often inhuman attacks. The effort was plainly an attempt on the part of the so-called orthodox bodies to suppress all unprejudiced thought in matters religious.

The spirit of this country was naturally in direct antagonism to any form of persecution, and fugitives from the Continent had no doubt a leavening influence on the English Church, already undergoing a change owing to the insistence of Scotch theological controversialists. The direction of this change was from the broader individualism of the Shakespearian writings to the narrower individualism evidenced in Milton, and producing in its turn that puritanical religious atmosphere which, while it was essential to the persistence of "The Faith," as we hold it, was nevertheless an apparently retrograde movement, an intense literalism, and an almost heathen anthropomorphism.

The Infallible man was no longer accepted. An Infallible Church no longer claimed the devotion of men; but the longing for an infallible something has ever been present in human hearts, and after this period of change the longing gradually developed into the veneration of an Infallible book, until the very language of the day was permeated with Bible phraseology. Milton derived much of his inspiration from the Bible, and whilst theology undoubtedly acted upon him, he none the less acted powerfully upon the religious thought of the generations that followed.

The average conception entertained up to the middle of this century by the English people of Adam, Eve, paradise, heaven, hell, and God are

chiefly derived from his 'Paradise Lost;' whilst the grotesque person of Satan, the Pan-like devil of popular mythology, is purely Miltonic. There is something almost ludicrous in the conception of the Arch Fiend struggling amongst the undergrowth to find his way to the Garden of Eden:

"Now to th' ascent of that steep savage hill
Satan had journeyed on, pensive and slow;
But further way found none, so thick entwined
As one continued brake, the undergrowth
Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplex'd
All path of man or beast that past that way.
One gate there only was, and that look'd east
On th' other side; which when the Arch-felon saw,
Due entrance he disdain'd, and in contempt
At one slight bound high overleap'd all bound."

Nor can we, in the brighter ideals that are ours, quite understand Milton's conception of God, unless indeed in the light of Milton's hereditary bias, or the limited character of the educational arena of his day, so tainted with the spirit of Calvinism.

We are apt to wonder, can Milton have meant what he said when he speaks thus of God, thus—

"To appease betimes th' incensed Deity."

Or—

"Him who disobeys,
Me disobeys, breaks union, and that day
Cast out from God and blessed union falls
Into utter darkness deep engulfed, his place
Ordained; without redemption, without end."

Whilst in respect to conception of Deity the progress of moral and religious thought might seem to have been once more arrested, a closer examination of the writings of Milton will show that the thoughts of "futurity" were really taking a greater hold upon the minds of the day.

The whole idea of 'Paradise Regained' is the conception of a larger and hitherto unappreciated hope for the future. In 'Samson Agonistes' the hero says:

> "All these indignities, for such they are,
> From thine; these evils I deserve and more,
> Acknowledge them from God inflicted on me
> Justly; yet despair not of His final pardon
> Whose ear is ever open, and His eye
> Gracious to readmit the suppliant."

The whole spirit of 'Paradise Regained' is wrapped up in the picture which Milton draws of our "first parents," penitent and confident of pardon and restoration:

> "Undoubtedly He will relent and turn
> From His displeasure, in whose look, serene
> When angry most He seemed and most severe,
> What else but favour, grace, and mercy shone?"

I have said that the thought of futurity is seen in Milton to be taking hold of his mind, and in so saying we must notice the important distinction between the assent to a doctrine contained in the accepted religious dogmas of the body to which an individual belongs, and the truth which has become part of a man's being from sheer conviction. Thus while, as a Christian and a Churchman, Milton was

individually a believer in the future life, I cannot but observe that in his writings (expressing, as I postulate, the best thoughts of his day), so far from the definite statements that might have been expected from one with his environment and education, in point of fact we find little more than one slight step forward from the position of the previous century on this important point—a future life. This doctrine, though always accepted as part of the Christian creed, has really had very little hold on the intellect of the world, but has been laboriously working its way to the surface, and is only now beginning to be recognised as rational and true.

Whilst Shakespeare dimly, if at all, suggests the thought of a future life, Milton does not go so very much further,—apart, at least, from his conventional and material description of heaven and hell. He has much to say of spirits, but of *man's* real purpose little. He gives us, however, just a hint of developing thought in this direction when he says:

> "Though what if earth
> Be but the shadow of heaven, and things therein
> Each to other like more than on earth is thought?"

But the real spirit of the poet's inner mind is seen in the vague hope which, poet-like, gets beyond the hope stage:

> "Yet one doubt
> Pursues me still, least all I cannot die;
> Least that pure breath of life, the spirit of man
> Which God inspired, cannot together perish
> With this corporeal clod."

These words alone would suffice in my mind to mark a definite progress of ideals.

Dryden, Addison, Pope.

The succeeding century saw no rapid change of thought; it was occupied in consolidating into the national constitution the developments of thought that had already taken place. It was the period in which the attempt was made to convert doctrines into practice, and undoubtedly great steps were taken to remedy the pestilential state of the moral atmosphere. From the works of Dryden, Addison, and Pope, it will, however, be seen that little, if any, progress was made in the direction of thought. The moral and religious world were slowly settling down to a semi-puritanical conception of right living. From the Cruel Tyrant of the Italian worship the pendulum of the idea of God was swinging towards the Despotic Judge of Calvinistic theology, while with regard to the future of humanity, the well-known and curious lines of Dryden show the spirit of his day and the development of the Miltonic wanderings:

"For when we're dead and our freed souls enlarged,
Of nature's grosser burden we're discharged;
Then gentle as a happy lover's sigh,
Like wandering meteors through the air will fly,
And in our airy walk as subtle guests
We'll steal into our cruel fathers' breasts;
There read their souls and track each passion's sphere."

Addison dealt almost exclusively with the defects

of the present, and sought to assist the work of moral progress, as is asserted by his friend Tickell, who says of him:

> "He taught us how to live, and, oh! too high
> The price of knowledge, taught us how to die."

Burns.

The tendency to rest on the laurels of the past, and the evils that always ensue from this, are well evidenced in the cold worldly, though outwardly religious atmosphere in which Pope writes; a state of affairs that reached its zenith towards the end of the eighteenth century, when the great Ayrshire bard caught the spirit of universal desire for liberty and religious progress, and struck many a mortal blow against the ecclesiastical institution of his day, and when out of the anguish of his unfettered soul he cries—

> "Lord, hear my earnest cry and prayer
> Against the Presbytry of Ayr,"

our hearts are with him, for we know that at least in Scotland the whole idea of religion had become so crystallised into the various rules of the Church, her courts, and her government, that there remained little room for the exercise of practical Christianity. 'The Cotter's Saturday Night' well describes the difference between conventional worship of that time and the true devotion of heart that was, perhaps, most frequently to be found in the humble cottage.

"Then kneeling down to heaven's Eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays.
Hope springs exulting on triumphant wing,
That thus they all shall meet in future days;
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise
In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

"Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride
In all the pomp of method and of art,
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's every grace except the heart!
The Power, incensed, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul;
And in His Book of Life the inmates poor enrol."

Much has been said to disparage the writings of this Scotch bard, but two ideas will ever claim for him a high standard of poetic worth. He emphasises boldly and clearly a higher and better, though still material conception of heaven, as expressly stated in the passage just quoted; and there comes upon the scene for the first time in his writings a newer and grander appreciation of the Divine Ruler, that cannot have failed to influence in its reflected force the minds of the mass of his readers. God is no more the Despot.

"Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us.
He knows each chord—its various tone,
Each spring—its various bias;

Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted."

And again, in the prospect of death, this greater and truer ideal comes out still more forcibly.

"Where human weakness has come short,
Or frailty stept aside,
Do Thou, All-good! for such Thou art,
In shades of darkness hide.
Where with intention I have err'd,
No other plea I have,
But Thou art good, and goodness still
Delighteth to forgive."

WORDSWORTH.

But even the torch which Robert Burns, and possibly Logan too, lighted, would hardly have availed to stir the slumbers of the eighteenth century had not two other circumstances—the convulsive events of the French Revolution and the rise of the "Lake" school of poets—added their forces towards remedying the evils of such an artificial age.

In architecture, dress, and literature the same stereotyped ideals were everywhere apparent; nothing natural was allowed to appear; even the trees might not grow as they would, but must be cut into fantastic shapes. Religion and life were brought under the same domination. The best intellects, however, could not long remain pent up within such narrow walls, and in the domain of

artistic expression found vent for their feelings in the identification of God with nature, and found joy in devotion to the true, the beautiful, the good, either in hill or mountain, in dale or valley, by the running brook or the flowering hedgerow. We find this expansion of the God idea making itself evident in the writings of Wordsworth amidst the censure and opposition of not a few so-called religious persons of his day who, being nothing if not conventional, were of necessity not amongst the foremost minds of that period, men who classed wild flowers as "weeds," and forbore to speak of earthly love on the Sabbath.

To Wordsworth, the whole creation brings him "authentic tidings of invisible things," and certainly nature taught him more of the character of true worship than was known to many who have followed him.

What grander conception could we have of the due worship of a pure soul than this?—

> "Dear child, dear child, thou walkest with me here;
> If thou appear untouched by solemn thoughts,
> Thy nature is not therefore less Divine.
> Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year;
> And worship'st at the Temple's inner shrine,
> God being with thee, when we know it not."

Truly Wordsworth, if he does no more, at least brings us up to the religious ideal of the average person to-day, for who is there that is worth the name of man that does not love the beautiful and natural, or fails to see and hear in them the voice of God? as Wordsworth says,

"One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can."

By his love of nature Wordsworth wrought the cure for the moral diseases of his day, and by giving to us the best thoughts of the best men of his time, has not only brought us into closer touch with nature, but has pointed us to God and good through nature. He has made God more real to us, and as a sequel to his work, already many are beginning to realise how infinitely fragile is the wall between science and the best religious thought; between the truest poetry and the truest faith. He interprets to us God, life, and ourselves; he satisfies us, though no doubt he will not satisfy the generation that is to be. He felt that man needs—

"A pleasure quiet and profound,
Of permanent and universal sway,
And permanent belief."

His finger points to the interlacing and interpenetrating influence of the great Over-soul of the universe in all earthly events.

"Thou Soul that art the eternity of thought,
And givest form to images, a breath
And everlasting motion, not in vain
By day or starlight thus from my first dawn
Of childoood didst thou intertwine for me
The passions which build up a human soul."

Of course Wordsworth has been accused of Pantheism, but that is the fate of every thinker, since

the mental vision of his accusers is generally of too limited a character to differentiate.

But while we may see a very distinct growth of ideal with reference to the conception of God in the writings of Wordsworth, the profoundest if not the strangest of all his doctrines, and one which not only develops the idea but even takes for granted a future life, is his doctrine of "reminiscence," which approximates closely to the Platonic doctrine of re-incarnation.

Some have failed to recognise this teaching in Wordsworth owing to his poetic vagueness, but we ought not to overlook the fact that the religious bigotry of his time made it difficult, as indeed it still is, to speak quite plainly on such a subject. This caused him so to veil his terms that it is only in the present we are beginning to understand their true meaning. The poet-philosopher could not allow the great problem of the past and future to be slurred over, but felt that it must be grappled with and understood.

He taught that—

> "The child is father to the man,"

and that therefore, from the recollections and observations of early childhood, we may do something to trace our ancestry. It is to the workings of the mind of the child that the poet appeals when he wishes to prove that knowledge is recollection, and that our recognition of "geometrical truths," as Matthew Arnold calls the conceptions of early childhood (those truths that come so promptly as

to appear instinctive), depends on our having been actually familiar with them in an earlier world. Wordsworth invokes the memory of a state in which he had known no sin.

> "Happy those days when I
> Shined in my angel infancy,
> Before I understood the place
> Appointed for my second race,
> Or taught my soul to fancy aught
> But a white celestial thought;
> Before I taught my tongue to wound
> My conscience with a sinful sound,
> But felt through all this fleshly dress
> Bright shoots of everlastingness."

But Wordsworth is not content with merely analysing his childhood's experiences and impressions, he implies and even asserts that these "fancies from afar are brought," and that the child's view of the world reveals to him truths which full-grown man with difficulty retains or recovers.

Thus Wordsworth followed Plato in believing that the child's soul had existed before it entered the body. The child begins by feeling the natural world strange to him, but he sees in it as it were what he has been accustomed to see.

He discerns in it kinship with the spiritual world which he dimly remembers; that "unsubstantial fairy place," the sense of which, though it never entirely vanishes, with advancing years we find less and less present with us.

But listen to the poet's own words on the subject

in that grand, hopeful, soul-sustaining Ode on 'Intimations of Immortality,' which makes us feel our angel ancestry:

"There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light;
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore:
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

* * * * *

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come,
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy,
But he beholds the light and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy:

* * * * *

The homely nurse doth all she can
To make her foster-child, her inmate man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

* * * * *

The thought of the past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction: not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest;

Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast:
Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise;
But these obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realised,
High instincts before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised;
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence: truths that wake
To perish never;
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind:
In the primal sympathy,
Which having been must ever be,
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering,
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

I thank God that ever poet taught such grand thoughts of *God* and *Life* and *Self*.

He has spoken words which are inspired if ever words were, words worthy of this century. He has shown us that though it is true that all are born

with a prepensity to sin, it is equally true that each physical human life is irresponsible for its own being, and must stand at its own intrinsic value, apart altogether from the moral or immoral action of its parents.

Viewed thus, each human soul has its own possibilities; it brings with it its own consciousness, which happily for many is a consciousness of "coming from afar;" and even if in the midst of life we find many of our early illusions and dreams have "faded into the light of common day," yet it is "from glory to glory," and later life reveals to us other and sublimer dreams of a more eternal value, and the sunset is oftentimes rich with a splendour more brilliant than the trailing clouds of sunrise. "Heaven lies about us in our infancy," "for of such is the kingdom of heaven," and that death could bring annihilation of the life which is at the heart of all things was to the poet an unthinkable anomaly.

I have tried to trace what might be called the evolution of the idea of God and the future life in poetry from the time of Chaucer up to the level of the ordinary conception of the present day, but to fulfil the conditions of my postulate we ought naturally to look for the poet-prophet of our own day,—that is to say, the one who sums up in his writings not only the average, but the finest and noblest ideals of the nineteenth century.

TENNYSON.

No doubt I shall be uttering an unwelcome sentiment when I decline to look up to the late Poet

Laureate as the noblest scion of poetic genius for our era. I deliberately place him as anterior to Browning in reference to the expression of ideal, moral, and religious thought, in spite of that spirit of intense piety which so uniformly permeates his writings.

The able volume recently published by his son Hallam as well as the valuable paper read before this Society were able attempts to place Tennyson in the forefront of the poetic field; but whilst we all delight to bask in the sunshine of his graceful diction, and though he was undoubtedly a man of very great powers, he will ever to my mind occupy a position midway between Wordsworth and Browning. He portrays the best thought of the middle of this century, and must in regard to his writings be considered only the very brilliant complement to the efforts of the "Lake" school. I am fain to believe that when the great teachings which Tennyson has crystallised with such inimitable refinement of language and thought are described in the years to come as "old-fashioned," the works of Robert Browning will be counted as Sibylline books, and rank as the guides, friends, and counsellors of the moral and religious teachers of the day; in spite of the fact which I cannot deny, that in some instances, at least, his style seems to lack that standard of rhythmical cadence which an intuitive sense of proportion within us seems to demand.

Both these great men lie together in the Poets' Corner at Westminster.

Tennyson has had the larger appreciation of the past, Browning will live in the future! since he is

the flower of poetic thought, and the genius of moral and religious conception. Tennyson was but the harbinger of a "large hope," he gave musical expression to the growing aspiration of pity and love. As far as can be ascertained from his writings he believed vaguely in the ultimate victory of the Divine goodness, but he never saw evil being changed into good. He could not see the good of evil, he could only say—

> "O yet we trust that somehow good
> Will be the final goal of ill
> To pangs of nature, sins of will,
> Defects of doubt, and taints of blood."

Browning.

But Browning's Psychology was of a far deeper sort. His mind was far bolder and more resolutely speculative than that of the author of 'In Memoriam.' He was not afraid of sin, he searched it through and through. He thought it had a meaning, and that it was in itself a great educator.

In his 'Parleyings with Bernard de Mandeville,' Browning teaches us that we must concede a use to evil, because it is—

> "The scheme by which through ignorance
> Good labours to exist."

We can only distinguish knowledge of good by knowledge of evil—good and evil grow together; what know we—

> "But proofs here gained that every growth of good
> Sprang consequent on evil's neighbourhood?"

Night needs day, shine needs shade, so good needs evil,—says Browning in 'Parleyings with Francis Furini.' Evil he believes to be finite, transitory, and essential to the attainment of all higher and permanent good; nor is there anything in the existence of moral evil to make us doubt Divine goodness.

> "Fair and good are products
> Of foul and evil, one must bring to pass the other
> Just as poisons grow drugs."
>
> ('Pietro of Abano.')

We are, then, according to Browning, to consider evil as shade in relation to light, or, as he puts it in Abt Vogler—

> "Evil is null, is naught."

But he does not stop here; we must ever struggle with evil, for "no battle, no victory." We must in this life have—

> "Pain with joy
> Folly with wisdom, all that works annoy
> With all that quiets and contents;"

and then for our benefit evil must always stay with us here.

> "For mankind springs
> Salvation by each hindrance interposed."

> "Why comes temptation but for man to meet
> And master and make crouch beneath his foot
> And so be pedestalled in triumph?"

It is in the poem "Easter Eve" that the new light seems to burst upon him with all its force, and

that he sees the value of trial, temptation, and evil; the limitation of life becomes clear.

> "And so I live, you see, he says;
> Go through the world, try, prove, respect,
> Prefer still struggling to effect
> My warfare. Happy that I can
> Be crossed and thwarted as a man,
> Not left in God's content apart
> With ghastly smooth life, dead at last."

And this too is true of pain. In the hands of this teacher pain and suffering have cast around them a halo of beauty that seems to make all life beautiful.

Pain has been urged against the doctrine of an all-loving Creator, and yet any physiologist will tell us that without a nervous system capable of suffering pain, no pleasure could be enjoyed. Again, pain is protection. If fire did not cause the pain of burning we should handle hot coals with our fingers and soon destroy them. Pain always lasts while there is the possibility of cure. Pompilia says, in 'The Ring and the Book,'—

> "The guardian angel discontinued pain
> Because the hope of cure was gone at last."

All pain must be to work some good in the end. Again, in Ferishtah's 'Fancies' we read—

> "Pain's shade enhanced the shine
> Of pleasure, else no pleasure."

How precious does the thought become when understood!

"But pain from out the world, what room were left
For thanks to God, for love to man?"

"Thanks to God
And love to man—from man take these
Away, and what is man worth?"

So it seems to me that Browning has given us a truer light on the Gospel message than any before him. He has explored the recesses of hell and found God there also. He has staggered at nothing. He could go to the "morgue," and there amidst the forlorn ruins of blasted and abortive lives he could retain his optimism unshaken. He could declare boldly—

"My own hope is a sun will pierce
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched;
That after last return the first,
Though a wide compass round be fetched,
That what began best can't end worst,
Nor what God blessed once prove accursed."

Every element in our complex being has its value. Out of animal feelings God, the great alchemist, is for ever distilling sublime imperishable human affections. And so our poet can sing the great hymn of confident affiance:

"I see the good of evil, why our world began at worst,
Since Time means amelioration tardily enough displayed,
Yet a mainly onward moving, never wholly retrograde.
We know more, though we know little;
We grow stronger, though still weak;
Partly see, though all too purblind;
Stammer, though we cannot speak."

But it may be asked, were these thoughts, noble and true as they are, actuated by a Christian heart. Most certainly.

Surely Christmas Eve and Easter Day are meaningless if they do not express the author's belief in Christ and His atoning sacrifice.

Christ is no fable or myth to Browning, for we hear him praying for the "Göttingen" professor, who is a teacher of unbelief:

> "May Christ do for him what no mere man shall,
> And stand confessed as the God of salvation."

In "Pauline" he addresses our Lord in the most impassioned and devout terms:

> "O Thou pale form!
> Oft have I stood by Thee;
> Have I been keeping lonely watch with Thee
> In the damp night by weeping Olivet;
> Or leaning on Thy bosom proudly less,
> Or dying with Thee on Thy lonely cross,
> Or witnessing Thy bursting from the tomb."

In the exquisitely beautiful poem "Christmas Eve" is a description of the midnight mass at St. Peter's at Rome, in which Christ is represented as—

> "He who trod,
> Very man and very God,
> This earth in weakness, shame, and pain;
> Dying on the cross, but to come again; the one God,
> All in all, King of kings, Lord of lords."

Again, in the powerful and remarkable poem "An Epistle from Karshish" the Arab physician who,

travelling through Palestine soon after the death of our Lord, heard the story of Jesus, and how He raised Lazarus from the dead, and writing to his old teacher, says,

> "The very God! think, Abib; dost thou think?
> So the All-great were the All-loving too;"

and Lazarus declares that Christ said to him,

> "And thou must love Me who have died for thee."

Any possible doubt as to whether the message of Browning were a Christian one or no is set at rest when he declares that "the Love that tops the night" is "Christ in God:"

> "I say the acknowledgment of God in Christ,
> Accepted by the reason, solves for thee
> All questions in the earth, and out of it;"

whilst "Saul," probably the noblest of all his religious poems, seems little short of a Messianic oratorio in words.

What a magnificent prophetic outburst is that in which he makes the sweet singer of Israel proclaims "the Christ that is to be."

> "O Saul, it shall be
> A Face like my face that receives thee, a Man like to me;
> Thou shalt love and be loved by for ever, a Hand like this hand
> Shall throw open the gate of new life to thee:
> See the Christ stand!"

Browning probably was not what might be called a strictly orthodox Christian, he felt he knew too

much to be bound by narrow and party limits, he basked in Truth, and Hope, and Love. He tells us, "I believe in God, and Truth, and Love." This is the dominant note of his work, and is clear from "Pauline" right through to the last pages of "Asolando."

> "In the beginning God made heaven and earth,
> From the first Power was—I knew,
> Life has made clear to me,
> That strive but for a closer view,
> Love were as plain to see."

But he is not a Theist. The Son of God made man for us, solves for Browning all the hard problems of existence.

By Christ he came to know God; and knowing God as He only can be known through the power of the God-man he understood the infinite worth of the soul, the value of life, the certainty of a future state, and the mystery of evil, pain, sin, and death. In his teachings the Christian system is evident.

We now proceed to examine what Browning has to tell us about the future of the soul, and in this respect he has encouraged more than hope within our hearts.

From "Prospice" and the "Epilogue to Asolando" he makes it quite evident that he did not fear death. In "Saul" he speaks of "death's minute of night" as introductory to "life's day-spring." The dying Paracelsus exclaims,

> "If I stoop into a dark tremendous sea of cloud,
> It is but for a time, I press God's lamp
> Close to my breast. Its splendour soon or late
> Will pierce the gloom. I shall emerge one day."

Guido, in "The Ring and the Book," says,

"You never know what life means till you die,
Even throughout life 'tis death that makes life live,
Guides it whatever the significance."

And so, too, he believed in salvation from sin, even at the last moment of life. Count Guido, the poet and arch-villain, is addressed by the Pope in these words, which reflect the ideal of the thief on the cross:

"I stood at Naples on a night so dark,
I could have scarce conjectured there was earth
Anywhere—sky, or sea, or world at all;
But the night's black was burnt through by a blaze,
Thunder struck blow on blow, earth groaned, and
Through the whole length of mountain visible
There lay the city, thick and plain with spires,
And like a ghost disshrouded white the sea;
So may the truth be flashed out by one blow,
And Guido see one instant and be saved."

In "Easter Day" Browning gives us a vision of judgment; a voice beside the beholder says:

"Life is done.
Time ends, eternity's begun,
And thou art judged for evermore."

He regards the destiny of the soul to be an eternal progress. He believes in just and varied future punishment. To him hell is—

"That sad, obscure, sequestered state
Where God unmakes, but to re-make the soul."

Hell, then, is not eternal, for God cannot be absent from anywhere, and

> "In His face
> Is light, but in His shadow healing too."

How Browning seems to be able to cast the whole problem of the future into God's lap! His faith, his reasonable faith, triumphs, and he can rest in God's hand.

Rabbi Ben Ezra says—

> "Our times are in His hand
> Who saith, 'A whole I planned.'
> Youth shows but half; trust God, see all;
> Nor be afraid!"
> "For God must be love.
> For the loving worm within its clod
> Were diviner than a loveless God
> Amid His worlds, I will dare to say."

Tennyson has given us his "Crossing the Bar." Let us hear Browning's view in his own funeral sermon, "The Epilogue to Asolando."

> "Never dreamed, though right were worsted wrong would triumph,
> Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to wake.
> No, at noonday in the bustle of man's work-time
> Greet the unseen with a cheer!
> Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be;
> Strive and thrive! cry 'Speed! fight on, fare ever
> There as here!'"

Surely we cannot help feeling that there is something about Browning's writings, when carefully

and thoughtfully perused, that seems to raise us up and stimulate us. He draws man and God closer to each other. He shows us God not merely in nature, but in humanity. He brings home to us the conviction that in all life God's purpose for our individual good is immanent; and at the same time he paints man in the light in which God sees him, viz. as potential God. He inspires our conception of mankind as brave and strong and good, but above all rich in faith and knowledge. Browning gives us something to live by, ay, and to die by.

I would like to lie down for my last sleep in the spirit which is expressed in "Prospice:"

"One fight more,
The best and the last!
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes and forbore,
And bade me creep past.
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers,
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness, and cold.
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute's at end,
And the elements' rage, the fiend voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
Then a light, then Thy breast,
O thou Soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest!"

THE EVOLUTION OF GOETHE'S ART.

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[Read February 28th, 1900.]

THE object of the present essay is to trace the development of Goethe's art in its main outlines, so far as may be done in a brief paper, and to examine the æsthetic principles which underlie that development.

Goethe's first literary culture was French. He was born less than forty years after the death of Louis XIV, and the canons of French literature and art gave at this time the law to Europe. There were also special reasons why he should fall under this influence. Goethe was six years old when the Seven Years' War broke out, and thirteen when it came to an end. In this war the Empire which had been the traditional enemy of France now took the side of that country against the encroachments of Frederick of Prussia, and the Comte de Thorane, a French general of pronounced artistic and literary tastes, was quartered in Goethe's home. Goethe has given us in his autobiography an account of the pictures which the Count had painted at Frankfort for the decoration of his home at Grasse. These have recently been discovered, and are now in the Goethe Museum at Frankfort. There was also in

the Imperial city a company of French actors whose performances Goethe used frequently to attend. He accustomed himself to declaim long passages from Racine, even when he could not understand a word of what he was reciting. At a later period he acquired a good knowledge of the language and wrote both letters and poetry in it. It is only natural, therefore, that his first literary efforts were imitations of the French manner, and that his earliest play was modelled upon a French pattern. It was on the whole a gain that the boy at a most susceptible age was steeped in the most refined and precise form of modern European speech. This united with the natural clearness of his mind to produce a new style in German, which burst upon Europe as a revelation. In the power of music and simplicity there is nothing between Werther and Plato. Heine was also profoundly affected by French influence, and it is this which gives simplicity and piquancy to his style. But Heine is never a thorough German—partly, perhaps, because he learnt French later, and because his imitation of it was conscious. In Goethe's case the influence was unconscious, and expression of it was felt at a time when it was not likely to shake the strong foundations of Teutonism which were implanted by his family in his birthplace. A skilful artist who wishes to produce a rich lustre in a picture sometimes begins with a foundation of a golden hue, and it was thus that Goethe's Gallicism underlay his art and shone through it, without disturbing its outlines or marring its harmony of colour.

Goethe set himself free from this French tinge at Leipsic. Here he came under the influence of distinguished professors. He did not think much of the wind-bag Gottsched, the king of the university about whom he wrote the German hexameters which I have thus endeavoured to translate:

Gottsched, a man as big as if he was sprung from the ancient
Stock of Goliath of Gath, and born in the Philistine country.
Spear like a weaver's beam, the children of Israel's horror.
This is his outward appearance, the height of his mighty proportions,
Is, as he told us himself, six feet of the measure of Paris.
If I would rightly describe him, I might perhaps find an example
Which would compare with his form, but that would be useless endeavour.
Gazed at the mighty man as he stood upright in his pulpit,
Listened to what he said, and I must in all honesty tell you
Manner of speaking is good, and his words flow forth as he lectures
Clear as a brook transparent. But there he stands like a giant,
High on a lofty chair, and if you had not his acquaintance
You would know him straight from his style and manner of speaking.

A very different man was Gellert, with his small but comely body, soft and pathetic eyes, well-modelled brow, hooked nose, refined mouth, and oval countenance. He at this time held a high position amongst German men of letters, which was due quite as much to his character as to his genius. He did not

altogether realise the power of Goethe's mind, and advised him to desert poetry for prose, and to take to authorship only as an employment subordinate to the serious occupations of his life.

The person who had the strongest influence over him was Adam Frederick Oeser, the Director of the Academy of Art. Goethe had lessons from him in drawing, and also tried his hand at etching. Oeser had been a friend of Winckelmann, who exercised great influence over his style of art. Goethe frequently consulted Oeser when he was at Weimar, and always spoke of his influence with the greatest affection and respect. He says, "Oeser's discoveries have given me a fresh opportunity of blessing myself that I had him for my instructor. He entered into our very souls, and we must indeed have been without souls not to have derived benefit from him. His lessons will produce their effects through all the rest of my existence. He taught me that the ideal of beauty is simplicity and repose."

But although he thus becomes imbued with the classical spirit, he never mingled it in unseemly fashion with modern ideas; he never imitated Wieland in his 'Agathon' and 'Musarion.' The study of classics taught him the beauty of sculpturesque form and the superiority of his own language to the imitation of another. He conceived a true idea of the nature of classical art which never left him. Winckelmann, the discoverer of Greek sculpture, and Lessing, the purifier of the German tongue, were his masters, and he was never untrue to the lessons which they inculcated.

At the end of his Leipsic period he visited Dresden to see the gallery, and he tells us in his 'Memoirs' that when he entered that sanctuary his admiration surpassed everything which he had thought possible. The magnificence, the cleanliness, the hushed quiet of the rooms, the dazzling splendour of the gilded frames, the parqueted floor, inspired a feeling of solemnity, unique in its kind, which resembled rather the reverence for a church, especially as the contents of the apartments were more worthy of reverence than many which adorn cathedrals. He left Leipsic finally on August 28th, 1768, the day he was nineteen years of age—so far had he travelled along the road of life and art at so early an age.

The next place which brought him under new influence was Strasburg, which he left exactly three years later, on his twenty-second birthday. Here he made the acquaintance of Herder, whom he after settled with him at Weimar, and Goethe was with him every day, often indeed all day. Herder taught him the true value of nature in art, and the principles of what we should now call the Romantic school. At that time Ossian was regarded as one of the best types of national poetry, and it was through Herder that Goethe became acquainted with the loves of Oscar and Malvina. On the other side he enchanted him with the idyllic simplicity of the Vicar of Wakefield, a family picture which Goethe imagined to be reproduced in the parsonage of the Brions at Sessenheim. He convinced him of the true merit of Homer, but above all he struck his sensibility to the roots by reveal-

ıg to him the power of the mighty Shakespeare. 3y these influences Goethe's spirit became finally ıiberated from its trammels, and 'Goetz,' 'Faust,' and 'Wilhelm Meister' became possible to him.

The novel of 'Werther's Leiden' and the play of 'Goetz von Berlichingen' are the first two products of Goethe's genius which exhibit him in his highest level of power. The effect produced by Werther is difficult for us to realise or even to understand. It ran like a bale-fire throughout the civilised world, and is perhaps the most remarkable book ever written by a young man of five-and-twenty. In the first month of its publication it spread over the whole of Germany; it was translated into almost every European language, and when it was not translated was imitated. It penetrated even to China. It was enthusiastically admired or sternly condemned, commended as an example of tender sentiment, or held up as a terrible warning. Its style is marvellous, and recalls the music of Plato. The most striking thing in it is its realism. The account of the death and burial of Werther with which it closes is almost a verbal transcript of the letter of Kestner to Goethe describing the suicide of Jerusalem. The first paragraph of the book and the last are specially noticeable. The first words, "Wil froh bin ich das ich weg bin," eight monosyllables recalling the opening words of Plato's 'Republic,' strike the key-note of unrest which runs through the work. The last words, "Handwerker trugen ihn, kein Geistlicher hat ihn begleitet," similarly allude to the democracy and the unbelief of the time, although Kestner may have meant i

differently. 'Goetz,' on the other hand, is a dramatised romance of the Middle Ages, instinct with the spirit of Shakespeare. In the first version the unities of time and place are daringly disregarded, and it had to be completely remodelled to fit it for the stage. I have said elsewhere, "It is difficult to imagine that the same man can have produced both works, so different are they in matter and style. 'Werther' represents the languid sentimentalism, the passionate despair, which possessed an age vexed by evils which nothing but the knife could cure, and tortured by the presence of a high ideal which revealed to it at once the depth of its misery and the hopelessness of a better lot. 'Goetz' was the first manly appeal to the chivalry of German spirit, which, caught up by other voices, sounded through the fatherland like the call of a warden's trumpet, till it produced a national courage founded on the recollections of an illustrious past, which overthrew the might of the conqueror at the moment when he seemed about to dominate the world. 'Werther' is the echo of Rousseau, the lamentation of suffering humanity; 'Goetz' is the prototype of Stein, the corner-stone of a renovated empire. 'Goetz' in its short sharp dialogue recalls the terseness of mediæval German before it was spoilt by the imitation of Ciceronian Latinity. 'Werther,' as soft and melodious as Plato, was the first revelation to the world of that marvellous style which, in the hands of a master, compels a language which is as rich as Greek to be also as musical."

Soon after this Goethe went from Frankfort to

Weimar, where his first stay of ten years is marked by the beginnings of 'Faust' and 'Wilhelm Meister,' of 'Egmont,' 'Iphigenie,' and 'Tasso'—in short, by the conception of those works on which his reputation principally depends. It is difficult to imagine what would be the condition of modern literature if these works had never been written. 'Faust' is the greatest of dramas composed in modern times. It is greater in my opinion than any single play of Shakespeare's, although the number of Shakespeare's plays of nearly equal merit show him to have been of genius superior to that of Goethe. 'Wilhelm Meister' is an entirely new departure in literature. It is not a novel, or a romance, or a phantasy, or an essay, but a mixture of all of them, and of much else besides. It has remained without an imitator because it is inimitable, but it has had a profound effect on the literature which has followed it. It is written in the most perfect style, and although there are portions of it where the action flags, and when the discussions do not seem to be much to the point, yet the charm of the diction is such that wherever you begin it is impossible to stop. 'Tasso,' 'Egmont,' and 'Iphigenie' are masterpieces for all time, and are among the finest examples of the dramatist's art. They are much superior to the plays of Schiller, because they are essentially objective, and they are not spoilt by that cheap and easy rhetoric which disfigures 'Don Carlos,' and which makes you almost detest the name of liberty.

We now come to the year 1786, which marks an epoch in Goethe's life. He had been ten years in

Weimar, and had not produced as much as he might have produced in that time. The great works which I have just mentioned were not completed or in their final form. The sketches of 'Faust' and 'Egmont' had been brought with him from Frankfort. 'Iphigenie' did not satisfy its author; 'Tasso' was conceived, but only two acts were written, and these were in prose. 'Wilhelm Meister' was not in condition to be published. For the completion and revision of these works Goethe needed the leisure and repose which were not to be found in the distractions of a court. For these and other reasons in September, 1786, after spending five weeks at Carlsbad in revising his work for the press, he stole secretly away. In the strictest incognito, in the guise of a German merchant, under the name of Müller, he drove alone to the land of the citron and the orange. His Italian journey, the most momentous epoch in the development of his intellectual life, lasted from September 3rd, 1786, to June 18th, 1788.

The effect of this journey was to deepen his love of antiquity, and to establish in his mind the cult of a classical ideal instead of the romantic ideal which had before attracted him. His conception of art became sculpturesque instead of picturesque. It is remarkable that of all masterpieces of literature Goethe should have felt so little interested in Dante. So far as I remember, he scarcely ever mentions him, although he is a poet so great that it is not easy to place any one above him. Dante is classical and sculpturesque in form, as may be seen from the marvellous symmetry which reigns

supreme in his hundred cantos. At the same time he is romantic in substance from the terrific realism of his pictures, and the want of reticence which characterised his judgments and his portraits. Goethe also at this time appears to have had little admiration for Gothic architecture. In passing through Assisi he says nothing about that magnificent Gothic church which preserves for ever the memory of St. Francis, but only mentions a little ruined temple, whose chief interest now is that it once attracted the attention of Goethe.

The second edition of the 'Iphigenie,' written in verse in the first parts of the Italian journey,—it forms a very strong contrast to 'Goetz von Berlichingen.' It is composed in the strictest classical form. He returned to Weimar a changed man. He had learnt in Italy not only new principles of art, but that life itself must be a work of art. Having learnt to know himself in the solitude of travel, he determined henceforth to be himself, to break the bonds which had confined him, and the distractions which had confused him, and to possess his soul sacred and inviolable for the highest purposes of his life. In pursuance of this design he united himself with Christiane Vulpius, whom in these days of the lax relation of the sexes he did not formally marry till 1806.

The next great change in his life was brought about in his connection with Schiller, who settled in Weimar in 1787. Goethe had great influence over Schiller, but the effect on the other side was rather to increase Goethe's productivity than to effect any radical alteration in his methods of work.

But perhaps if he had never known Schiller he would not have written his ballads, which he composed in friendly co-operation and rivalry with his brother poet. It is in the ballads that Schiller most nearly approaches the genius of Goethe. In the beginning of 1805 Goethe was convinced that he or Schiller would die that year. In January they were both seized with illness. Schiller was the first to recover, and visiting Goethe in his sick room, fell on his neck and kissed him with intense emotion. On April 29th they saw each other for the last time, and on May 9th Schiller died.

After the death of Schiller, Goethe's art passed into a new phase, and it is to that phase that I wish particularly to direct your attention. 'Die Wahlverwandtschaften' appeared in 1809; 'Die West Ostliche Divan' some ten years afterwards; the 'Wanderjahre' and the second part of 'Faust' later still. There are also many men's works which illustrate the style of Goethe's latest period,—the famous 'Novelle,' which Carlyle thought a masterpiece, the 'Natürliche Tochter,' the 'Bürger General.' In all these works Goethe aimed at the universal, regarding it as a higher object of art than the individual and particular. And this opens up the question which I should desire to raise before you: Is there any way in which art can describe the passions of modern cultivated civilised life, and still keep its hold over the emotions and the imaginations of men?

The main subject of all art is passion. The earliest ballads are the expression of passion, of the elementary passions of love and hate. Ballads can

generally be divided into war songs or love songs. National Epics, whether German, Greek, or Finnish, are made up of ballads of this kind. We find the same fact true of the great dramas of the Greeks. What is the 'Agamemnon' of Aeschylus but the story of love, jealousy, murder, and revenge? What is the 'Medea' of Euripides but a tale of seduction, desertion, child murder, inspired by revenge? In England Clytemnestra would certainly have been hanged. In Greece she was murdered by her son, who was eventually acquitted of the crime. Medea would have made her appearance in a London police court; in Asia she was borne off in a carriage drawn by winged dragons.

What moves us most in Goethe's 'Faust' is not the temptation of Faust by the devil, or the scene in the witch's kitchen, or the revels in the Blocksberg, or the communings of Faust with his lower nature, but what is called the 'Gretchen Episode,' the story of the ruin, the crime, and the death of Margaret. In the narrative it is the simplest words which affect us most: "Yet everything which led me on was goodness and love alone;" the sneer of Mephistopheles, "She was not the first." It is the simplicity of the pathos, its appeal to universal experience, which give this story its hold over the hearts of men. Read or acted, spoken or sung, embellished with music by Spohr, Gounod, Berlioz, or Boito, it draws tears from men and women of every country.

But is it not possible to rise above these simple passions? A complex civilisation may produce great criminals, but it is also the parent of acts of

heroism which are not usually found in a simple society. A great statesman such as Cavour or Bismarck, a great philosopher such as Herbert Spencer, are the heroes of our modern society. Is not devotion to the ideal as true a passion as the wooing of a village maiden? Is not a great traveller and discoverer as true a hero as a great conqueror? May not Livingstone and Stanley stand by the side of Alexander?

If we desire to describe the struggle between two great principles which lead to a mortal catastrophe, it is not always the side of which we approve which takes the prize in artistic representation, because our artistic means are too inadequate to represent. It would be easy to write a drama which piled up the agony of the execution of the Duc d'Enghien; it would not be so easy to enlist sympathy for the ruler who did violence to his strongest feelings in executing an act of justice, which Napoleon always declared to be the case. A friend of mine once wrote a tragedy called 'Cromwell,' which he intended to be a glorification of that illustrious personality; but on reading it we discovered that all the pathos and poetry were expended on Charles I, whom our friend was especially anxious to condemn.

And yet in our complicated modern life is there no escape from this difficulty? An artist, we admit, should describe what he sees and what he knows, the subjects with which he is habitually in contact. But are our most intimate friends criminals like Clytemnestra or Medea? or if there is to be found even in the best men a strain of lower nature, are we to fix our eyes on that, and not on those quali-

ties which we mainly value in the friendship of our friends? Also, should art always confine itself to the particular, and refuse to deal with the universal and the typical? Our morning papers afford us material for love and hatred, for hope and fear, for admiration and disgust, drawn from the whole of the civilised world. We adore, respect, lament, envy, loathe, and despise our brother whom we have not seen; is cosmopolitan sympathy to be for ever excluded from the domain of art, and are we always to confine ourselves to the limits of a village or a household?

But in attempting to deal with these higher and broader passions the artist has great difficulties to contend with. He must appeal to a smaller audience. A simple ballad will draw a larger audience than a quartet of Beethoven, although the last may contain a hundredfold more melody, and will live long after the ballad is forgotten. Indeed, there is scarcely a masterpiece of music which was not at the time of its production condemned as complicated, artificial, unmelodious, and unintelligible. Some of the best works of Beethoven were not performed until long after his death, and some of the finest works of Bach have never been peformed at all. It is also difficult for this new art to find language in which to express itself. The language of ordinary passion is well known, perhaps too well known. The conversation between Faust and Margaret, the death scene of Milly Barton, the most tragic part of 'Werther,' are expressed in the simplest language and produce their full effect. But Goethe in his endeavours

after the universal is compelled to desert this language, and becomes vague and obscure. This is so far a characteristic of Goethe that the great critic De Quincey, writing of Goethe in the early years of the century, held that his reputation was founded on his obscurity, and that it was from a deliberate cunning that Goethe expressed himself unintelligibly so as to excite the curiosity of his readers. So long as there was something to find out he would be studied, but when everything was cleared up and it was known exactly what he meant, or that he had no meaning, he would be read no more.

This has certainly not proved to be the case. Goethe was never more read and studied than he is at the present moment, and the more we study him the more intelligible do his obscurer poems appear to be. What, then, is the real reason of the change in Goethe's style? What transmitted the clear and sharp language of the gifted boy into the difficult and dreamy dialect of the mature man? Why did the author of the first part of 'Faust' ever write a second part? Why did the author of 'Goetz' compose the 'Natürliche Tochter'? It was because he strove after the development of his art, and desired to apply it to worthier subjects. Happily for Goethe, the German language has a power which no other modern language possesses to an equal extent of lending itself to the accurate expression of the most complex abstract ideas. Its malleability, its comprehensiveness, the ease with which its combined parts can be thrown together and kneaded into new shape at the will of the writer,

make it an unrivalled instrument in the hands of a man of genius. If Goethe wishes to exhibit recondite passion he need not, as an English writer would be obliged to do, have recourse to metaphors; he can extend the compass of his own language at his will. If he tries to deal with the universal instead of the particular, to say things true for all time instead of for his own time, applicable to all men and not to one man, dealing sometimes with nature or with the whole universe, the form of expression is ready at his hand. He possesses a speech which would obey his most roaming fancies, even as the Greek language lent itself to all the wild imaginings of the Alexandrian Platonists. Goethe used this liberty to the utmost; he who had taught German to speak with limpid music in 'Werther' and with rugged force in 'Goetz,' prepared in the maturity of his powers to utter abstractions which few discovered at the time to have any meaning, and which many have declared to have no meaning at all—yet these utterances are becoming current coin to our generation. The second part of 'Faust' is acted on many a German stage, and the press of Germany teems with cheap editions of his poems, not with his most popular writings only, or his acknowledged masterpieces, but with all his compositions, including his scientific works.

Literature began with Homer, with strife and battles, and the wars of semi-savage tribes. Human nature is there, but human nature in the germ. The Greeks of the Homeric age are still with us, but they are to be found among the Kaffirs of

South Africa and the Fuzzy-Wuzzys of the Soudan, but you will hardly find amongst them a Faust, a Wilhelm Meister, or an Edward. Living art must deal with the circumstances which environ it, with the deepest problems of advanced humanity, not only with the simple joys and sorrows common to all human beings. To accomplish this well and worthily is the privilege of the highest genius. It was to one portion at least of this tremendous task that Goethe set himself in the maturity of his powers; and it is this effort, whether it was a success or a failure, which makes him the chosen representative in literature of the modern spirit, the prophet of mankind under new circumstances and new conditions, the appointed teacher of ages yet unborn.

"CART

NERO'S GREAT CANAL, WITH SOME REMARKS ON ROMAN WAR GALLEYS.

BY ALFRED MARKS.

[Read March 28th, 1900.]

My title ought perhaps to have distinguished between the two canals with which the name of Nero is associated. Each work may justly be called great, but the short canal of the Isthmus of Corinth, about four miles long, has proved to be the more important project. To cut the Isthmus of Corinth had been the dream of others before Nero, as after him it was the dream of others to complete what he left unfinished. Julius Cæsar had designed to carry out the work, but died without putting hand to it.* Caligula proceeded no further than a survey.† Finally Nero actually commenced the work ‡ on so good a plan that when in our own days the project was revived, the engineers, after study of all practicable lines, could not better Nero's plan. The line laid out by his engineers was followed for the modern canal which, after eleven years' labour, was completed in 1893. We have more numerous notices of this than of the other canal. In particular, it is the subject of one of the inimitable dialogues of Lucian.§ From this it would appear that work on

* Suetonius, 'Cæsar,' xliv.
† Suetonius, 'Caligula,' xxi.
‡ Suetonius, 'Nero,' xix. 'Dion Cassius,' lxiii.
§ Lucian, 'Nero,' lxxviii.

the canal was abandoned on the return to Rome of Nero, recalled by the insurrection of Vindex. According to Josephus,* Vespasian sent from Judæa 6000 slaves to be employed on the work, which the modern engineers have calculated proceeded for some three or four months only, about half a million cubic metres of earth or rock having been removed.†

Our concern is not, however, with this canal, but with the great military or naval canal from Avernus to Rome, begun probably at an earlier date.

Of all the many beautiful panoramic views enjoyed by the visitor to Naples, none is equal to that seen from the heights of St. Elmo over the eastern portion of the incomparable Bay of Naples. Second to it, but also of exquisite beauty, and in some respects even more interesting, is the view over the western part of the Bay from the monastery of Camaldoli. More interesting in one respect, for we look hence over a tract of country abounding in extinct volcanoes. From the sea-shore the pedestrian has toiled up the steep side of an ancient crater to Camaldoli, 1500 feet above the sea level, the highest point in the district. Near at hand we can mark the half-extinct Solfatara, with its boiling springs and its sulphurous steam. Hard by are Antignano, Astroni, Campiglione, Monte Nuovo. All these are well-defined craters, easily identified as such by the least skilled in geological matters. A wall has been run round the summit of Astroni—a wall three miles in circuit—and the hollow forms a

* Josephus, 'De Bello Jud.,' iii, 10, 10.

† 'Gazette Archéologique,' 1885, pp. 213, 214. Gerster, B., in 'Bulletin de correspondance Hellénique,' 1884, pp. 223—232.

safe game-preserve. Monte Nuovo is as nature left it at the end of the great convulsion which produced it. The peasant who tills the patch of ground at the bottom of the crater has first to ascend the external side of the crater, and then descend the interior wall. But where there is need of getting easily into the larger craters, cuttings or tunnels have been made. The volcanic rocks are formed of yellow ashes, which time has moulded into a rock resembling a yellow sandstone. It is easily worked, and where protected from the weather is fairly solid, though if exposed it wears into the most fantastic shapes. Such cuttings as I have mentioned are found at Campiglione, Antignano, Montagna Spaccata, and Arco Felice. Through the great slope hemming in Naples on the west run three tunnels, one dating from Roman times. Another Roman tunnel is that formerly called Grotta di Sejano, now Grotta di Posilipo, which gave access to an imperial villa.* The Grotta di Pace is the longest of these tunnels. It is about two thirds of a mile long, in places thirty feet high and sixteen wide. It runs from the western shore of Lake Avernus through the crater wall towards Cuma. It is strange that Cuma is now so little visited by tourists. From the Acropolis one looks over a sea of exquisite beauty across bands of amethyst and turquoise and purple, towards the Ponza Islands, seeming to swim in molten silver. Of the ancient city little is left. There are here no splendid temples, as at Pesto or Girgenti, no gigantic ruins like those of Selinunte. The amphitheatre, now a vineyard, lies at some

* Garucci (Giovanni), 'Due Teatri di Coroglio,' 1866.

distance. Only a single fragment of a Doric column among the vines tells of some solemn temple. But the ancient walls of this—the first-planted Greek city of the Italian peninsula—still exist in places. Seated on the crest of the hill we can fancy the adventurers sailing into the bay 3000 years ago, noting the steepness of the rock, which could so easily be made an impregnable fastness, and landing on the beautiful sandy shore to found here a colony, the fruitful mother of other cities. Far away in the distance stands out the promontory of Gaeta; nearer is Patria, the last home of the great Scipio.* At our feet lie the rifled tombs to which we owe so many of the richest possessions of our great museums.† A little way beyond spread the unwholesome waters of the Lago di Licola, covering, as they say, traces of Nero's great canal. In fact, the remarks of Tacitus as to remaining traces of the great canal have been held, mistakenly as I think, to refer to the evidences of work now covered by the waters of Licola.‡

The region is the seat of many ancient legends. The Phlegraean fields were the scene of the adventures of the giants. Hercules threw up the causeway by which the outlet of Lucrinus is crossed.

The ease with which the rock was worked adapted it for cave-dwellers. Hence arose legends of the

* Morientem rure eo ipso loco sepeliri se jussisse ferunt, monumentumque ibi aedificari, ne funus sibi in ingrata *patria* fieret. ('Livy,' xxxviii, 53.) Torre di Patria, anciently Liternum, is said to take its modern name from the word "patria" in the inscription on his monument.

† An excellent account of these tombs was given by Mr. Ashpitel in 'Archaeologia,' xxxvii, pp. 316–34.

‡ Jorio (Andrea de), 'Guida di Pozzuoli,' 1830.

Kimmerii, a people dwelling in underground habitations, with subterranean passages leading to the oracle far below the surface. The men of old were deeply impressed by the gloom of Avernus, overshadowed by forests. It was fabled that birds flying over the lake fell therein, killed by the poisonous vapours that rose from it. Here too was the entrance by which Æneas passed to Hades. At Cumae was the cave of the Sibyl, the Cumaean Sibyl, the most famous of the sisterhood.

It was on the occasion of my first visit to Cuma that I thought I would return in the direction of Naples by the Grotta di Pace. My Baedeker assured me that the tunnel was lighted by shafts, and that the floor was covered with sand. And this I found correct up to a certain point. One has light enough thrown by slanting shafts, which project your shadow in strange shapes on distant portions of the walls, giving the impression that the tunnel is haunted by unearthly forms. But the Avernus end is almost blocked with fallen rock, the light no longer serves, and the floor becomes uneven, with deep ruts into which one stumbles in the dark. The history of the tunnel is curious. Owing to the softness of the tuffstone this and other tunnels cut through these rocks are liable to become choked with fallen masses. This had happened to the Grotta di Pace, which takes its name from a Spaniard, Pietro di Pace, who discovered it in 1507.* In the hope of finding buried treasure he explored it, with a torch in one hand and a drawn sword in the other, preceded by a little black slave. He found no treasure, but en-

* It is also called in the books Grotta di Cuma.

countered—so he told the story—bats as large as pigeons. He returned to Naples with his body of navvies, and his adventures were made the subject of a farce.* After this the tunnel was again lost so completely that a well-known antiquary, Canon Jorio, hunted for it in vain.† It will be observed that it is not laid down in the map of 1820, a portion of which I have had reproduced. The tunnel was rediscovered in 1844, through the falling in of a portion of the roof.‡ It was cleared of débris and is now in very fair condition, except that, as I have mentioned, the western end is somewhat blocked. When I visited it I happened to have in my mind two passages I had lately read, and when I stumbled out of the tunnel on to the shore of Lake Avernus I had a strong impression that in the Grotta di Pace we have the first section of Nero's canal.

These are the passages—the first from Suetonius:

"He also began a canal from Avernus to Ostia, so that ships might go from one place to the other without putting to sea; in length 160 miles, and of such a breadth that two quinqueremes could pass one another. For carrying out which projects [that is the Golden House, this canal, and other schemes] he ordered that all prisoners should from every part be brought into Italy, and even that those con-

* Passero (Giuliano), 'Giornale,' p. 151. Falco (Benedetto di), 'Antichità di Napoli.'

† Jorio, *op. cit.* Earlier the tunnel seems to have been open for a short distance at the western end. Paoli (P. A.), 'Antichità di Pozzuoli,' 1768.

‡ Scherelli (Can. Giov.), in 'Bullettino Archeologico Napolitano,' nuova serie, Ann. vi, Semestre i. July, 1858.

victed of crime should only be condemned to work on these undertakings." *

The other passage is from Tacitus:

"The designers and directors of this work [he has been speaking of the Golden House] were Severus and Celer, whose genius and ambition led them to attempt things impossible by their nature, and thus to waste the treasure of the Prince. They had, in addition, undertaken to make a navigable canal from Avernus to the mouths of the Tiber, to be carried along a barren shore and through mountains which lie on the route; nor throughout the entire district is there found any water except at the Pomptine Marshes. The rest is rock or dry soil. Even had the project been feasible, the labour would have been intolerable, giving no adequate result. But Nero, as a lover of the impossible, was at the greatest pains to perforate the mountains nearest to Avernus, and to this day there remain traces of the abortive project." †

Now there are no mountains near to Avernus on the line of the projected canal, except the crater wall hemming in the lake; once clear of this the engineers would have found nothing but level ground near the shore till they came to the promontory of Gaeta, distant many miles. We must, therefore, conclude that Tacitus refers to this wall of rock. The expression "effodere proxima Averno juga connixus est" cannot apply to any other mountains. And I think we may also conclude that, as the work presented no great difficulty, the mountain was actually perforated.

* Suetonius, 'Nero,' xxxi.
† Tacitus, 'Ann.,' xv, 42.

The suggestion is so extremely obvious that I had great difficulty in persuading myself that it has not been made before. A very diligent search has, however, failed to discover the suggestion. The tunnel has up to now been universally ascribed to Cocceius, an engineer employed by Agrippa in carrying out his great plans for making a harbour of Avernus and the adjoining lake, Lucrinus. The ascription rests on the following passages in Strabo:

"Contiguous to Baiae is the Lucrine Lake, and within this the Lake Avernus, which converts into a peninsula the land stretching from the maritime district situated between it and Cumae as far as Cape Misenum, for there is only an isthmus of a few stadia, across which a subterraneous road is cut [from the head of the Gulf of Avernus] to Cumae and the sea [shore] on which it stands."

Again:

"But now that the wood surrounding Avernus has been cut down by Agrippa, the lands built upon, and a subterranean passage cut from Avernus to Cumae, all these accounts appear fables. Perhaps Cocceius who made this subterranean passage wished to follow the practice of the Kimmerians we have already described, or fancied that it was natural to this place that its roads should be made underground." *

I am fain to admit that if we had nothing to go upon but these passages, leaving everything else out of sight, and not going behind the text, we must

* 'Strabo,' Falconer and Hamilton's translation, book v, chap. iv, pars. 4 and 5.

adopt the usual account that in these passages Strabo refers to the Grotta di Pace. In fact, the account agrees so well with the position of the tunnel that at one time I gave up the inquiry. I have now come to think that without doing great violence to Strabo's account, we may assign his description to another tunnel in the immediate neighbourhood—the so-called Grotta della Sibilla,* which also has an opening from the shore of Avernus. It must not be confounded with the Grotta della Sibilla on the Acropolis of Cuma. It starts from the south shore of Avernus, and running for a length of about 200 or 300 metres came out near the shore of Lucrinus. I speak in the past, for this end is now blocked. It cannot with any degree of strictness be said to be between Avernus and Cuma, that is, it is not in a direct line between these places. But we must remember that the configuration of the country is much altered. In a great eruption which occurred in 1538,† Monte Nuovo was thrown up on the area formerly occupied by Lake Lucrinus, which is now little more than a pond. At the same time we must note that to Strabo, who dismisses Baiae with a mere mention, Cumae was the only notable place in the district. If we try to imagine Avernus as it was when hemmed in by Lucrinus, and then recollect that Cumae was the chief place in the neighbourhood beyond the mountain shutting in the lake, we shall, I think, be ready to admit that any

* Called also Grotta di Baia, and, as in the map, Grotto di Averno.

† Falconi (Marco Antonio Delli), 'Dell' Incendio di Pozzuolo,' 1539. Loffredo (Ferrante), 'Le Antichità di Pozzuolo,' 1570, c. 15. Cluverius, 'Italia Antiqua,' p. 1122.

passage through the crater wall might be said to be between Avernus and Cumae. I assume that there was but one passage through the mountain. This we may take to be the case. The geographer was evidently strongly impressed by these tunnels—one at Avernus, the other at Naples. In a short account of the region he dwells on them; he jokes about the Kimmerii. As he speaks of but one tunnel at Avernus, I think that we are justified in assuming that one only existed in his day. To take a parallel case. If we read in the account of a topographer describing London of one tunnel under the Thames from shore to shore, and one only, we should without doubt come to the conclusion that he wrote after the making of the Thames Tunnel, but before the making of the tunnel at Blackwall. But if there was only one tunnel in the neighbourhood of Avernus when Strabo wrote, it was the Grotta della Sibilla, for it will not be questioned that this is of earlier date.

But we are not called on to receive Strabo's statements as an article of faith. He is singularly inaccurate in parts of his description of this region, so that we may say paradoxically that his seeming accuracy should put us on our guard. Although he is acquainted with the work of Agrippa on the lakes, he appears to be absolutely ignorant of the purpose of this work. To read Strabo, one would imagine that Agrippa had cleared the slopes of Avernus in order to create "eligible sites for the erection of superior villa residences." In reality his aim was a very serious one. After a succession of disasters in the naval war with Sextus Pompeius, he turned the two lakes into a port and arsenal, and

built here, doubtless from the famous woods of Avernus, a new fleet. The creation of this new port was one of the great events of the reign of Augustus. The port is mentioned by Virgil,* by Horace,† and described by Suetonius,‡ Dion Cassius,§ and Velleius Paterculus.‖ The latter mentions the building here of a most splendid fleet (speciosissima classe fabricata), and the training of the rowers and fighting men on the lakes. Not only is there not a word of this in Strabo, but he actually tells us that Avernus is deep, with an excellent entrance, and is both by size and nature fitted for a port, but is not used, on account of the Lucrine lake which lies before it. In another place he says that small vessels can put into Lucrinus, but that it is useless as a harbour.¶

It will be seen from the map that just where the Grotta della Sibilla (called on the map Grotta di Averno) comes out on the lake, the mountain recedes, leaving a flat space between its foot and the lake. It must have been here that the shipbuilding was carried on. The Grotta della Sibilla is therefore in exactly the position in which we should expect to find the tunnel of Agrippa. The Grotta di Pace is also in the exact position in which we should look to find Nero's tunnel.

I have already mentioned that the Grotta di Pace is sixteen feet wide, and in places thirty feet high.

* Virgil, 'Georg.,' ii, 161–4.
† Horace, 'De Arte Poetica,' 63–5.
‡ Suetonius, 'Augustus,' xvi.
§ Dion Cassius, lib. xlviii.
‖ Velleius Paterculus, 'Hist. Rom.,' ii, 79.
¶ Strabo, b. v., c. iv, par. 5.

Let us compare these dimensions with those of the old Naples tunnel. Before its enlargement in modern times, this tunnel was but ten feet wide.* Why should Agrippa have set himself to make a tunnel so much wider than that of Naples,—so needlessly wide? For the Naples tunnel had to serve the traffic of all places on the east and west respectively of Naples; the Grotta di Pace only the traffic between the villas of Avernus and Cumae, a city decaying, if not already decayed.† Lest I should seem to shirk a difficulty, I may mention that the Grotta di Sejano or di Posilipo is even wider than the Grotta di Pace, being twenty-two feet six inches wide at its widest, though at its narrowest only fourteen feet three inches. But no comparison holds between these two tunnels. The Grotta di Posilipo was certainly not an ordinary roadway; it could only have served to give access to the imperial villa, and its vast size as compared with the Naples tunnel is a mark of imperial ostentation. The Grotta di Pace was either a canal tunnel or a roadway, and I will now give what are, I think, conclusive reasons for not admitting that it was a roadway. If, as I think is not doubtful, the Grotta della Sibilla was already in existence, there were two roads between Avernus and Cumae, the Grotta itself, and the road from Cumae through the cutting where is now Arco Felice, to Puteoli (Pozzuoli). This road can still be seen—the modern road is not quite in the same line,—and from it one easily descends the

* Fusco (G. M.), 'Giunta al Comento Critico-archeologico,' p. 46, where the measurements are given in palmi. The Neapolitan palmo equals 10·38 English inches.

† Juvenal, 'Sat.,' iii.

mountain side to the shore of Avernus. What need then of a third and most costly route? There is something more to be said as to the width of the tunnel considered as a roadway. To us of the present day, accustomed to wide roads, the old Roman roads seem impossibly narrow. I always find myself wondering how the traffic of a great city like the Rome of antiquity could be carried on upon such narrow roads. It is one of the puzzles of antiquity. There, however, the roads are. The Via Appia, Queen of Roads—regina viarum—had a width of but fifteen Roman feet, about fourteen feet eight inches English; so important a road as the Via Tusculana was only eleven feet wide; secondary roads in the Roman Campagna were no more than eight feet wide.* The Naples tunnel was not, therefore, narrow according to the ideas of the time. It is doubtful if the roadway would have been made wider if it had had to be laid out in open country. We may, however, assert that under no circumstances would Cocceius have given a greater width than fifteen feet to a roadway between Cumae and Avernus, even if made in open country. We cannot suppose that he would have made it wider than the widest Roman roads, simply because he had to cut the way through rock. I think the evidence is complete that the tunnel was not cut for a roadway. We may, with a good conscience, apply the account of Strabo to the Grotta della Sibilla, as was in fact done to their complete

* Nibby (A.), 'Delle Vie degli Antichi,' in Nardini, 'Roma Antica,' 1820, vol. iv, pp. 44–5, where the measurements are given in modern Roman feet. The Roman foot equals 11·72 English inches.

satisfaction by archæologists who wrote before the discovery of the Grotta di Pace.*

The writer of the admirable article "Fossa" in the 'Dictionnaire des Antiquités Grecques et Romaines,' of Messrs. Daremberg and Saglio, has shown that the project of Nero, or, as we should perhaps say, of Severus and Celer, his engineers, was misunderstood by Tacitus. The undertaking was neither so visionary nor so difficult as the historian has represented it. To bring the fleets stationed at Misenum and the newer station, Portus Julius, into canal communication with the capital was a development of the policy of Agrippa. When we shall presently consider the nature of Roman war galleys, we shall find much significance in the remark of Suetonius that the canal would have enabled galleys to go from Avernus to Ostia "without putting to sea." The author of the article asserts that there would have been found on the line too much water rather than too little. To him the only difficulties seem to be the carrying of the canal through the crater wall of Avernus, and through the mountains at Gaeta and Terracina. I have not visited either of these places, so that I can only quote the author, who has evidently made a close study of the subject. He is of opinion that most of the work on the level sections was done by Nero's engineers. There is in Pliny reference to the canal in one of its level sections. The notice is incidental. He is writing about wines, and mentions a good wine formerly produced in the neighbourhood of

* Martorelli (Giacomo), 'Delle Antiche Colonie venute in Napoli,' 1764, i, 206.

Fondi. But the vineyard had been destroyed by the cutting of Nero's canal.*

In finishing this part of my subject, let me say that it is to be wished that some engineer versed in matters relating to the making of canals would make a study of this work. It could not fail to be interesting. It is also to be hoped that the authorities may do the little that is necessary to prevent the renewed loss of the tunnel. If nothing is done soon, the entrance from the lake will become wholly blocked.

Interesting as is the tunnel as an engineering work, it has perhaps a still greater interest as giving the first trustworthy data from which to deduce the dimensions of a Roman war galley. And this brings me to the second part of my subject—"Some remarks on Roman War Galleys."

The questions connected with this part of my subject furnish, confessedly, one of the most puzzling problems of antiquity. There is an extensive literature on the subject of ancient war galleys, and no two persons are in agreement in their conclusions. These are examples of the way in which writers speak of one another. "Seamen and archæologists are in hopeless disagreement as to the method of propulsion. Seamen, in spite of texts and representations, refuse to believe in superposition of oars; archæologists contend for this in conditions contrary to the teachings of experience and the laws of mechanics." † If the case is correctly stated, I fear I must side with the seamen. The laws of mecha-

* Pliny, 'Nat. Hist.,' lib. xiv, 8.

† Quoted in Fincati (L.), 'Le Triremi,' 1881.

nics are eternal, the errors of man perpetual. Another writer assures us that each author has left the subject more obscure than he found it—a feat hardly conceivable. It is pitiable to read the book of an author who assures you that he has given to the consideration of the subject twenty-five years' labour and thought, with the result that he offers a theory that will not bear an examination of twenty-five seconds. Men have made models, they have rigged up imaginary triremes in their back gardens, but we do not seem to have got any nearer to a solution. The difficulty is this:—How was it possible to place banks of oars one above the other beyond three banks, or at the most five banks? M. Jal, who wrote as an expert, at first refused to believe in superposition beyond two banks. In later writings he got as far as three.* Mr. James Smith, the author of the well-known 'Voyage and Shipwreck of St. Paul,' wrote as both expert and archæologist. He thought it possible to account for five banks, but says:—"I do not consider it necessary to inquire how far this mode of adding to the number of banks can be carried." But this does not meet the difficulty, it does not even evade it, it ignores it. There were galleys of six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen (I have not found fourteen banks mentioned), fifteen and sixteen banks. Mention is even made of twenty, thirty, and forty banks,† but vessels of this size, even if the accounts of them are not legendary, were probably only a monarch's

* Jal (Auguste), 'Archéologie Navale,' and 'La Flotte de César.'

† Pliny, 'Nat. Hist.,' vii, 57. Plutarch, 'Demetrius,' 43. Athenaeus, v, 36, 40–4.

"folly," floating palaces built out of mere ostentation, and for show, not use. But the evidence for a galley of sixteen banks is perfectly good. She was mentioned in a treaty, and a dock at Rome took its name from her. This must have been the limit of practicable size, as Livy says of her that she was of almost unmanageable bulk.* There is not the slightest evidence to show that even in the largest galleys there was any departure from the rule—one man one oar. Even in the case of triremes, and of course still more strongly in the case of quinqueremes, it is difficult to understand how a reasonably good result can have been got from the labour of men pulling with oars of different lengths. If superposition was carried out in a galley of sixteen banks on the principle shown in the representations of galleys of two and three banks, the oars on high-rated galleys must have been pulled from a height at which barge sweeps would not be long enough. We must, as it seems to me, come to the conclusion that at some point or another a different system of rating came in. I ought to say here that there is no representation of a galley of a higher rate than three banks, or perhaps I ought to put it in this way, that there is none which we can recognise as of a higher rate. We have little more than the merest references to go upon; the whole subject is in the most hopeless obscurity. I have no theory to add to the melancholy list; I have not been able to form even the faintest conjecture as to the arrangement of rowers in high-rated galleys. Nor do I see any reason to hope that the solution of the problem is to be looked

* Polybius, xviii, 27 (6); xxxvi, 3 (9). Livy, xxxiii, 30; xlv, 35.

for. It may almost be said that we have no data to go upon. Mr. Torr gives an account of the remains of the Athenian dock at Zea,* from which it appears that the docks were originally quite 150 feet long and 20 feet wide, but we do not know for what class of vessels these docks were designed. So far as I am aware, the only definite statement as to size that has come down to us—I exclude accounts of the fabulous forty-banked galley—is the statement of Orosius, who, writing some 400 years after the event, says that the great ships of Antony's fleet at the battle of Actium stood ten feet out of the water.† These seem to have been ten-banked galleys.‡ So far as it goes, this statement seems to make against superposition of banks above a certain point, for how would it be possible to get ten superposed banks in a freeboard of ten feet? Is it, indeed, quite certain that this height was not that of the towers which as we know were placed on the decks of galleys? § I confess that I have my doubts. A vessel propelled by oars should sit low on the water. The mediæval galleys which survived into the eighteenth century were propelled by oars arranged on another principle. They were rowed with a single bank of oars, each oar pulled by five or six men, and when fully manned and armed sat so low on the water that their decks were washed by the waves.||

* Torr (Cecil), 'Ancient Ships,' pp. 22–3.

† Orosius, 'Hist.,' vi, 19.

‡ Dion Cassius, lib. xxiii.

§ The difficulties are more fully stated in a note at the end of the paper.

|| 'Mémoires d'un Protestant condamné aux galères de France,' Paris, Société des Écoles du Dimanche, 1881, p. 348.

If my conclusions as to the tunnel are correct, its width, sixteen feet, gives us the first trustworthy indication of the size of a Roman quinquereme. And if of a Roman galley, then there is little doubt of a Greek galley, of a Carthaginian galley, for during many centuries the art of naval architecture seems to have made no appreciable progress. The only marked feature is that high-rated galleys came in and went out, so that finally the only war galleys built were biremes.

I need hardly say that the remark of Suetonius as to two quinqueremes passing, would apply only to open sections of the canal. We may assume that the tunnel would admit but one galley. The width of the tunnel being sixteen feet, we may take that of the galley as fourteen feet. A foot free on either side would be ample. We have in London a tunnel of the Regent's Canal of about the same length as the Grotta di Pace. I made inquiry there of men who take barges through the tunnel. A barge, with its square bows, almost fills the waterway; in going through the tunnel it acts almost as a close-fitting piston, piling up the water in front of it. But for this, I was told, six inches on either side would suffice. It is perhaps safer to take fourteen feet as the width of a galley designed to pass through the Grotta di Pace, and this width would give a length of at most 140 feet. When I had reached this point in my inquiry I was again on the point of giving it up, so greatly are the accepted estimates in excess of the limit imposed by the tunnel. Dr. Graser, perhaps the greatest authority on the subject of ancient

galleys,* gives the maximum breadth of a quinquereme as 26 feet, of a trireme as 18, their respective lengths being 168 and 149 feet. The author of the article "Navis," in Smith's Dictionary, says that these figures admit in all probability of some reduction, but if they are at all near the mark we cannot reduce twenty-six to fourteen. There are, however, as I think, reasons for doubting whether the size of these galleys has not been exaggerated. After a while, I thought I saw reasons for believing that writers have overlooked a whole class of facts tending to show that this is so—that we hold exaggerated notions of the size of ancient galleys. It is no doubt difficult to avoid this. We are greatly impressed by the might of Rome, and this of itself disposes to exaggeration. Then there is the undoubted fact that the Romans did construct very large vessels for other than war purposes. Some of their merchantmen were of large size,† and the vessels in which the huge obelisks were brought from Egypt must have been enormous.‡ It will be in the recollection of many that in our own day the bringing over of an obelisk by my late friend Mr. Dixon was considered a feat.

There is another cause of exaggeration perhaps more potent still. We are ourselves so accustomed to warships of a vast size that it is difficult to conceive of a great naval power maintained by vessels comparatively small and of a primitive type. But that ancient galleys were of this character is, I think,

* Graser (B.), 'De Veterum re Navali,' 1864. I have taken the figures from the table in Smith's Dictionary.

† Lucian, lxvi.

‡ Pliny, 'Nat. Hist.,' xvi, 76 (40).

shown by several things which do not seem to have received attention, even from so learned and patient an investigator as Mr. Torr.

Let us first remember that these ancient galleys—we may indeed say the same of the more modern galleys—were not, in our sense of the term, seagoing vessels at all. For them navigation was confined to a part of the year. It was considered safe only between May 27th and September 14th. From the latter day to November 11th, and from March 10th to May 27th, the seas were held to be dangerous, while they were absolutely closed—we are speaking of war vessels—from November 11th to March 10th.* Thus we have a period of less than four months considered fit for navigation by galleys. We find an illustration of this in Cæsar's account of his second invasion of Britain. His return to the Continent was delayed by waiting for the arrival of vessels which were to be sent to him. When they did not come, he feared that they would be debarred from making the voyage by the season of the year, "as the equinox was at hand." And he had but to cross the Channel.†

If a naval battle was coming off, the combatants had to wait for fair weather. A metrical version of Lucan's 'Pharsalia' has these lines:

"Now when the sky is cleare, and his bright rayes
On the calme sea the rising sun displayes,
The North and Southern winds their fury spare,
And leave the calmed ocean fit for war."‡

* Vegetius, 'De re Militari,' c. 9.
† Cæsar, 'De Bello Gallico,' iv, 36.
‡ Translation by T. May, 1635.

Remembering the words of Suetonius—"without putting to sea," we may perhaps think that one of the reasons for making the canal was that galleys might be brought from one place to the other in weather that would make a sea voyage impracticable.

Another fact which shows that galleys were comparatively small is the apparent ease with which they were moved on land. Galleys were dragged across the Isthmus of Corinth, a distance of about five miles. These may indeed have been only lembi, a small kind of galley. The practice was not uncommon, it would appear, since there was a kind of trench—δίολκος—along which they were dragged.* But larger vessels than lembi were moved on land with comparative ease. On his second invasion of Britain, Cæsar arrived with a fleet of about 800 ships. Among them were private vessels, which we may suppose to have been small. A storm arose in which about forty ships were lost. This would still leave nearly 800 vessels. All these were dragged on shore and enclosed within the fortifications of the camp. It is true Cæsar says the work was one of great difficulty, and that the soldiers worked day and night. But the whole operation was completed in ten days.† It was indeed the constant practice to haul war galleys on shore.‡ Here is another illustration of size, also from Cæsar. And just let me say that I quote Cæsar so often because outside his writings notices of Roman naval matters are

* 'Polybius,' iv, 19. 'Strabo,' viii, 2. 'Dion Cassius,' l, 12; li, 5; lxviii, 28. In the first of the instances cited by Dion Cassius he mentions, rather doubtfully, the carrying of triremes over a wall.

† Cæsar, 'De Bello Gall.,' v, 11.

‡ Torr (Cecil), 'Ancient Ships,' p. 32.

scarce. Fortunately, in Cæsar we have one who knew his subject thoroughly, so that we could not have a better authority.

He is giving an account of the difficulty he found in landing on the occasion of his first invasion of Britain. The great draught of the transports prevented them from coming inshore. Thereupon he ordered the galleys to stand in. After some skirmishing with the enemy, a centurion jumped into the water with the eagle, loudly supplicating the gods, and exhorting the soldiers to follow him.* Cæsar says nothing as to the rating of these galleys; we may, I think, safely assume that they were triremes at least. Now Dr. Graser estimates the draught of a trireme as eight and a half feet. But how could soldiers, burdened with heavy armour, jump into eight and a half feet of water? They were not divers! In place of eight and a half feet, we cannot, I think, allow Dr. Graser half that draught, or say, at the most, three or four feet.

Take again the recorded instances of the time in which ships could be built. Pliny tells us that some persons regarded the rising of the Dog-star as a favourable time for felling timber. Vegetius recommends that timber should be cut between the fifteenth and twenty-third days of the moon. It should not be worked as soon as cut down, nor used as soon as sawn.† But this rule was often disregarded in practice. Pliny says that in the first Punic war a fleet was on the water in sixty days

* Cæsar, 'De Bell. Gall.,' iv, 25. Other passages throwing light on this question will be found in Cæsar's account of naval combats with the Veneti ('De Bell. Gall.,' iii, 13–15).

† Vegetius, c. 5.

from the felling of the trees.* From Florus we learn that this fleet consisted of 160 ships.†

In the second Punic war, 100 quinqueremes and twenty triremes were built and floated in forty days.‡

In preparation for his second descent on Britain, Cæsar had 600 ships and twenty-eight war galleys built in the course of a winter. It is true that he refers to the extraordinary diligence of the soldiers. For it is to be remarked that fleets were built by soldiers, working, we may indeed suppose, under some kind of skilled supervision.§

Livy mentions an instance in which twenty five-banked and ten four-banked galleys were built, rigged, and launched in forty-five days from the time of bringing the wood from the forests.‖

But these instances are easily surpassed. Cæsar tells us of twelve war galleys being built and rigged in thirty days. We are not greatly surprised to learn that these vessels did not turn out very well, being so quickly made of green timber.¶

The record is perhaps established by the building, mentioned by Aulus Hirtius, of twenty-two four-banked galleys and five five-banked galleys in a few days (paucis diebus). He says, indeed, "contrary to every one's expectation;" but the thing was at all events done.** We must ask ourselves—What kind

* Pliny, 'Nat. Hist.,' xvi, 74.
† Florus, ii, 2.
‡ Pliny, 'Nat. Hist.,' xvi, 74.
§ Cæsar, 'De Bell. Gall.,' v, 2.
‖ Livy, xxviii, 46.
¶ Cæsar, 'De Bell. Civ.,' i, 36.
** Aulus Hirtius, 'De Bell. Alex.,' xiii.

of vessels could they have been that were turned out *in a few days!*

After this we are surprised at nothing. We learn from Frontinus, without astonishment, that a general set his men while in winter quarters to build galleys —not that he wanted a fleet, but merely to keep his men out of mischief.*

These instances recall the account given by Levasseur, writing in the seventeenth century, of boats of a primitive type built by the Cossacks. He says that they tell off sixty men to build a boat, which is finished in fifteen days, so that in two or three weeks they have ready a fleet of eighty or 100 boats, each sixty feet long and ten or twelve wide.†

With the time needed for building a Roman war galley we may compare that required for turning out a Thames sailing barge, seventy-four feet long and fourteen and a half wide. I made particular inquiries of a barge-builder, a gentleman of unusual intelligence.‡ After consideration he told me that, working day and night, the timber, of course, being ready to hand, he thought he could turn out such a barge in a month—perhaps even in three weeks.

Ancient galleys were secured both longitudinally and transversely with ropes. In the representations of Egyptian galleys we see a rope carried from stem to stern over crutches, and a few turns of rope round each end.§ We know that Greek galleys always carried a provision of such ropes, employed

* Frontinus, iv, 15.

† Le Vasseur (G.), 'Description des contrées du Royaume de Pologne,' 1651, pp. 54 *et seq.*

‡ Mr. A. R. Edmonds, of Point Wharf, Greenwich.

§ Duemichen, 'The Fleet of an Egyptian Queen.'

no doubt in a less artless way. The evidence as to their use on Roman war galleys is not so clear, but passages indicate that they were in use.*

In fact, all the evidence seems to show that, except in size and number of banks of oars, the building of war galleys was carried on upon the same principles from the earliest date of which there is any record to the time of Trajan, on whose column are found perhaps the clearest representations of Roman galleys. And there is no reason to doubt that galleys were built in the same way for several centuries after Trajan. There was probably no essential difference between a bireme of 700 B.C. and a bireme of the tenth century of our era.

The high-rated ships were found at the battle of Actium (31 B.C.) to be a mistake. Here the active Liburnian galleys of two banks of oars, steered perhaps from either end, proved their superiority to the great unwieldy galleys of Antony's fleet. In fact, after this Liburnians came into such favour that the name became generic, and was applied to all galleys, whether of two or more banks of oars.† The passage quoted from Suetonius shows that quinqueremes continued to be built at least to Nero's time, possibly they may have been built for long afterwards. But in the tenth century there were no galleys of more than two banks of oars.‡

We must not allow ourselves to be deceived as to the size of galleys by the accounts of the number of men they carried. Polybius, writing of the first

* Vitruvius, x, 15, 6 (quoted in Torr, p. 41, note 100). Isidore, 'Orig.,' xix, 4.

† Vegetius, c. 9.

‡ Leo, 'Tactica,' xix.

Punic war, says that the quinqueremes were manned by 300 rowers and 120 soldiers.* But in ancient galleys men were stowed so closely that when the full complement was on board not a single additional man could find room.† They were packed as nearly like herrings in a barrel as the exigencies of rowing and fighting permitted. We may compare the number with that carried by an eighteenth century galley. In 'Mémoires d'un Protestant condamné aux galères de France'—a book which I recommend to all who have not read it—we have not only a record of atrocious suffering borne with tranquil unconscious heroism, but the account of an accurate and intelligent observer of life on a modern war galley.‡ In many respects the conditions must have resembled those existing on the more ancient galleys. The French galley, 150 feet long and 40 feet wide, carried 500 men all told, rowers and soldiers. In the French galley there was a space in the middle occupied, below deck, by stores. The great width is accounted for by the method of rowing. The modern galley was propelled by oars fifty feet long, each worked by six men. The rowers occupied benches ten feet long, making twenty feet for the benches on the two sides. Here, as in the ancient galleys, the men were so closely packed that in a voyage of some duration, as for instance from one port to another, the rowers slept, half of them at a time, on their benches, while the other half continued to row. There was no space for the sleepers

* Polybius, i, 26–7.
† Cicero, 'In Verrem,' Act II, lib. v, c. 51, § 133.
‡ 'Mémoires d'un Protestant,' as quoted above.

to shift their position. The soldiers sat about where they could, on their kits; the officers slept on chairs in the poop. Things must have been much the same on board an ancient galley; it was one of the charges of unbridled luxury brought against Alcibiades that he actually had a hammock fitted on board a war galley.*

The width of a Roman quinquereme being, as shown by the width of the tunnel, 14 feet, we may take the length as, at the most, 140 feet. These galleys were called "long ships," and were probably made, for the sake of speed, as long relatively as might be with safety. They were probably what is known as "crank," for Lucan mentions the case of a galley which "turned turtle." †

Taking everything into account, I do not find any ascertained facts which make it improbable that a Roman war galley was of such a size that it could pass through the Grotta di Pace. I have said that I have no theory to propound as to the disposition of rowers in these ancient galleys. But if I have succeeded in giving a juster view of the dimensions of a Roman galley, I have at all events made a modest contribution towards placing the problem on a basis of fact.

NOTE.

It may be useful to state the difficulties of the problem, as they present themselves when not obscured by the necessities of a hypothesis.

The length of oar in use in the Greek Navy was fourteen feet three inches (Torr, C., 'Ancient Ships,' p. 50). We

* Plutarch, 'Life of Alcibiades.'

† Lucan, 'Pharsalia,' iii, 647–50.

must reckon one quarter of the whole length for the portion inside the galley. This would leave ten feet for the external portion. It is doubtful whether such an oar could be pulled in the ordinary way from a greater height than five feet, but let us stretch a point and say six feet. How could it have been possible to get sixteen banks in a freeboard of six feet? We may try to escape from the difficulty by supposing some different method of rating for galleys with a higher number of banks than, say, five. But we at once encounter another difficulty. The maximum of freeboard for a one-man oar, six feet, must, for all we can see, have been required for the quinquereme. But the higher rated galleys were certainly larger than the quinqueremes; the sixteen-banked galley was "of almost unmanageable bulk." In what respect were these galleys larger, if we may not increase their freeboard? And where are we to place the banks in excess of five?

And now let us turn the problem round, and look at it from the other side. Let us for the moment suppose that the ten feet of Orosius give the height of freeboard of a ten-banked galley. From a height of ten feet a one-man oar would not touch the water. An oar to be pulled from this height, in the ordinary way, would need to be thirty or thirty-two feet long. The difficulty is, of course, increased in the case of the sixteen-banked galley. As we are making assumptions, we may take it that, as ten feet of freeboard represent ten banks, sixteen feet will be needed for the sixteen banks (Torr, p. 21). An oar fifty feet long might perhaps be pulled from this height by six men, as in the French galley. But here we are brought up by the fact that there is no trace of a suggestion that oars in the ancient galleys were ever pulled by more than one man to each oar.

In this all-round strain, in this conflict of impossibilities and inadmissibilities, something has got to give way. But what? Which is the line of least resistance? Let us look again over the main points.

1. There can be no doubt as to size; the sixteen-banked galley was "of almost unmanageable bulk."

2. This large galley, which Mr. Torr, not without reason, conjectures to have had a freeboard of sixteen feet, was propelled by men working with one-man oars. This is as little open to discussion.

3. Therefore we must look for the solution in the method of handling the oars.

In the discussion which followed the reading of the foregoing paper, Mr. Philip H. Newman, a Fellow of the Society, suggested that oars were used vertically on the large galleys. The idea had occurred to him many years ago while observing a cast of a sculptured trireme at Greenwich. The suggestion was quite new to me, and, so far as I can find, has not been made previously. It is chiefly owing to it that this note has been written.

It is conceivable that a vessel with a freeboard of sixteen feet could be propelled by one-man oars used vertically, the oars being of a greater length than it would be possible to use obliquely. It does not seem possible that such a vessel could be propelled by one-man oars in any other way.

It would, therefore, appear that in Mr. Newman's suggestion we have at least an indication of the direction in which a solution of this difficult problem is to be sought. It tends to a possible solution, which, in my judgment, is more than can be said of any other hypothesis put forward. I think we may go further, and say that it seems to offer a solution not merely possible but probable.

THE LITERATURE OF BOHEMIA.

BY THE COUNT LÜTZOW.

[Read May 16th, 1900.]

AMONG the many greater and smaller misfortunes that have befallen the Bohemian people, the misuse of the national name is by no means the one that is of least account. It requires a thorough knowledge of the English language to realise the signification which the word "Bohemian" generally conveys to Englishmen. The ancient mistake which identified the Bohemians with the gipsies undoubtedly originated in France. As the great Bohemian historian Palacky has suggested, many gipsies arrived in France bearing passports signed by Bohemian kings, and this was the original cause of the confusion. The peculiar signification of the word, however, only became widely known after Henry Murger wrote his 'Vie de Bohème,' and I think Thackeray first introduced the word into the English language.

It is at the present day, I hope, scarcely necessary to state that the Bohemians have no connection whatever with the gipsies, and that their language, a Slavic one, forms part of the great Aryan family of speech. Next to Russia—which in literature, as in politics, is the most prominent Slav country,—and to Poland, Bohemia is the country where Slav literature has flourished most. This is certain even though political and religious convulsions have

caused a vast destruction of Bohemian books, a fact to which I shall again allude later.

It is a characteristic of Slav literatures that the earliest recorded writings are but little known, and that there is, therefore, some uncertainty as to their date and even their genuineness. Thus in Russian literature the authenticity of the "Ballad of the Band of Igor" is still questioned by many. In Bohemia also the most ancient written records have been frequently attacked as regards their genuineness, and the controversy on this subject, which with slight intervals has continued since their discovery in the beginning of the nineteenth century, is not ended even now.

The discovery of the two MSS.—known from the places where they were found as the MSS. of Kralové Dvůr, and Zelená Hora—is among the curiosities of literature, and therefore deserves a short mention. The MS. that was first discovered is that of Kralové Dvůr, or Königinhof, to use the better-known German name. It is not only the more important of these MSS., but also the one that, I think, has on the whole successfully encountered virulent hostile criticism. The MS. of Königinhof was discovered on September 17th, 1817, by Wenceslas Hanka, afterwards librarian of the Bohemian Museum at Prague. It attracted great attention from the first, not only in Bohemia, but indeed in the whole of Europe. Göthe's attention was almost immediately attracted by the MS. of Königinhof, and he translated one of the shorter poems into German. Complete translations into the Russian, German, and Italian languages soon appeared. The

late Sir John Bowring translated into English some of the poems of the MS., and a complete English translation of its contents was published in 1852 by the late Rev. W. Wratislaw.

With regard to the contents of the MS. of Kralové Dvůr, it is sufficient to state that it contains six ballads of considerable length and eight minor poems of lyrical character. The ballads principally deal with warlike matters, and the incessant struggle between the Slav and the Teuton, which has existed in Bohemia as far back as historical record reaches. As I have already mentioned, the question as to the authenticity of this MS. is still undecided, and the controversy on this subject still continues. Evidence on the whole tends to prove that the MS. of Königinhof or Kralové Dvůr is of ancient origin. It is almost impossible to conceive that in the early years of the nineteenth century, when the Bohemian tongue had almost ceased to be a written language, anyone could —as has been suggested—have written these poems. Wenceslas Hanka, who has been pointed to as the writer, has left a large amount of authentic poetry so vastly inferior to the contents of the MS. that his authorship is out of the question. I also have the authority of Mr. Patera, Librarian of the Bohemian Museum at Prague, and the greatest living authority on Bohemian palæography, in stating that the MS. differs in no way from undoubtedly genuine Bohemian MSS. of the fourteenth century.

The second Bohemian MS. which was supposed to have been re-discovered at the beginning of the present century is undoubtedly a forgery, and there-

fore requires but little mention. The manner in which it was discovered should, I think, have attracted suspicion to a greater extent than it did at the time. It was in 1818 sent anonymously to my great-uncle, Count Kolowrat, then Governor of Bohemia. Only many years later John Kovár, steward in the employ of Count Colloredo, stated that he had found the MS. in an outlying chamber of the castle of Zelena Hora. By means of careful and thorough palæographic research, it has been proved that the MS. is a forgery dating from the nineteenth century, while the MS. of Kralové Dvůr has, as already mentioned, successfully stood the test of a thorough palæographic examination. The certainty that the MS. of Zelena Hora is spurious has caused great distress to many Bohemian patriots, who had learned to consider it the most ancient document in the Bohemian or, indeed, in any Slavic literature. The contents of the MS., which is written on two small fragments of parchment, are, however, of very slight literary value.

While some of the poems of the MS. of Königinhof date—if genuine—from a period when the Bohemians were still heathens, the earliest thoroughly authenticated Bohemian writings have a Christian and religious character. One of the most ancient documents written in the Bohemian language is the hymn "Gospodi pomiluy ni." It is written in a language that does not differ greatly from the ancient Slavic language, which was once common to all Slav countries, but it has many specifically Bohemian idioms. Of a religious character also are the very ancient legends and lives of saints; some of these, such as

the legends of St. Catherine, St. Dorothy, and of Judas, have considerable literary value. Of poems of a secular character, several ballads and love-songs should be mentioned, which recall the manner of the German Minnesänger. An earlier epic poem, entitled the 'Alexandreis,' also deserves attention. As was usual in the middle ages, King Alexander of Macedon appears as a crusader, and the Persians whom he conquers are described as infidels and Saracens.

In Bohemia, as in most countries, prose writings in the national language began long after the rise of poetry. The earliest works on Bohemian history, though written in Bohemia and by Bohemians, were all written in Latin. For legal works, however, the national language was used long before it was adopted by historians. The oldest of these legal works, and probably the oldest prose record in the Bohemian language, is the 'Kniha starého pana y Roymberka,' that is to say, the book of the old lord of Rosenberg. It contains a valuable enumeration of the laws and customs of Bohemia as they were at the time—probably the earlier part of the fourteenth century—when the book was written. Of historical writings in the national language the earliest is the Bohemian translation of the curious autobiography which King Charles I (better known as the German Emperor, Charles IV) had written in Latin.

King Charles greatly favoured the Bohemian language, which during his reign attained a degree of development far superior to that of the German language, as the late Rev. Mr. Wratislaw has very rightly stated. It, indeed, arrived at so high a degree

of refinement that it became possible to use it even for writing on theological and metaphysical subjects, matters which in Bohemia, as elsewhere, had hitherto only been dealt with in Latin. Among such writers the most worthy of mention are the men who are known in the history of Bohemian literature as the forerunners of Hus, Milic of Kremsier, Matthew of Janov, and the most important of them, Thomas of Stitny. Thomas of Stitny, born in 1330, has besides many minor writings left two large works, entitled 'The Book of Christian Instruction,' and 'The Religious Conversations.' They were, as already mentioned, written in Bohemian, and Stitny was severely attacked, particularly by the Germans, for writing on matters of such weight in any language but the Latin one. Stitny's reply deserves quotation. "St. Paul," he says, "wrote his epistles to the Hebrews in Hebrew, those to the Greeks in Greek; to each nation he wrote in the language which it understood. Why therefore should I be ashamed to write to the Bohemians, my countrymen, in Bohemian? I shall write in Bohemian because I am a Bohemian; and our Lord God loves a Bohemian as much as a Latin."

I have now to refer to the great name of Hus, the greatest and most representative man whom the Bohemian nation has produced. I have, of course, here to speak of him only as a Bohemian writer. The works of Hus, both Latin and Bohemian, are very numerous; and those written in the latter language have great value, while the latter books are modelled on Wycliffe's works to a degree that would appear almost inadmissible at the present day.

It must, however, be stated that copious and unacknowledged quotations were almost universal among mediæval theologians. Hus, the martyr, has to a great extent obscured the fame of Hus, the writer; particularly as his best works are written in the little-known Bohemian language. Among these the treatise on the 'Traffic in Holy Things,' the 'Exposition of the Faith,' 'The Ten Commandments,' and 'The Lord's Prayer,' should be mentioned, as well as the curious treatise entitled 'Dcerka' (The Daughter). It is known by that name because each of the ten chapters begins with the words "Listen, daughter, and see and incline thine ear." Even the genius of Hus did not enable him quite to free himself from the ponderous manner of writing general among mediæval theologians, and to modern readers the Bohemian letters of Hus will appeal more than any of his other writings. They are by no means "private letters," as has been incorrectly stated, but were intended for his adherents generally, and in fact for all his countrymen. This is indeed proved by the best known of these letters, which is addressed to "The Whole Bohemian Nation." Written on June 10th, 1415, a few weeks before the death of Hus, which he believed even more imminent than it actually was, it contains his farewell to his people. I think that a quotation from this celebrated letter will convey a clearer view of the character of Hus than could be conveyed by the most elaborate criticism.

"Faithful in God," Hus writes, "men and women, poor and rich, I beg and entreat you to obey God, praise His word, hear it gladly, and live according to it. Cling, I

beg you, to the truth, which I have preached to you according to the word of God. . . . . I beg the nobles to treat the poor people kindly, and rule them justly. I beg the burghers to conduct their business honestly. I beg the artisans to perform their labours conscientiously. I beg the servants to serve their master and mistress faithfully. I beg the teachers to live honestly, to instruct their pupils carefully, to love God above all; for the sake of His glory and the good of the community, and for their salvation, not from avarice or worldly ambition should they teach. . . . . I write this while in fetters, expecting my sentence of death to-morrow, full of hope in God, resolved not to recede from the divine truth, not to recant the errors which false witnesses have invented and attributed to me. How God has acted towards me, how He is with me during all my troubles, that you will only know when, by the grace of God, we shall meet again in heaven."

As is well known, the death of Hus was followed by lengthy wars, during which Bohemia successfully resisted the attacks of almost all Europe. Such a time was naturally not favourable to literary work, and what little was then written dealt almost exclusively with theology. Of these writers I shall mention one only, Peter Chelčicky. His works, formerly almost unknown, have recently attracted great attention in eastern and northern Europe; particularly as the great Russian author, Count Tolstoy, is said on good authority to have stated that the germ of many ideas peculiar to him could be found in the writings of Chelčicky. During the great struggle between Rome and the Hussite church of Bohemia Chelčicky maintained a singular attitude. A fanatical opponent of Papacy, he yet felt no

sympathy with his Hussite countrymen when they succeeded in repelling the vast armies of so-called Crusaders that invaded Bohemia. According to Chelčicky's views—as according to those of Count Tolstoy—all bloodshed and all resistance to even the most unjust decrees of the worldly authorities is to be blamed. In one of his controversial works, addressed to John Rokycan, then Archbishop of the Bohemian church, Chelčicky writes thus on this subject:—"Has Christ repealed him His command, Thou shalt not slay? If Christ has *not* revoked that order, then it must still be obeyed both at Prague and at Tabor." Prague was then the centre of the more moderate Hussites, while Tabor was that of more advanced church reformers. Chelčicky shares with Tolstoy the affection for the simple life of the peasantry, and always writes of himself as "the peasant," though he appears to have been a small landowner not entirely without means. Chelčicky writes as a Socialist, but his Socialism is that of the primitive church. His dislike to all social distinctions, whether founded on birth, wealth, or learning, is constantly insisted on. I will quote a short part of his attack on the Bohemian nobility, and of his curious theory of the creation of the nobility and of coats of arms. It is historically curious, as some of the objects enumerated still figure in the coats of arms of the Bohemian nobility. Chelčicky writes:

"All the value of noble birth is founded on an unjust invention of the heathens, who obtained coats of arms from emperors or kings in reward of some deed of prowess. And some buy these coats of arms for the sake of their

vanity, such as a gate, a head of a wolf or a dog, a ladder, or half a horse, or a trumpet, or a knife, or something of that sort. In such coats of arms lies the value and dignity of noble birth. And this nobility has the same glory as the arms from which they derive the value of their nobility. But if money did not fall to them as well as noble birth, hunger would soon make them willing to abandon their coats of arms and seize the plough."

Chelčicky was a very voluminous writer, and though many of his works were destroyed we still possess four large books and several minor writings of Chelčicky.

In the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth century Bohemia produced a large number of historians, who all wrote in the national language. It is indeed, perhaps, this circumstance that is the reason why these writers have never been appreciated as highly as they deserve. These works have all the more interest as many of the writers played a considerable part in the political life of their time. Such a writer is Bartoš or Bartholomew, surnamed "the writer" because he held a municipal appointment in the city of Prague. His chronicle, indeed, covers but a short period, the years 1524 to 1537; but these were years of great interest. During the reign of a weak and absentee king the city of Prague had obtained a very extensive autonomy, and rival demagogues endeavoured to rule the city. The struggles caused by this rivalry are very graphically described by Bartholomew.

Sixt, of Otterdorf, is also a historian whose fame would be considerable had he written in a better known language. Like Bartoš, Sixt held a munici-

pal office at Prague, and he played a considerable part in the events which he has described in his 'History of the Troubled Years in Bohemia.' The book deals with the events of the years 1546 and 1547, when the Praguers had risen in revolt against their king. Sixt was sent as envoy to the camp of King Ferdinand, and his book is entirely founded on the author's own reminiscences.

While both Bartoš and Sixt wrote as enemies of the Church of Rome, the better known Hajek, of Libocan, was a fervent Roman Catholic. When all Bohemian books that were suspected of anti-dynastic or anti-Catholic tendencies were rigorously suppressed, Hajek's 'Bohemian Chronicles,' originally written under the control of the government of Ferdinand I, continued to be freely circulated. It is, therefore, the source from which all who up to the last years wrote of Bohemia have drawn; though many had only second-hand knowledge of Hajek's writings.

The last years of Bohemian independence produced several historians of great value, whose works have only become better known since the revival of the interest in Bohemian literature. Of these the most interesting is Paul Skála. His writings were preserved in MS. in Count Waldstein's library at Dux, but the most interesting part of his work, which deals with the events in Bohemia from 1602 to 1623, was printed some years ago. Skála's manner of writing is very vigorous, and sometimes pathetic. His description of the execution of the Bohemian national leaders in the market-place of Prague in 1621 is rightly considered a masterpiece. Skála was eye-witness of *some* of the events he describes. He

held office during the short reign of Frederick of the Palatinate. After the overthrow of that Government he succeeded in escaping from Bohemia, and his voluminous works were written in exile.

While Skála's work is written from a Protestant and national standpoint, his contemporary, William Count Slavata, wrote as a Catholic and firm adherent of the House of Habsburg. Count Slavata was one of the Austrian officials who were thrown from the windows of the Hradcin Palace at Prague on May 23rd, 1618—a memorable date, for it marks the beginning of the Thirty Years' War. Slavata was richly rewarded, and he held state offices of great importance under the Emperors Ferdinand II and Ferdinand III. Late in life he undertook to write his memoirs, or paměty, to use the Bohemian name. The composition of these memoirs seems to have inspired Slavata with a taste for historical studies, for in the last years of his life he wrote a vast history of all the lands ruled by the House of Habsburg, from the reign of Ferdinand I to Slavata's own time. Slavata's work has great historical value, as he has included in it many official documents to which he had access. His Bohemian style is, however, very uncouth, and marred by many Germanisms.

A contemporary of Skála and Slavata was the celebrated theologian Komensky or Comenius. He wrote many metaphysical and theological works, both in Latin and in Bohemian; but of all his works his allegorical tale entitled 'The Labyrinth of the World,' which he wrote in Bohemian, has the greatest literary value.

After the downfall of Bohemia and the suppression of its independence Bohemian literature for a time almost ceased to exist. Almost all the estates of the ancient Bohemian nobles were confiscated, and many given to Imperial generals, most of whom were ignorant of the national language. Not only did scarcely any new books in that language appear, but a wholesale destruction of ancient Bohemian writings took place. The conquerors were suspicious of all such writings, as possibly containing heretical ideas. Catholic priests, accompanied by soldiers, visited the dwellings of the Bohemians, and being generally ignorant of the national language they burnt indiscriminately everything that was written in Bohemian. This wholesale destruction continued far into the eighteenth century. The Jesuit Konias boasted that he alone had burnt 60,000 Bohemian volumes.

It was, therefore, for a time not improbable that the Bohemian language would become altogether extinct, and its great revival in the nineteenth century is therefore all the more surprising. Before referring shortly to the four men to whom this revival is mainly due, I should briefly mention the philologist Dobrovsky. His works, though almost all are written in German or Latin, treat of Slavic philology, then an almost unknown science. He also wrote a Bohemian grammar that is still of value. Dobrovsky was not, however, a believer in the future of the national language. He was a philologist rather than a patriot.

The men to whom the revival of Bohemian literature is due were Jungmann, Kolar, Safarík, and

Palacky. Jungmann, born in 1773, like all his contemporaries, received an entirely German education. Early in life, however, he became an enthusiast for the language of his country, and his two great works, a German and Bohemian dictionary, and a history of Bohemian literature, contributed largely to making that language better known. In Prague, where Jungmann passed the greatest part of his life as a professor, he collected friends round him who shared his patriotic feelings. They were at first very few in number, and it is said that when two friends Marck and Presl visited Jungmann and discussed the future of Bohemian literature, Jungmann remarked to his visitors, "It needs only that the ceiling of this room should fall in and there would be an end of Bohemian literature."

While Jungmann's work was mainly scientific, Kolar was the poet of the movement. His poem, 'Slavy Dcera, the Daughter of Slava'—the imaginary divinity which personifies the Slav race,—though very unequal, is by no means devoid of poetical merit. It consists of a vast collection of sonnets, and is an enthusiastic glorification of the author's race and of panslavism, which, of course, the poet conceived as a *literary*, not a political movement.

Safarík, also one of those who contributed greatly to the revival of Bohemian literature, was the author of numerous valuable works on the origin and languages of the Slavic race.

But the greatest of these men was undoubtedly Francis Palacky, the author of a monumental 'History of Bohemia.' His brilliant account of the past

glory of his country came as a revelation to many of his countrymen. Palacky's work is founded largely on the very picturesque ancient Latin chronicles of Bohemia. His account of the death of the blind King John at Crécy, which follows closely the account of the ancient chronicler Beneš, of Weitmil, is particularly striking. Palacky's whole life was devoted to the welfare of his country, of which for a considerable time he was also the political leader. His task was all the more difficult as the Austrian authorities—thoroughly German in their sympathies—hindered the national movement as far as it was in their power to do so.

This has to a great extent ceased during the reign of the present enlightened Emperor of Austria, and Bohemian is now the recognised language of a large part of Bohemia, and the sister land Moravia. A Bohemian University was founded at Prague about the year 1880, in which the national language is exclusively used. This is the case also as regards the newly-founded Bohemian Academy of the Emperor Francis Joseph, and the association of the Bohemian Museum, while the Royal Bohemian Literary Society accepts and prints papers written either in Bohemian or in German.

Bohemian writers have now become very numerous, but I shall—as I have done with regard to older authors also—limit myself to a few prominent names. History, always a favourite study with the Bohemians, is now represented by such eminent writers as Professors Tomek, Kalousek, and Goll, and Dr. Rezek, a member of the present Austrian Cabinet. Eminent historians also were the recently

deceased Professors Gindely and Tieftresnk. The recent great development of the Bohemian language has produced a revival of Bohemian poetry. Of many recent Bohemian poets I will mention only the two greatest, Vrchdicky and Svatopluk Cech. Some of their works have recently been translated into German, a great proof of their value, for the Germans have always been inclined to depreciate Bohemian literature. Bohemian novelists, also, are now very numerous, and some of their writings are of the greatest interest, such as those of Arbes, Vleck, Mrs. Světla, Mrs. Krasnohorska, and above all Mrs. Božena Němcova, whose masterpiece, the 'Babička,' Grandmother, has been translated into English, French, Russian, German, and other languages.

At his last public appearance a few weeks before his death, the great Bohemian patriot Palacky, to whom I have already referred, spoke of the future of his nation. "Our nation," he said, "is in great danger, surrounded as it is by enemies in every direction; but I do not despair. I hope that it will be able to vanquish them, if it has but the will to do so. It is not enough to say 'I will,' every one must co-operate, must work, must make what sacrifices he can for the common welfare, particularly for the preservation of our nationality. This is the testament that speaking almost as a dying man I wish to leave to my people."

It is to conform as far as it is in my power with the injunctions of the great leader of the Bohemian people that I have ventured to address you to-day.

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